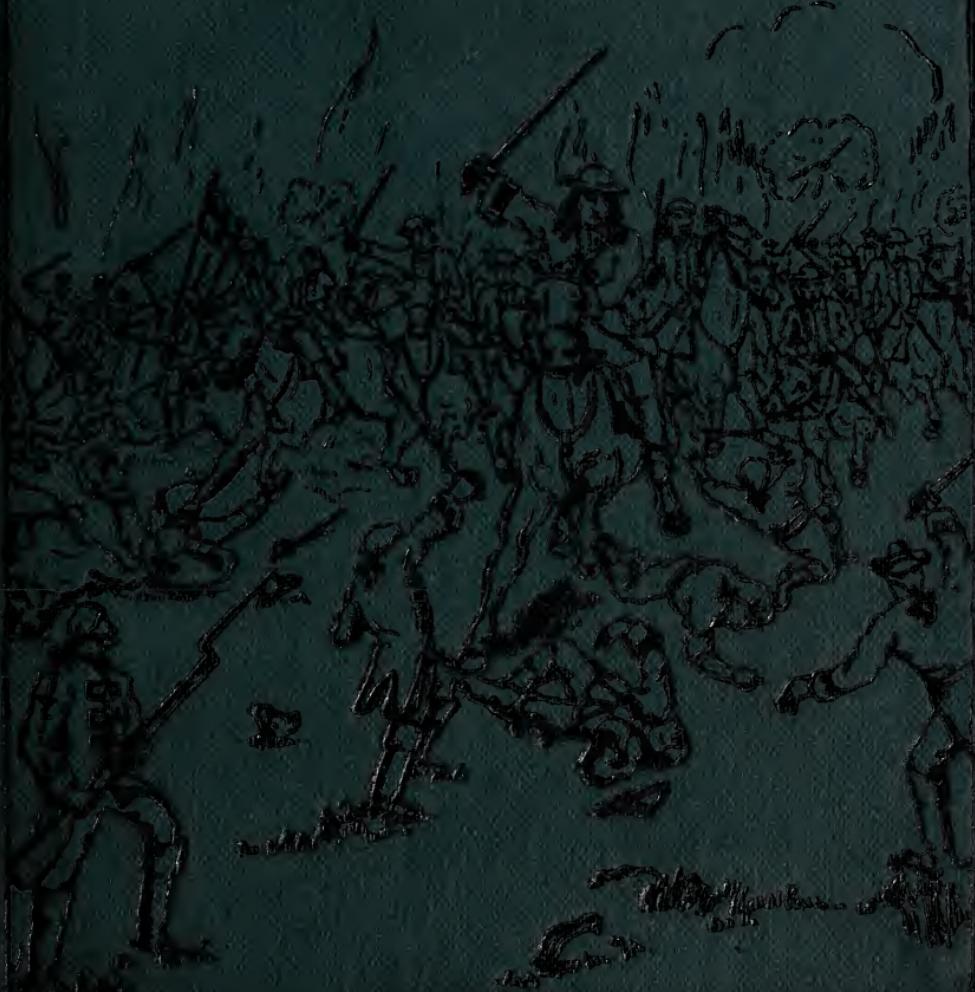
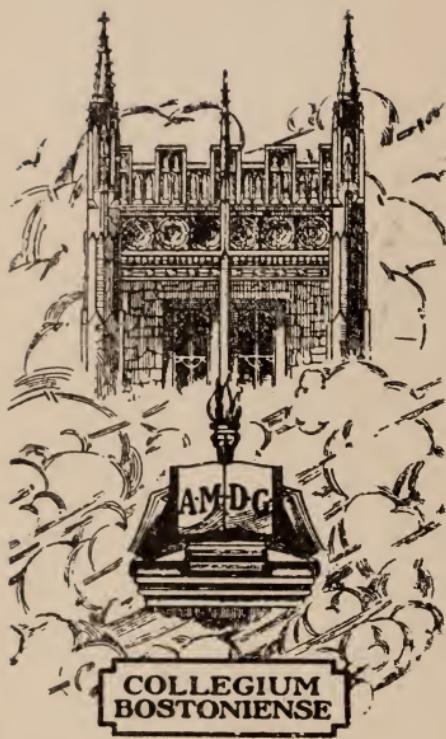


GILL'S IRISH RECITER





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GILL'S IRISH RECITER

A SELECTION OF GEMS FROM IRELAND'S
MODERN LITERATURE

enúasact seo do as scribhinnibh Éireann

EDITED BY

J. J. O'KELLY

Author of SAOTAR ÁR SEAN i SCÉIN; BRIAN BÓIRME
BEATHA AN ATAR TIOMBÓID

THIRD EDITION

(Sixth Thousand)

Dublin

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

TO THIRD REVISED EDITION.

WE are pleased to be able to tell our readers that the kindly reception given to the first and second editions of our "Reciter" by Irish people at home and in exile, has already created the need for a third edition of the work. We again avail of the opportunity to add further new pieces by distinguished past and present-day writers. Though the addition of the new matter has disturbed somewhat the chronological order attempted with so much success in the first edition, the excellence and appropriateness of the pieces chosen will, we trust, justify their inclusion.

Christmas, 1911.

INTRODUCTION TO THE FIRST EDITION.

SINCE the inception over a decade ago of the active campaign of the Gaelic League the need for a collection of popular pieces suitable for recitation before Irish audiences has week by week been making itself more seriously felt not only in the schools and colleges of Ireland but also in its class-rooms, concert halls, libraries, and elsewhere. Miscellaneous collections of the gems of Ireland's modern literature we have had in comparative abundance, with the happy result that, at present, the difficulty of the editor of a popular "Reciter" is less in collecting ample matter for a comprehensive volume than in selecting from an almost inexhaustible mass a limited number of the more dramatic and acceptable pieces.

The nineteenth century was singularly prolific in Anglo-Irish poetry of an intensely national character. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have left us in our native tongue volumes of prose and verse which for patriotic and religious fervour are likely to remain unsurpassed in the literature of our land. One of the aims in this work is to present a fairly consecutive summary of the events that have illumined our chequered story. With such persistency and fidelity have these events been chosen as the subject matter of stirring ballads by those of our race who wrote in an alien tongue that it would, perhaps, be as easy now to produce from their work a metrical history of Ireland as it was for Keating in his day to verify and embellish his Irish history by a judicious use of the poetry of the bards who preceded him. Nor has there been any lack, on the

contrary, there has been a very profusion of contemporary Irish poetry from Keating's time until our own. Thus, despite penal laws, bitter persecution, enforced illiteracy, incessant emigration, outlawry, exile, and all, we are to-day in the peculiar position of possessing the materials from which to compile complete and reliable metrical histories of our country in either of two languages.

"Our modern minstrelsy loses much by its recent origin," wrote Edward Hayes exactly half-a-century ago in a scholarly preface to his 'Ballads of Ireland.' . . . "The sonorous melody of the Celtic tongue would be preferable," he went on, "though the wish to return to it now might be considered impracticable. It has been well said that we can be thoroughly Irish in thought and feeling although we are English in expression." The future of our national speech must then have seemed very unenviable, and the general national outlook all but hopeless indeed. But half-a-century brings many a change; and though prominent writers of to-day are wont to refer to Moore as "our National poet," there are growing hosts who rightly prefer to associate the distinction with the name of one or other of the native singers who contributed to our literature the deathless vernacular poetry of the last three centuries.

This poetry may be said to have begun with Keating, the father, by universal consent, of modern Irish. So, too, the Irish selections presented in this volume practically commence with Keating. Only one poem* written anterior to his period is included. This is a spirited appeal to the people of the historic O'Byrne country to unite in face of the English enemy. It was written in 1580 by *Aonghus mac Toisige ui Ógáin*. A very fine translation of the

* Some Ossianic pieces have been added since.

piece will be found in Ferguson's "Lays of the Western Gael," where, not inappropriately, it follows the "Downfall of the Gael," the original of which was written also in 1580 by O'Gnive, Bard of O'Neill. O'Gnive's poem, like O'Daly's, is in its essence a rallying-cry, and reaches a high dramatic level, as will be inferred from the concluding stanzas even in their cold and foreign English dress :

Through the woods let us roam,
Through the wastes wild and barren ;
We are strangers at home !
We are exiles in Erin !

And Erin's a bark
O'er the wide waters driven !
And the tempest howls dark,
And her side planks are riven !

And in billows of might
Swell the Saxon before her—
Unite, oh, unite !
Or the billows burst o'er her !

Such the national prospect in the period of Keating's boyhood. He had scarcely reached man's estate before Trinity College was founded as a first step, Lord Bacon said, "towards the recovery of the hearts of the people." Recovery, θύμον ! The next step was the preparation of "versions of Bibles and Catechisms and other works of Instruction in the Irish language." Trinity's subsequent propagandism need not be discussed here; directly or indirectly it constitutes the burthen of a big proportion of our modern literature.

Keating appropriately initiated the fight against the Anglicising methods of Elizabeth's stronghold of Ascendancy, as MacHale initiated the campaign against a later and equally

insidious scheme. Fr. Daniel O'Sullivan, in his *Cóiríeadh agus* *Taois* *agur a mhadair*, blew a leg from the proselytisers' flesh-pot the moment that oily instrument of civilisation was brought to the aid of Trinity :

" The master was a rogue, his name was Darby Coggage,
He ate the mate himself, we only got the cabbage ;
The mistress, too, was sly, which no one ever doubted,
She was mighty fond of wine, and left the sick without it."

More recently, the Rev. author of " *Cleireadh agus* *Sorcha*" in the *Caoine* which he ascribes to poor *Cait Ni Shúilleabhaín* has given us a luminous example of the contempt in which " the Spirit of Souperism " was held even by children gasping of thirst and hunger on their bed of death :

" Nuair a bhí an t-oibrí agus báis
an uaireoibh do ghráas an tairte go léir ríb,
ní hé ghráoin báis gcuimhne 'n báis gcléibh óeir
Céile na n-aprtáil ari anobhruit a chriéisean."

So has the struggle been maintained for upwards of three centuries. No need to say how fares to-day the fight virtually initiated by Ireland's greatest historian.

Though Keating will probably be best remembered for his monumental *Foras Feára*, he has also left among many other works a goodly volume of poetry, founded principally on the events of his time. The more remarkable of the poets who succeeded him, while fond of legendary and mythological allusions, limited their range of subjects, except in so far as they were of a religious character, to the great incidents of their respective periods. O'Bruadair, O'Neachtain, Ferriter, Ward, O'Donoghue, O'Rahilly, M'Donnell, Eoghan Ruadh, *Taois* *Saeóideasach*, O'Longain, and their brethren

have left us a faithful picture of the troubled era intervening between the advent of modern Irish and the inception of the more modern Anglo-Irish literature. But beyond these limits they rarely take us. Notwithstanding the illustrious record of the early Irish on the Continent, it really was not until the brilliant intellect of "Young Ireland" applied itself with a purpose to a systematic study of the available materials of Irish history that our ancient glories began to be reflected, as on a revolving mirror, before the gaze of the modern world.

It has, of course, to be borne in mind that an efficient printing-press, greater facilities for travel and for the circulation of their work, and the vastly wider auditory ensured by the language which they adopted, gave the Anglo-Irish writers of the nineteenth century immense advantages over the vernacular poets who preceded them, and the incentive thus provided resulted in the production of volume upon volume of popular ballads. Accordingly, while it is comparatively easy to cull from the best Anglo-Irish literature of the last century a most dramatic ballad history of our country, the available modern Irish poetry, with such notable exceptions as "*Laoi Óirín*," takes us back only to the period of the Four Masters. Not that the very cream of Irish literature was not produced anterior to their time. The translations by Ferguson and Sigerson and Hyde and O'Flannghaile, by Walsh and Mangan and Callanan and Guinee, though no other evidence were forthcoming, bear abundant testimony to the excellence of Irish poetry in all its stages of development. But Irish literature produced before the age of Keating would manifestly be now unsuitable in a popular volume, and it has therefore been

considered desirable to include a few modern prose pieces having reference to subjects which do not seem to have received specific attention from the writers of the past.

Subjects that should, and doubtless soon will, afford fitting themes to writers of Irish are Brigid addressing the Young Women of Ireland, Colm Cille entering a plea for the Irish Bards, Colonel John O'Mahony urging the possible potency of the Irish language to restore the ancient martial spirit of the Gael, Fr. O'Growney fighting the martyr's fight for the preservation and cultivation of the language, and so on. It has not been found possible to provide such original pieces for this volume, however. Accordingly it is not claimed that a thorough historical narrative is presented. Nor is rigid chronological sequence claimed for the arrangement of the work. Least of all is it pretended, as is done in other "Irish" collections, that all the pieces in our whole literature most suitable for recitation are included. Readers will almost instantly miss such stirring poems as Davis's "Lament for Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill;" Seumas MacManus's "Shane O'Neill," and "Coming of Eoghan Ruadh;" William Rooney's "*Ceann Duib Óiliř*;" Mangan's "Cathal Mór of the Wine-red Hand;" D'Arcy M'Gee's "Connacht Chief's Farewell;" Patrick Archer's "Dying in Exile;" Lady Dufferin's "Lament of the Irish Emigrant;" John Keegan's "Holly and Ivy Girl," and numbers of others. Their exclusion has been determined partly by a desire not to include more than a couple of pieces from any writer, and partly through many of them being so accessible elsewhere; but principally because many of the most dramatic pieces in Anglo-Irish literature are, like the *Airling* of the Irish bards, written with a great sameness of metre, and rightly

breathe a spirit of almost uniformly vehement patriotism. The elocutionist, however, will have variety in tone and subject as in metre ; and every effort has been made to ensure the desired range. It goes without saying, indeed, that the necessary variety is obtained with the minimum of difficulty because of the hosts of writers who have written on most of our popular themes. The Rev. Dr. Murray, *Taois Ghaeðealaċ O Sūilleabán*, and Fanny Forrester are among the great writers who have written of "The Sister of Mercy;" "The Sister of Charity" has been sung of with becoming reverence by Gerald Griffin, D'Alton Williams, Fisher Murray, and others ; "The Christian Brothers" by John Fitzgerald and *Oonnall O Loingsigh*. While Gavan Duffy puts stern words of counsel into the mouth of the dauntless St. Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam, taking the eve of the Battle of the Curlieus for his text, puts an irresistible appeal to arms into the mouth of Red Hugh O'Donnell. John Boyle O'Reilly, on the threshold of our own time, appeals to the patriotism of "The Priests of 'Seventy-three," as Fr. Furlong tells us with pardonable pride of the valour and fidelity of "The Priests of 'Ninety-eight." Of the other memorable incidents of 'Ninety-eight hosts of writers both Irish and Anglo-Irish have written almost lavishly. By their timely ballads Kevin T. Buggy and C. J. Kickham, to name no others, preached an anti-recruiting crusade from a million throats in a past generation, and Fr. Tormey, Keneally, Starkey, and ever so many besides, raised prophetic voices against the evils inseparable from emigration. The day-dreams of the Irish exile are vividly presented to us by Geoffrey Keating, *Donncaḋ Ruad*, *Eogān Ruad*, Andrew Orr,

James Orr, M'Gee, M'Carthy, M'Dermott; and for a fore-taste and an appreciation of the joy of returning to Ireland it is difficult to say whether to turn to the "Old Man's Prayer," by Helena Callanan; "Here goes for my native Land," by John Locke; the "Homeward Bound," by D'Arcy M'Gee; "The Return," by George A. Greene, or "The Returned Exile," by B. Simmons. "The Holy Wells" have been fairly immortalised by Frazer, "Eva," and the modest "Sulmalla," while Moore, Callanan, Griffin, M'Carthy, Ógáin MacGiolla Merdóe, and Fr. Dinneen are, relatively, but a few of those who have depicted Ireland's scenery in all its glistening tints and glowing splendour.

It will therefore be seen that we have quite a profusion of poems on almost every conceivable popular subject. Exigencies of space have, however, necessitated the omission from this collection of very many magnificent pieces. Still it is confidently hoped the book is as representative of Ireland's national literature as its limits and the special purpose for which it is intended will permit. Irish and Anglo-Irish poetry naturally constitutes the greater part of it. Prose in both languages is introduced somewhat sparingly, and a few pieces in which English and Irish are pretty deftly interwoven are also given. The facility with which some of the Irish poets interwove and wielded the two languages—often more than two, indeed—must have given them immeasurable advantages over would-be rivals who had to rely entirely on a stunted English vocabulary, and it would seem that they rarely neglected turning these advantages to account. The extempore song sung a century and a-half ago by Tóinnéaró Ruad MacConmara for a mixed party of English and Irish sailors in St. John's,

Newfoundland, furnishes a case in point. Here is the concluding stanza, and a veritable sugar-coated pill it is :

Come, drink a health, boys, to Royal George,
 Our chief commander, náír órlaing Chíort;
 If bhoí ògur n-aicéindé éum muile máláin
 É réin 'r a gárraioire do leagad riór.
 We'll fear no cannon, no "War's Alarms"
 While noble George will be our guide,—
 A Chíort, go briceadh an bhúir vá éárrnaó
 Ag an Mac ro ari fán uainn tall 'ran b'friamhac.

Ceap na Saranais bochtá suír ag moladó "Royal George" do bhi Donncaid. Niop tuisgeadair suír tuis ré a náír leigír. Dia suílabh amhlaidh a bheir! i ndiaidh gacé abartá de'n tsSláinte. Tuis na hÉireannais bhusc an rceil i n-ionlán agur bhoisair ari na truiscib, níod náír b'iongnaid. B'e Prince Charles Edward Stuart "An Mac ro ari fán uainn tall 'ran b'friamhac."

It must always be remembered that the great bulk of our modern Irish poetry was wedded to popular and sometimes very intricate Irish airs, and has continued to this hour to be rather sung than recited. Such pieces obviously would not be the most suitable for this collection. The same applies to the Caoine, or Lament, and though "Caoine Airt Uí Laoighaire" gets a ready place in the volume it can hardly be hoped that it will ever again be rendered with the earnestness that its character demands, or that the Caoine as a form of recitation will ever be studied or developed in the schools. This is especially applicable to pieces intended for the female voice. In the case of male voices it may be somewhat different. A male voice might, without producing a very depressing effect, recite Pierce Ferriter's "Lament

for Maurice FitzGerald," which Mangan's abridged translation has made familiar to many. So also with Dr. Sigerson's beautiful translation of the Elegy on Francis Sigerson. This elegy, and all pieces in the same peculiar metre, seem indeed specially adapted to recitation, the chain verse or *conacloinn* ensuring a sequence throughout which could not otherwise be maintained or even obtained. *peas!*

"Déarfeis i n-a thígh ba minic do bhois le fágáil,
míar de'n min iŋ curio de'n im 'na lári;
Éasáid cniúr do'n té do bhois 'na gáthas,
Spolla na faille iŋ curio de'n thígh do b'fearfhi.

Do b'fearfhi tú ná a lán aca dá bfeacatáir fóir,
A fheadairg álúinn do támairg ó Sígeairfíron móir;
Ní haisb cáim oifit ór' máthairi u'fhuiil Conallairg cóirí
A hárairfe an áthair do bhoiannad an t-óir.

Ór' gáin go leorí ari na bochtain do miar
Ceann tmeoirí iŋ cómhairleoirí an phobail leat'r tiairi;
Ní haisb eifróir'-feair ó'n gcoirf ioml go Daimsean na gclúam,
Cé gurí móir do bhi beo 'ca, ná leanfhaidh do miar."

In *conacloinn*, it will be noted, each stanza commences with the last word or words in the preceding stanza. Thus, *páinn* after *pánn*, the reciter gets a cue to his lines just as an actor does from the prompter behind the scenes. Poems of this kind once committed to memory are scarcely ever forgotten.

It does seem at the same time that the only traditional forms of recitation now surviving to any appreciable extent are those popularly associated with the rendering of such semi-religious pieces as Patrick Denn's "Aigsear an Ídeacais teir an mBáir" and humorous pieces like "Dáit de Íarla ari tóir Déarfeis." Light pieces, such as "Ouan an Olacláim," and

"*Εαστρα Σέαμυτρ Στρε,*" are also popular, and the *θέατρα θηρίου*, or the *θέατρα θιάσομάννας*, as the case may be, seldom fails to amuse an Irish audience. It is, in fact, to be observed that the fluent Irish speaker is rarely in happier mood than when an opportunity is afforded him of jauntily using an English word or clause without premeditation. He seems to say: *Seasó, tá an méid fín d'éanta agat uam.* Óir go náireannas agam, agur gian ar mo phadair aonair.

The *feis*, which fortunately is fast becoming one of the great rallying institutions of the country, will do much within the next few years to restore and popularise and develop Irish elocution, and for the present the best course obviously is to give what survives of the traditional principle of recitation free play. As to the recitation of pieces written in English it will here suffice to repeat Cathal MacGarvey's simple guiding precept: "Always be distinct, but, above all, be natural. Use Art cautiously to assist Nature, so to speak."

All that is attempted in this volume, therefore, is to present suitable material. The *Sean-taoí*, *Sean-dán*, prose pieces grave and gay, pieces suitable for *Cóimhleá* competitions and for Irish entertainments, will be found in the volume in some variety, and generally such readings, Irish and Anglo-Irish, as are best calculated to give the youth of Ireland an acquaintance with the great events of their history, and imbue them with a lasting love of those who hazarded all for their sireland, and a longing, rooted in conviction, to follow in the footsteps of the faithful and the brave. Why should we not ever love the fearless and devoted singers of our race; who, rather, could deny them the most intense and steadfast love? Keating, one of the most notable of

them, compiled his history of Ireland in a cavern in Tipperary whither he was obliged to fly for his life by the “civilising” Saxon; Colonel John O’Mahony translated it in America where he toiled and died in exile. Pierce Ferriter was murdered by the English in the streets of Killarney; Ward fled with the Earls to Rome. Meagher of the Sword, Boyle O'Reilly, D'Alton Williams ended their days in enforced exile; the same might, in fact, be said of the whole band. For they all idolised fair “Banba of the Streams,” as Mitchel happily styled our sainted sireland, and would have lived for her and died within her shores had Right prevailed. Examples of devotion, indeed, have never been wanting in Ireland. And however we may regret the premature calling away of the specially gifted we have a right to be proud of the devotion to motherland which in our own day has fairly won the martyr’s goal for Fr. O’Growney and Anna MacManus, for William Rooney, Denis Fleming, Patrick O’Leary, Mícheál Óreatnac, and many others. *Δηνειρ Τέ γο ταῖς αὐταῖς ἀναμνά γο τεῖρ!*

Some liberty has been taken in this volume with unduly long pieces both in Irish and in English. Stanzas not essential to the effective rendering or the sequence of the pieces have been omitted, but the omissions are in all such cases shown and references given to complete copies of all poems thus interfered with. English pieces which, through a false sense of humour, have obtained some vogue in Ireland are rigidly excluded. Céad moladh le Dia that the time has come when Irish readers, and juvenile readers particularly, need no longer depend on collections mis-named “Irish” in which “The Homeward Bound,” the “Death of King Conor MacNessa,” and “Dear Erin” are

found almost bracketed with abominations like the "Kerry Recruit," the "Battle of Limerick," the "Irish Fire Brigade," and the "Shillelagh Shindy." This collection harbours none of the insult, veiled and unveiled, which scoffers and cynics pretend to accept as humour. The volume is in the main a record of the hopes that have stirred the souls of generations of Erin's most gifted sons and daughters:

"It is thus in their triumphs for deep desolations,
 While ocean waves roll, or the mountains shall stand,
 Still hearts that are bravest and best of the nations,
 Shall glory and live in the songs of our land."

seán ua ceallaigh.

For permission heartily given to use the pieces here appearing over their names special thanks are due by the Editor and gratefully tendered to His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, to the Rev. P. S. Dinneen, M.A.; Miss Alice Milligan, Dr. Sigerson, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Messrs. T. D. Sullivan, Seumas MacManus, Patrick Archer, Brian O'Higgins, Cathal O'Byrne, Cathal MacGarvey, *An Duacaillín Úrðe*, and *Taois Ó Dónnchada*. Mr. Seumas MacManus also readily consented to the inclusion of "Brian Boy Magee," from the pen of "Ethna Carbery," *ar òeir Óe go raibh a hanam!* The kind indulgence of other proprietors of copyright matter is sought if any pieces subject to such rights have been introduced without express permission. Niор cùireadó oifreast iр amhrán iрteas 'fan teathair san ceas t'fagair, mar iр gnáit, uata ro gur leo iad. Má tá nrode ann san a sceas-ro iр amhráin do teip glan oírlann iad t'aimriúas.

The following references are given to complete versions of the abridged pieces appearing in this Volume :—

IRISH READINGS for “St. Lorcán’s Address” and “The Priests of ‘Ninety-Eight’”; IRISH LANGUAGE MISCELLANY for “Aisghearr an phéasach leir an mbáir” and “Síorma an Anna leir an gColáinn”; IRISH MINSTRELSY for “The Winding Banks of Erne”; LAYS OF THE WESTERN GAEL for “Willie Gilliland”; TREASURY OF IRISH POETRY for “The Good Ship Castle Down”; SPEECHES FROM THE DOCK for Emmet’s Speech; LIFE OF THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER for “A National Flag”; FR. DINNEEN’S LECTURES for “The Living Irish Speech”; FERRITER’S POEMS (Fr. Dinneen) for “mo chlaoscadh iр mo Shaot riem’ ló tú!”, TADHG GAEDHEALACH’S POEMS (Fr. Dinneen) for “An phairiún páirtsead”; KEATING’S POEMS (Fr. MacErlean) for “fáidh-thréasadh an Saoighal ro”; Patrick O’Brien’s Edition of the Poem for “Cúirt an tmeathóin Oiróche”; and for “Caomhneadh ailtí uí laoighaire” see note at page 128.

Of course it is not pretended that these are the only sources from which the pieces referred to may be obtained.

The following are among the books that have been consulted in the preparation of the Volume :—

Poems and Ballads, William Rooney.

The Poems of R. D. Williams.

Poems from the Works of Aubrey De Vere.

Songs and Poems, T. D. Sullivan.

Select Poems of J. C. Mangan.

Select Poems of Gerald Griffin.

The Four Winds of Erin, Anna MacManus.

Ballads of a Country Boy, Seumas MacManus.

Lays of the Western Gael, Sir Samuel Ferguson.

A Treasury of Irish Poetry, Brooke-Rolleston.

Irish Readings, Sullivan.

Speeches from the Dock, Sullivan.

Life of T. F. Meagher, Capt. Lyons.

Ballads of Ireland, Hayes, 2 vols.

Songs and Ballads of Young Ireland, M'Dermott.

Poems of Rev. A. J. Ryan.

Poems of John Boyle O'Reilly.

The Harp of Erin Song Book, Ralph Varian.

Bards of the Gael and Gall, Sigerson.

Poets and Poetry of Munster, Mangan.

Irish Language Miscellany, O'Daly.

Seapic-leanamhán Chriost, An tAthair Domhnall ua Súilleabáin.

Coimac ua Conaill.

Chreidreamh agus Tóirta

Dánta Úriamhair Feirmitéar

Dánta Séafraíaró Uí Óonncaí

Dánta Aoibháin Uí Raithile

Dánta Seosaimh Élárailé

Dánta Eogain Ruairí

Dánta Táinig Slaevéalaí

Dánta Seathrún Céitinn, An tAthair Eoin mac Giolla Eain.

Círí Úiop-Úaile an Óáir, Seathrún Céitinn.

Rambles in Eirinn, William Bulfin.

Canon Casey's Poems.

"Leo" Casey's Poems.

Sir Samuel Ferguson's Poems.

Reliques of Irish Poetry.

Life of Father Mathew.

Speeches of Father Tom Burke, Grattan, Curran, Plunkett and Shiel respectively.

Poems by "Eva" of "The Nation."

Leabhar na Laoiséadó.

The Gaelic Journal, fáinne an Láe, An Cláiréamh Solais, Banska, and the "Ballad History of Ireland" which was such an interesting feature of the "United Irishman" have also been referred to with advantage. Some of the above are now out of print. Particulars regarding the others can be obtained in the Catalogues issued from time to time by M. H. GILL & SON, LIMITED, Dublin and Waterford.

An tAthair Pádraig ua Duinnín.

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GILL'S IRISH RECITER.

A FIR CALMA 'SAN TEANGAÍN.

A fir calma 'fan teangain rín na nGaeðeal tā fann
Tábhair dearcá ruilt ari meamhram iñ péid do þeann,
Aicír dom san mearaðal, ná claoi id' fann,
An fada þeam i n-anacréit fé péim na nGall?

An fada þerð na Gallaþuic dár nðaorlath i þreall,
An fada þerð i mbailtib puipt na nGaeðeal go teann,
An fada þeam ag glafarpnais le Þeapla Hall,
An fada þeam ag agallam 'r san eirfeact ann?

An fada þerð ári neaglair go léip i oþreall,
An fada þerð an aindteirfe 'r an léan 'ári gceann,
An fada þerð ári ngealaðruis ag cléip iñ cam,
An fada þeam fé anaðþorid na néisipt' ceall?

An fada þeam i n-aínþfioriñ mar aon iñ dall,
An fada þeam san reancúr ná rréir i ngréann,
An fada þerð an Carrta-fuil 'r O Neill go fann,
An fada þerð na reanartuic i nérinn gann?

An fada þerð na fanaític ag néabæð ceall,
An fada þerð ag reafam cnuic le faoðar lann,
An fada þerð ári mainiftreaca maol san ceann,
An fada þerð ári náifréann fé gheagáib crann?

Ní'l peacta rnuirðte i meamhram dár léigear i fann,
Ní'l airté ruilt nac laðarann ari tðraocð Hall;
I n-aice rín tā tairngreacit na naom go teann,
Dá taðarad nac fada 'noir go bpléarfra an crann.

MY CREED.

One Queen, I own, and one alone
 Commands my meek obedience ;
 No Sovereign named by human law
 From her draws my allegiance.
 For her I live, for her I strive,
 And shall, till life is ended ;
 And with my latest parting breath
 Her name it will be blended—
 Kathleen,
 Your dear name will be blended.

I love God's peace upon our hills,
 And fain would not destroy it ;
I love sweet life in this fair world,
 And long would I enjoy it.
 But when my Sovereign needs my life,
 That day I'll cease to crave it ;
 And bare a breast for foeman's steel,
 And show a soul to brave it—
 Kathleen,
 For your sweet sake to brave it.

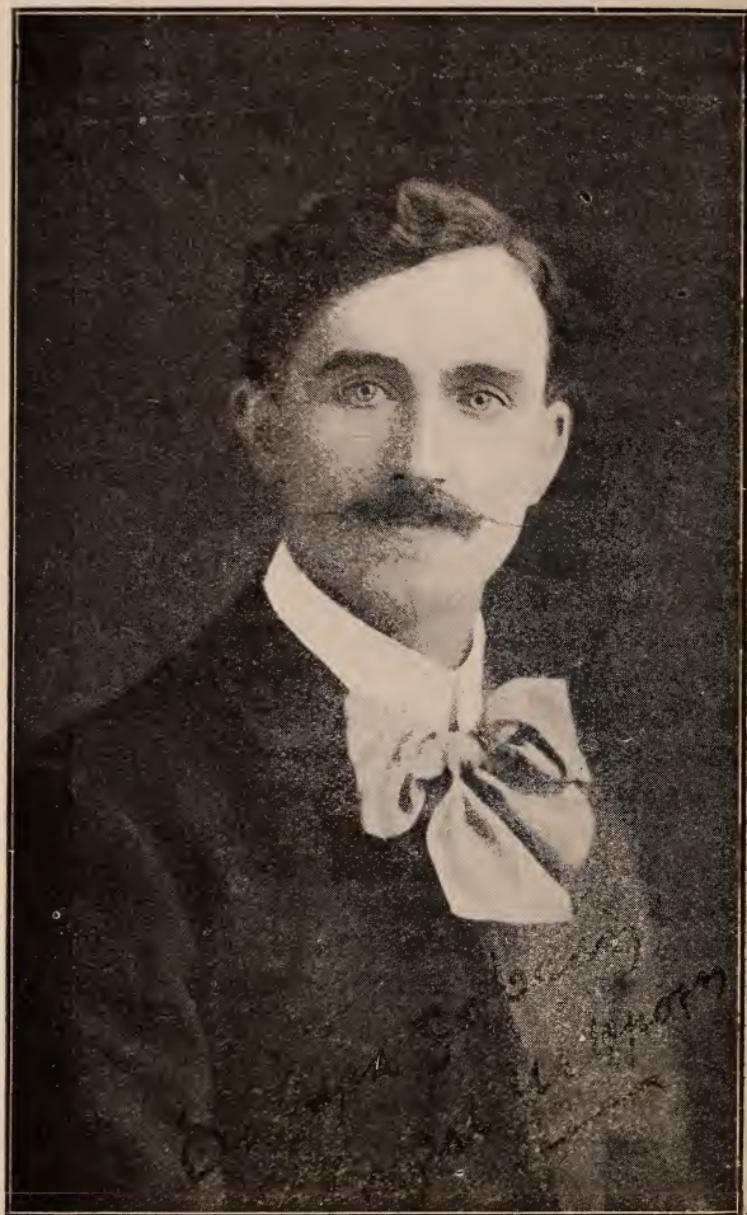
O, glorious Death on battle-plain
 Our foemen oft has baffled ;
 And proudest lovers of Kathleen
 Have holy made the scaffold.
 Not mine to choose, nor mine to care—
 The cause the manner hallows—
I'll court the steel, or kiss the cord,
 On green hill-side or gallows—
 Kathleen,
 For you I'll woo the gallows.

My life is then my Queen's, to leave,
 To order, or to ask it ;
 This good right arm to fend or strike,
 This brain is hers to task it.
 This hand that waits, this heart that beats,
 Are hers when she shall need 'em,
 And my secret soul is burning for
 Her trumpet-call to Freedom—
 Kathleen,
 O, sound the call to Freedom !

SEUMAS MACMANUS.

TARA OF THE KINGS.

In the great Hall of Tara of the Kings,
 Whose fourteen doors stood ever open wide
 With fourteen welcomes to the night and day,
 The feast was set. Great torches flared around
 From niches in the pillars of red pine
 On gallant chiefs and queenly women there,
 The warm light glanced and shone on the red gold
 Of the rich battle gear of Erinn's men ;
 And on the gleaming mail, and wolf-skin cloaks
 Of the sea-roving giants of the Lochlanachs.
 Strong-limbed and fierce were they, with eyes that held
 The cold, blue sheen of starlit northern deeps,
 And teeth that gleamed through flowing, tawny beards.
 The tables groaned beneath the mighty weight
 Of ponderous vats of rare and precious wines,
 And carcases of oxen roasted whole.
 Methers of foaming mead went gaily round
 From lip to lip, and friend and foe alike
 Ate, drank, and quaffed their brimming, golden cups,
 Forgetting for the moment every wrong
 That ever held them sundered—such the law—



CATALUA BROM.

No man might draw his sword in Tara's Hall
In anger on another man, and live.
Then when the feast was ended, and the bards
And Ollavs skilled in Erinn's ancient lore
Stood in a white-robed throng around the Throne,
Then was it that a silence deep as death
Fell on that mighty crowd. Outside, the wind
Stirred in the quicken trees, and to and fro
As if by fairy hands, the banners waved,
And from the farther end of the great Hall
A silver rivulet of music flowed
Into the gloom and silence of the place ;
Faintly at first and sweetly, like the song
Of sunbright waters, rang the harp's clear sound.
Louder and louder yet the music swelled
As bard and bard and bard took up the strain,
And all the burthen of their thrilling song
Was Tara, and the glory of its King !
Of Fian and his matchless men they sang,
Of the red rout of battle, and great deeds
Of skill and daring on the tented field.
And then the music took a softer sound.—
'Twas Deidre's sad tale the minstrels told,
And the dread fate of Uisneach's hapless sons,
A dirge of sorrow, desolate and lone—
The saddest tale the world had ever heard.
The women listened with bright, dew-wet eyes,
And stern-brow'd warriors stood grim and mute ;
Instinctively each hand went to its spear,
And a low, sorrowful murmur like a caoine
Thrilled through that mighty crowd.
Still the harps sobbed, and still the bards sang on,
Until with one grand maddening crash they tore
A mighty chord from out the quivering strings,
And the sad tale was told. Adown the Hall
The murmur grew to a tumultuous sound ;

The music's fire had quickened hearts and brains—
 Shield clanged in meeting shield, and through the gloom
 The torches, in a myriad points of light
 Flashed on bright skians and forests of grey spears,
 Until the swelling chorus thundered forth
 In one great, sonorous, deep-throated roar
 Of wild applause its mighty mead of praise
 That echoed through the dome of the great Hall,
 And floated through its fourteen open doors,
 Out and away into the silent night,
 Startling the red deer from its ferny lair
 In the green woods round Tara of the Kings.

CATHAL O'BYRNE.

LÁOI ČNUIC AN ÁIR.

Cnoc an Áir an cnoc ro fíar,
 'S go lá an bháca biaidh dá gairm;
 A phádraig na mbacall mbán,
 Ní gan fáit tuigeadh an ainm.

Lá d'abhairfír ír Fionn plait,
 Fianna Éireann na n-eac feans,
 Áir an gcnoc ro, lón a rlog,
 Niop b'iongnaidh óidh teacht go teann.

Aoin-bean do b'áilne ná an Súilán,
 Do cíos an fiann ag teacht fén leiris,
 O' Fionn mac Cumhaill, innriam duit,
 Do bheannuis bean an bhrait Óeiris.

"Cia tú, a miosan? ari Fionn féin,
 Ír feairí mein 'r ír áilne dealb;
 Fuaim do gorta ír binne linn
 Ná a bhfuil ne feinm sion gurab feairb.

“ Niamh nuad-ériochas iñ e m'ainm,
 Insean Sáirbh mic Órlaigh Déin
 Mírorthí Shléas—mo mallaet air—
 Iñ e do naírc mé le Taile mac Tréin.”

“ Chléas do bheir dá feacnadh cù ?
 Ná ceil do rún oírt aonair,
 Ár aon feair eile go bhráct
 Sáibaim do láimh tú tar a érior.”

“ Ni san fáit tuiscear do fuat,”
 Do páid an rítais ba maití gne,
 “ Dá cluair, earrball, iñ ceann caid
 Atá air, ní mait an ríceim.”

“ Do fiubhair an domhan fó thí,
 'S níor fágair ann ní ná plait
 Nári síreair, aict ríbhe, an fiann
 'S níor geall tuiat m'anacal air.”

“ Coingseobair fén tu, a insean óg,”
 Do páid Mac Cumhaill nári clódaidh niamh,
 “ No tuitfir uile ar do rícat
 Na reacáit scata tá de'n fiann.”

“ Tar do láimh-re fén, a finn,
 Iñ eagsa linn go nuaéirnair bhréas ;
 An té ag a dtéicim riomhe a bhrad,
 Tuitfir leir reacáit scata 'r céad.”

“ Na déin ionarthaig air,
 A fuil éair ar dhat an óir ;
 Ni táinig aon laoc fán níseán
 Ná fuil ran bhréinn feair a clóid.”

Ba geappi go bhracamair ag teacáit
 Ri feair scaitceann ba éruair láimh ;
 Níor bheannuis iñ níor umhais o' Fiann,
 Aict d'íarppi comhrac tar cionn a mná.

Cuirimíodh ódha céad 'na dál,
 Do b'fearn láimh do láthairí gileoríodh;
 'S níor fíll aoinneadach thíos tar éis aif,
 San tuaitim le Tailc mac Threoin.

Deic gceád taoigreach, deic gceád laoch
 Taoibh ne taoibh o'áir muinntír féin,
 A phádraig an chéardóimh círuairí,
 If each ceartaisg uainn de'n féinn.

Lárrasg Orcar céad ari Fionn,
 Cé doilb liom beit ódha luach,
 Dul do comhraic an laoic,
 Maru do connaisc thíos an tríluais.

"Do beirim cead tuait," do pháidh Fionn
 "Cé doilb liom do tuaitim tríd.
 Éiríss, beiri mo bheannasct leat,
 Cuirimnís do shail if do gníomh."

Feadh cúnus n-oiríde, feadh cúnus lá,
 Do b'í an thír nári cládt ag gileic,
 San biaidh san deoc ari thíos ruan,
 Suí tuait Tailc le buairidh mo meic.

Do léigeadamairi trí gártá óig árro
 D'éir ari aír ba gártbh gálaic,
 Gártí éadointe tréir cailleadh de'n féinn,
 If ódha gártí maoiúte tré eadag Tailc.

Niamh nua-croíche, ba mó an bhead,
 Maru do connaisc méadó an aír,
 Saibar náire an ghruaidh fáorí-glan,
 Suí tuait marb i mearc cás.

Báir na ríoghsa d'éirí gáidh uile,
 If é ír mó do chuir ari cás;
 Ári an gcnoc ro d'éirí an ghláist
 Do báirt an fiann Cnoc an aír.

CAOIRÓ OISÍN I NUÍALAÍÓ NÁ FÉINNE.

Uc, iñ tluas, ón uc ! iñ tluas
 Oírín duibh 'fán cill fá Shluaim,
 Uc, cár m'irte gac d'it
 Aict fán fínn iñ a chrean-fíluas.

Uc, níor d'it liom ná earrá
 Óeit gan acmhainn neart no lúct
 Aict iota tarit iñ tliorcaidh fada
 Do ghoir mo tara o chreigear fionn.

Uc, ariù, an uairí cluinnim an cileir
 Iñ gan m'anacra fém do luadó
 Ná trácht ari fionn ná ari an bheinn
 Buro mairfe do Óia mo tluas.

Uc, an uairí thíseann mo b'eile
 Iñ do rmaoinim ari féartha fínn
 Iñ ionsgnáid liom cíoróde cloiche
 Nád glacann doilidh tliem' cíic.

Uc, d'á b'fheiceadó fionn iñ an fíann
 Mo b'eile-re ari iarrónim
 Deamhan donair riath d'á dtáinig
 Ni coirceadó óm' d'áil a dtreoir.

Uc, d'á mbeadó fionn iñ an fíann
 Agam, a Óia, uait anuas
 Lem' ré-re ni ceapfaim riú
 Iñ ni b'eirn i gcuimhneach gan duil fua.

Uc, a Óia má táig i b'fheirg
 Ó'n níshráid ro b'eirim d'fionn
 Ni cuigte a b'fáid mo ghlór
 Earrá m'or b'aineadar liom.

Aobháir mo laorðe-re mairi taim san tréoirí
 San amairic fóir san lút san réim
 Céin-féileasche tom-éireacáe tréoirí
 Im' énáill éanáirí san lút san léim.

Dá marpeadadh Fiann na n-eacáid reangs
 Ír Oircup teann na lann ngeair
 Do bámpeadadh biaodh dá mb' éiginn do'n deamhan
 Ír ní bheadh Oifín fanni san taca cléibh.

Mo slán le riuirghe ír le raius
 Slán le meirice ír le ráip-chéol
 Slán le tróndaiibh ír le catáibh
 Slán le lannaiibh gáeara fóir.

Slán le lút agur le neart
 Slán le cead ír le faobháir-šonim
 Slán le cian agur le teacáit
 Slán le malairt ír le ghlaothnaiibh.

Slán le biaodh agur le thíos
 Slán le lút agur le léimriú
 Slán le fiaðdach gáidh-sarbh-énuic
 Slán le cupadóthaiibh na dtrémfeap.

Slán leat, a Ínn, ariúr agur ariúr
 Céad plán leat, a ní na Féinne
 Ó'r tú do coircfeaodh mo tairt
 Ní mionann ír píair na cléipe.

Slán leat, ír tú ag cupi an áir
 Slán leat, a lámh lán-lárdír
 Slán leat, a ráipðaill na gcearcáid
 Ír duðaodh mo rmaointe-re 'r ír cíaróthe.

Uc, a Ínn, a cumainn, má'r fíor
 So bfuilír fíor i n-uamhaidh na bpians
 Ná fulaings do deamhan dá bfuil írtis
 Aípmh buada aige ná cead a fían.

Slán leat, a Órcuip na lann níme,
 Slán leat, a fíosfír na mbéimeann
 Dá mbeiteád agam-ra mar uifram
 Do chuirfíde muais dhuimé ari an scleipí reo.

Ír duibh liom san amarc Sceoláin
 1 ndeoró cónágári na Féinne
 1 n-am an fíaró do dhúireadct
 Ír meidreacád o'fúisfínn dá héill i.

Uc, a Chónáin Maoil neimhíspinn,
 Cnéasó ná tigír-re dom' féadain?
 Ír go bfaigéá cead rcpiorsta ír millte
 Aír fead lionmaithe na gann-cléipe.

Aitá an nóm aonair agam
 Ír ea bfuil reacád scatá na gnáitféinne?
 Ír iongnád liom cá conair 'n-a ngsabharó
 Ír nád tigír fearta dom' féadain.

Ír minic do connac aon fleadh amáin
 1 n-áruir fios na gnáitféinne
 Do b'feapair ioná a riab ag pádraig
 Ír ag ionrólán na railm-cléipe.

Uc, ír mire Oírpín mac Fínn
 San fonn san gnaoi ag cónaireamh cloch,
 Siobhé uairi do-geibinn an gneim
 Ír fada aifir go bfaigainn an deo.

Ír uc, a Óis, aitáim i ngsabharó
 Agur an fíann óm' dail ari ceal,
 O'éirtfínn le guth na gcliair
 Dá bfaigainn riari mar buidh ceapt.

THE BATTLE OF DUNDALK.

Lo, they come, they come ; but all too late—their king is
on the wave,
Bound to the mast of a Danish ship, the pirate Northman's slave.
Dundalk, thy shores have often heard the roar of the boiling sea,
But wilder far is the maddening shout that now is heard by
thee ;
The voice of the soldiers' rage when the foe with the prize
is fled,
And the bursting yell of pale despair when hope itself is dead ;
Then o'er that warrior-band in wrath a death-like silence passed
As they gazed where Sitric's sails unfurled swelled proudly
to the blast.

And must he go ? Shall Mononia's king serve in a hostile land ?
Oh, for one ship ! with Irish hearts to crash that Danish band !
But hark ! a cheer—and the listening hills give back the
joyous sound

A sail—a sail is seen away where the skies the waters bound.
There's a pause anew—each searching eye is on that sail afar ;
Again the cheering's loud and high—'tis Mononia's ships
of war.

Boldly they come o'er the swelling tide, their men as wild
and free

As winds that play on the mountain's side, or waves that
course the sea.

And well may they come to free their king from robbers of
the main ;

His sceptre ne'er a tyrant's rod, nor his rule a tyrant's chain.
And onwards towards the foe they steer—a sight sublimely
grand—

War's stern array hath there an awe it never knows on land.
Soon many a sword salutes the sun, drawn in that deadly strife,
From many a heart that bounded high soon flows the tide
of life.

The King—the King—to free the King bold Fionn* hews his way,
And woe to him who meets his sword on this eventful day.

The King is won ; but the lion heart that sets his master free
Is deeply pierced—as he cuts the cord his life-blood dyes the sea.
Brave Fionn's head is held on high, the Irish to appal,
But they rush more fiercely to the fight, led on by young Fingall.

Sternly, foot to foot, and sword to sword, for death or life they meet,
And bravely, though few, they long withstand the hordes of Sitric's fleet ;
But slowly at last o'er heaps of slain the Irish yield apace,
The many have the few o'ercome—defeat is no disgrace.

Oh, †Fianghal—Fianghal, what dread resolve now seizes on your mind ?

All, all is done that valour can, give way, and be resigned !
Swiftly he rushed, as one possessed, 'mid all that hostile train,
Seizing their king, with one wild bound, plunged both into the main,

Then sudden, as if by frenzy sped, two Irish chiefs as brave,
The king's two brothers as quickly seized, and dashed into the wave,

And Freedom smiled when she saw the deed, she knew the day was won ;

But with that smile came a bitter tear, she had lost her favourite son.

With terror struck, th' astonished Danes at every point gave way,

And few were left to tell the tale of that destructive fray.

There was joy that week o'er all the land, from Bann to Shannon's shore ;

For they said those Danish chiefs will come to spoil our homes no more.

But ere the song of mirth went round or toast in hut or hall,
A tear was shed, and a prayer was said for Fionn and Fingall.

* *Fáilte Fionn*, King and Admiral of Desmond.

† Fianghal, second in command.

And through the wars of after years their name was the battle-cry,
 And many a heart that else had quailed, by them was taught to die;
 And oft as Freedom broke a chain, or tyrants met their fall,
 A tear was shed—a prayer was said for Fionn and Fingall.

NEIL M'DEVITT.

IRISH NATIONAL HYMN.

O, Ireland ! Ancient Ireland !
 Ancient ! yet for ever young !
 Thou our mother, home, and sireland—
 Thou at length hast found a tongue.
 Proudly, thou at length
 Resistest in triumphant strength.
 Thy flag of freedom floats unfurled ;
 And as that mighty God existeth
 Who giveth victory when and where He listeth,
 Thou yet shalt wake, and shake the nations of the world.
 For this dull world still slumbers
 Weetless of its wants and loves—
 Though, like Galileo, numbers
 Cry aloud : “ It moves ! it moves ! ”—
 In a midnight dream,
 Drifts it down Time’s wreckful stream—
 All march, but few descry the goal.
 O, Ireland ! be it thy high duty
 To teach the world the might of Moral Beauty
 And stamp God’s image truly on the struggling soul.

 Strong in thy self-reliance ;
 Not in idle threat or boast,
 Hast thou hurled thy fierce defiance
 At the haughty Saxon host ;
 Thou hast claimed in sight
 Of high Heaven thy long-lost right.

Upon thy hills—along thy plains—
 In the green bosom of thy valleys—
 The new-born soul of holy Freedom rallies,
 And calls on thee to trample down in dust thy chains.

Deep, saith the Eastern story,
 Burns in Iran's mines a gem,
 For its dazzling hues and glory
 Worth a Sultan's diadem
 But from human eyes
 Hidden there it ever lies !

The eye-travelling gnomes alone ;
 Who toil to form the mountain's treasure,
 May gaze and gloat with pleasure without measure
 Upon the lustrous beauty of that wonder-stone.
 So is it with a nation
 Which would win for its rich dower
 That bright pearl, Self-Liberation—
 It must labour hour by hour.
 Strangers who travail
 To lay bare the gem, shall fail ;
 Within itself must grow, must glow—
 Within the depths of its own bosom
 Must flower in living might, must broadly blossom
 The hopes that shall be born ere Freedom's Tree can blow.

Go on, then, all—rejoiceful !
 March on thy career unbowed !
 Ireland ! let thy noble, voiceful
 Spirit cry to God aloud.
 Man will bid thee speed—
 God will aid thee in thy need ;
 The Time, the Hour, the Power are near—
 Be sure thou soon shall form the vanguard
 Of that illustrious band, whom Heaven and Man guard ;
 And these words come from one whom men have called a seer !

banba ag maistílaim ar aoiúneas na nodlaí.

Mire ! Úiord-ra leir ós tráit, comh ós aephreac leir an té iñ óigse agair. Cárach mire ór comáin na ghléime comh maistí leo, comh luatí leo ; agur do éar agur d'áct-éar an ghearrplead oípm na ciantsa ruit ari ruigheath ári Slánuigtheoirí, céad moladh agur buirdeacar le ná aimní ! Úiord fleadh iñ féile agam-
ra féin agur iñ oípm, go deimhn, do úiord an bhród an uair
tagairt an tSeoileach oípm gac bliadán. Ni mo áctair ari an
bpráirte iñ aephreac ari teacht na nodlaí 'ran raoisgal ro
ná marí úiord oípm-ra ari teacht na Bealtaine agur na Samhna
le linn na Daraioideacsta. Úiord-ra ós bog leanbhairde agur
iñ cuijmín liom an uaim, a bhrad uaim anoir, 'nua ri ná raih
cúram 'ran raoisgal oípm acht ghearr agur réile. Acht
chuaðair i n-aoir agur i n-aoir, b'i mo clann féin agam i dtírát,
agur do réir marí chuaidh mo tómpaisil i méid b'i mo dhúil i
bphéile ag dul i laigsead. I scionn na gclian bairis mo clann
leo, úiordair ag teacáit iñ ag imteacáit, agur ag teacáit iñ ag rísp-
imteacáit. Fé òeipreachad o'filleadh leir an ghearrpleam
chúgam, agur i dtéannta an chéirdimín chugadhair leo an nodlaig.
Chuaðair i n-óigse fé ghlórí na nodlaí ari go dtí go raibh
comh leanbhairde rímpliúde le náoróeanán. Chuireadh acht-éaraí
na nodlaí oíreaoí áctair oípm-ra ari dtúir iñ marí chuireann
ari an aor ós inóiu. Acht o'imteig an leanbhairdeacst ro leir
an aimpri : 'dibhír cúram an tраoighail ari i. Agur níor
móir an iongnaidh é, daíri n-óigse !

Táim ag caiteamh na nodlaí anoir le mile go leit bliadán
nád mór. Iñ iontúa tréasb iñ d'útaris tréarcártá le linn na
naimhríre rin. Iñ iontúa ríosgácht a b'i go comáctac mile
go leit bliadán ó foin atá go meacátt faonlagh tinn inóiu,
agur iñ iontúa thír a b'i gan comáct ac uairi rin atá go
tréan éifeacádt neimhrípleádhaí inóiu. Táim-re ag fáirfe
oícta go leir, ag fáirfe ari órioc-obair agur ari òeag-obraír

· do réirí marí tagairt. Ir beag naé ionann mo círratáde-ra agur círratáde na gnáth-mhá, acht gur reacáit ria ari an raoisai ro mire, agur gur mile mór taibharta féin nuaearla agam dá réir. Ba minic mire ag caiteamh na Nuaearla agur an ríoc ir an rneacáta, báirtteacáit ir gaoit ir tóirnig millte ag curi tuilleadh ir easla ari ari mairi fém' riarras. Niordb annamh ari agur comheargair agur an donar, fóiríor, ag réordead timcheall oírt agur Spioraid na Nuaearla ag taibhteal fém' Óéin: uairi no dho bior i mbéal báir agur ceapad ná béalraod Nuaearla go bháit ariú oírt. Acht reo fóir annro mē, moladh le Díla, agur mé ullamh ari an éagsóiri a deimead oírt do maithead agur an rualinnear do ríainig domh' a'adair.

Cad ir fín Nuaearla no dho do caiteamh féin aitheire i gcomórtar le rna céadtaibh ceann atá caitte féidir aoiúnear agam? Á! ir iomáda Nuaearla a caitear féidir rualinnear, agur dá bhris reo cionnuig a tioceafad ná tuisfinn go cinninn an t-áctar a bionn ari os agur aorfa, ari bocht ir fáidbhir an uairi bheilreann an Nuaearla oíche gac bhuilidaim. Cionnuig a tioceafad, reas, cionnuig a tioceafad? Naé tuiscte ódóthar cionnuig marí éartar rmaointe an deoiriáde féidir Óéin a óráidise féidir comairce na Nuaearla; ná motuigimh-re cionnuig marí bionn cuiptie na mátar ag pheabhad go ríntear luitir na Nuaearla cúnche; na dearfórlaitheasca bhi ari reaschrán naé eol agur naé rean-eol dom cionnuig marí érinniúistear iad timcheall an teinteáin marí ari oileadh iad, timcheall báisgo na féile marí ari tógaodh iad: ná fuilim ag éirteacáit le gurdeacáint mo éclonne gac oróde Nuaearla ó rúgadó clann dom! Nári cualeara cluig na cille ag bualaod go mórtharlae gac bhuilidaim dár bheir oírt ó tseacáit an érerdóim agur ag mórcaodh glioisairi ghlórairi ghaillb an traoisail; nári airísear cantan ciuin na heaglaire ag cur náire ari ghlór ir ari fóthram luict tarçuirene! Mire nári chuit néal coralta riámh oírt acht ag aodáirreacáit mo murgáile de ió ir o'oróde; mire tá ag fíeacáint ari rpéir glasm iae Nuaearla ó'n lá i n-ari minic Dílaighlan focal na fírinne ór mo éadair; mire gur ghnáthlae liom na rualainste o'feicriant ag gluaipeacáit go d'úctaistear ari an tréipéil

agus ag cromad go humal ar agharó na haitóraí, ag bheis buidéasair dá Slánuigtheoirí mara ba édiri fé clóid éraineachteata o'oilfeadh do Neamh, mór ceadta dom ran a pád; mire,—mire, go bhfuil mo cluar ír mo fáil dírigte ar an uirgaim ír an mear atá ag iarc ír éan ír ainníre, gan bac i n-aon éor leir an tdaonnaíre ar Óiadhaíct na Nodlaig ó lá beirte a gCruitóra. Óiadhaíct ír daonnaíct ír dánraist, ruaircear ír ruairnear ír riottcain, ailne ír uirgaim ír aoiúnear na Nodlaig, cia féadfaid cuprí ríor opta go cinn? Táim-re ag maecthamh opta le fada, agur ag faire le linn mo faoighail opta, leir; agur níl le pád agam acht fé mar a chuala agur mar aodúbairt go minic roimhe seo: Go mba tol ÓÉ ruairnear ír ruaircear ír riottcain na Nodlaig do bheis ag cás do réir mar tuilleam, agur nára fada go bhfuarscósair Sé mé féin agur mo clann ó érúcaibh nimh an eacátrannaig i gcumha ír go gcaitírimh lá A beirte fé faoihe agur fé faoihe go ló an luain!

MOG RUIT.

BRIAN OF BANBA.

Brian of Banba all alone up from the desert places
 Came to stand where the festal throne of the Lord of Thomond's
 race is,
 Came after tarrying long away till his cheeks were hunger-
 hollow
 And his voice grown hoarse in a thousand fights where he
 called on his men to follow.
 He had pillow'd his head on the hard tree roots and slept
 in the sun unshaded,
 Till the gold that had shone in his curls was gone and the
 snow of his brow had faded.
 And where he came he was meanliest clad midst the nobles
 of the nation,
 Yet proudly he entered among them all
 For this was his brother's Banquet Hall,
 And he was a prince Dalcassian.

Mahon, King of the Clann Dal Cais, throned in his palace,
proudly
Drank the mead from a costly glass whilst his poet, harping
loudly,
Traced in song his lineage long to the time of ancient story,
And praised the powers of Kennedy's sons and counted their
deeds of glory,
And chanted the fame of the chieftains all that banquet
board surrounding,—
But why does he turn to this stranger tall, for whom is his
harp now sounding ?
“The king,” he says, “is champion bold, and bold is each
champion brother ;
 But Brian the youngest,
 Is bravest and strongest,
And nobler than any other.”

The king stood up on his royal throne and sorrowful was
his gazing,
And greatly the envy grew in his heart at the sound of such
high appraising ;
For Mahon had dwelt in a palace fair, at peace with the
land's invader,
While Brian lurked in the wild cat's lair and slept where the
she-wolf laid her.
Mahon was clad in a robe of silk, the gift of a Danes' chief's
sending,
The only cloak that Brian had was torn by the brambles'
rending.
Mahon called for the mead and wine from the hands of those
that hasted,
 But the cold thin wave that the swan flocks sip
 Was the only wine that Brian's lips
For a year, and more, had tasted.

" Brian, my brother," said the king, in a tone of scornful wonder,

" Why dost thou come in beggar guise our palace portals under ;

Where hast thou wandered since yesteryear, in what venture of love hast thou tarried ;

Come, tell us the count of thy prey of deer and what cattle-herds thou hast harried ;

Where is thy mantle of silken fold and the jewelled brooch that bound it ;

In what wager lost was the band of gold that once thy locks surrounded ;

Where hast thou left the courtly train that befitted thy princely station,

The hundred high-born youths I gave,

The chosen sons of the chieftains brave

Of the warriors Dalcassian ? "

" I have followed no deer since yesteryear, I've harried no neighbour's cattle ;

I have wooed no love, I have played no game but the kingly game of battle ;

The Danes were my prey by night and day in their forts of hill and hollow,

And I come from the desert lands alone because none are alive to follow.

Some were slain on the plundered plain and some in the midnight marching,

And some have died of the winter's cold, and some of the fever parching ;

And some have perished by wounds of spears and some by the shafts of bowmen,

And some by hunger, and some by thirst,

Until all were gone, but they slaughtered first

Their tenfold more of their foemen."

Then the king leaped down from his cushioned throne and
 he grasped the hand of his brother,
 "Brian, though youngest, thou art bravest and strongest,
 and nobler than any other ;
 So choose at thy will of my flocks on the hill and take of my
 treasure golden,
 Were it even the ring on my royal hand or the jewelled cloak
 I'm rolled in."

Brian smiled : " You will need them all as award of bardic
 measure ;

I want no cattle from out your herds, no share of your shining
 treasure ;

But grant me now," and he turned to look in the listening
 warriors' faces—

" A hundred more of the brave Dal Cais
 To follow me over plain and pass,
 And die as fitteth the Clann Dal Cais,

At war with the outland races."

ALICE MILLIGAN.

ST. LORCÁN'S ADDRESS.

(Supposed to have been delivered to the native Irish Princes about 1171
 A.D. on the landing on our shores of the second gang of English adventurers.
 St. Laurence O'Toole, who was Archbishop of Dublin at the period, was in
 due time chosen as its patron Saint. Ireland has produced no more faithful
 son.)

Princes, Tanists, Chiefs of Iran, wherefore meet we here
 to-day ?

Come ye but to raise a calloid o'er your country's lifeless
 clay ?

Come ye here to whine your sorrow for the ill yourselves
 have wrought,

Or to swear you'll buy redemption at the price it may be
 bought ?

Once your names were names of honour in the citied camps
of Gaul—

Once the iron tribe of Odin did not blush to bear your thrall—
Once the proud Iberian boasted how your royal race begun ;
But your glory hath gone from you, swiftly as the setting sun.

And throughout our desolation mark you not God's holy
hand,

Smiting us with subtle vengeance, for our sins against the
land ;

Frantic feuds and broken pactions, selfish ends and sordid lust,
And, the blackest vice of vices, treason to our sacred trust !

When the stranger came a stranger, still you gave the stranger's
meed—

Shelter when he came an exile—succour when he came in need ;
When he came a student, learning and the right of book
and board—

Princes ! when he came a robber had you not the axe and
sword ?

And was peace the fruit of treason ? Let our kinsmen,
fled or dead,

Chainless plunder, lust, and murder, teach you how sub-
mission sped ;

Nay, behold yon vale ! a convent lay like love embosomed
there,

Where the weary found a shelter, and the wounded needful care.

And the prayers of holy maidens streamed to Heaven night
and day,

Like a healing incense burning all infectious sin away ;
There it flourished till the spoiler, Christless more than
Heathen Jew,

Canie—and now the wolf and Saxon share the wreck between
them two

And their king will be your father ? Yea, and grant you
many a grace—

Gyves and fetters from the donjons of his own begotten race !
Scorn this slavish scheme to mesh you in a net of idle words ;
Thank him as his sons have thanked him—thank him with
your naked swords.

Still ye doubt ! Then, royal Norman, reeking red with holy
blood,

Come and lead to newer slaughter all your sacrilegious brood ;
Come in triumph—here are bishops, worn to stone with
fast and prayer,

None shall question why you send them Beckett's bloody
shroud to share.

Nay, my children, if you doom us to the martyr's bitter
crown,

With your own dishonoured weapons strike your priests and
prelates down ;

Better thus than by the stranger—better thus than being
cursed

With that hideous daily torture, living on to know the worst.

And the loyal wives that love you with a fond and generous
truth,

And the daughters who surround you with the sunshine of
their youth,

Drag them to the carnal tyrant as he swoops upon your shore—
Meekly you must do his pleasure, nor deny him evermore.

Oh ! forgive my rash injustice ; Heber's blood is wroth
with wrong,

And I see you burn to grapple with the ills we bore so long ;
And you'll league like royal brothers, till from joyful shore
to shore

Princely rage indeed shall thunder, women's tears shall rain
no more.

Yes, like brothers ; let the Psalters link his name with fixt
disgrace,

Who, when Iran waves her banner, strikes for region, clann,
or race :

Not for Desmond, not for Uladh, not for Ir or Eoghan's seed,
But for ocean-girded Iran must our kingly chieftains bleed.

Moran's self-denying justice, Dathi's world-embracing fame,
Fodhla's wisdom, Cormac's counsel, holy Patrick's sacred
name,

And our own dear land that gave us kindly culture, state,
and gold—

Oh ! my children, need you stronger spell-words for the true
and bold ?

Thus you match and overmatch them, be they harnessed
breast and backs—

Never Norman forged a cuirass could resist an Irish axe ;
And be sure your fearless clansmen soon shall scorn their
black array,

As the cowards clad in iron and a horse to ride away !

And the dull and slavish Saxons whipped and leashed by
Norman hands,

Trained to wreak the wrongs they suffered on the breast
of kindred lands—

Trained like mastiffs in the shambles, at a beck to rend and
bite,

As the wolves before the beagles you shall track their bloody
fight.

Pause not till each Dun and Tower planted by the strangers'
hands,

Blazes like a Viking beacon, guiding them from out the land—
Till the last of all the pirates to their galleys shall have fled,
Shuddering at the dire *gall-tromba* as the trumpet of the dead.

AIÑNEAS AN PEACAIL Í LEIS AN TBÁS.

AN TBÁS:

Ír cuigat a tânsa, a peacail cérionna,
Le hóiríoungað lárdir tú bpreit de'n raoisgeal ro,
So dtabairfá cunnatar ro' òrtoi-c-sniomharctaiú
Do'n Ríg fuairt bár ar an Scroif dia haoine.

AN PEACAIL:

Ír cia hé turra tá ag laethairt comh dâna
Le peandir liat tá fé ciasc cráidte?
Oc, mo canntla! ír fann atáim-re,
Ír mo ériordé dâ bpríreath le huilearba pláinte.

AN TBÁS:

Mise an bár atá ian de tbréim-neart,
Do leas ar iap clann Áthairn go léir-ceart;
Leasfach turra anoir mar aon leo,
Ír bdearrfad ón' maoín gan bpríb fé círe tú.

AN PEACAIL:

Eirt, a Óair! taibhír cairde fóir dom,
Ná dein mé crieacað 'r ná mairb go fóil mé,
So ndéanfarad aitriúse im' peacailib mórta,
Ír so ndioigalfad m'fiaca le Ríg na hÉire.

AN TBÁS:

Ír fada an cairde fuairt go dtí ro,
Ír an fáid eile dâ bpráifrá ariùr é,
Mar mairbír miall do mairbreá coitche,
Dâ fáid é an cluitche go deirfeadh do rphibe.

AN PEACAIL:

Ní hamla mairbhinn geallaim óm' ériordé òuit,
Aict im' aitriúseac òian fé ciasc ag caoi-gol,
Ag taibhírt rámair do Dia ír do òaoiúib
Im' òrtoi-c-cleacstað ír im' bdearctaib baoire.

AN DÁS:

Ír iondá gseallamain fállra tuisair id' faoisgeal uait
O'fear ionaid Té pá éireo fóra,
So dtreibisfead an peaca 'r go mairead min tair
Fé muaglaeáin naomha gan a dtreibisean ciorcde.

AN PEACAC:

Ír fíor sun geallar do'n trásgairt, ní bhréagac,
Faoisíodh mo bhealaí do théanam i n-éinfeadé;
Acht cúram an traoisail ír an cior ag slaothas oírt
Uo éráidh riad riámh ír do ciap go leiri m.

AN DÁS:

Leig doo' feancúir, a feanduine chnaoróide,
No ráitfeadó an bior ro tré leári do ériodé 'rteadé,
Ír taibhfeadó Aon Mac Muire bhréit gan faoileadh
Ari t'anam aonair, ír go híppreann fíor leat.

AN PEACAC:

Mo ghréim duibh duibhac ír mo bhrón an rceál ro
Muire bheit caillte 'r mo máinntear i m' éagmhuir,
Ír m'anam dá lófcaidh i n-íppreann réineac
1 dtaoisib ionad mo éorí ír mo mórl-áuit clionta.

Do faoileadh riámh ná riinneadh aon níodh
Do cuillfeadó rianta fíorríodh éacatac';
Ní riinn mé goird ná bhróid ná éigean
Muiríodh ná feall aon am doom' faoisgal.

Do tuisainn lóiftin do gac deoifairde tréit las,
Biaidh ír deoic do'n té ciobinn 'na n-éagmhuir,
Díolurídeadé cearbt le feair an eilim,
Ó! nac cíuair ó fóra mā gnídeann mé tháoradó'

AN DÁS:

Ní'l doibh nac fíor gac níodh de'n méid rin,
Acht éirt go fóil agus 'neorad fén tuait
Cao iad na níde te tá id' coinne ag an Aon Mac
'na cúnig mórl tréom le fonn tú tháoradó :

Do thír phairgeonta dhois-labhairt a bhíeadas,
 Imearlaías óitacáis riormatais rícléireas,
 Bailebarraías glasúarais ír ag dearbhúsgaist éitísc ;
 Ír tuis go dtuilleann an rórt rian tú Ódoradó.

An peadarach :

Má bláinn ríillings go minic i dtiús tábhairne
 I bhoisair mo chomhluaran no mo comhshur cairde,
 Ír maithis duit coitice rín do maoiðeamh im' láthair
 Ír feabhar mo chroiðe-ře cum díol tár cás díob.

Do thír mé tamall i dtorcas mo fiaosdail
 Do bhrúidéantais bailebarraías ír tábhairt a' éiteas,
 Ómearaí faoi giotain fada mo bheatas 'na déin rín
 Ír do faoilear, seallaim, go mbíaithe mo cláonta.

An báis :

Ná tuis, a grádairie, go maitear Mac Dóibh uisces
 Tár éir ari Ómainir de chuirptheasct cláonta,
 Ír ari bhrúirír dá bhusghe ír gan ruim 'na chléasctaiib,
 Aict dá céaraist ír gan róit le héigceart.

Ír fada É ag foirdne leat, a cládairie mériusig,
 Ír tú lán de tarbhre ír de bhláthmann éitísc ;
 Do faoilis É meallaib leo' bláthair 'r leo' bhréagairib,
 Aict aonair cípír gac gníomh doeo' tréitíb.

An peadarach :

Fóir, a Óair ! tábhair cairde an lae seo
 Do ndeanfar m'uðaest mar ír dual a Óeanam,
 Cum ná beirt buaðairt i mearc mo ghaolta
 I dtaoisib mo gácmairi nuaír leasfar mé traocta

 Már fíor gac a ndeir tú go mbeath-řa daorla
 Ári ron na gcoir do 'nifír id' ríéal dom,
 Ír é mo tuisgrín surr beag rian traoisgal ro
 Gan beirt comh dona liom 'ran méri rín.

AN DÁS:

Níl duine 'fan traoisal ro bhrír tuisge an Áitromhí,
Dá olcas, a ghníomhártá agus ur dtír na ngráir air,
Má thíneann faoiptíon le bhrísh go láin-éadair,
Ná go maitear fóra a phreacaíde go bhráct do.

'Sé ruisge 'na mealltarí clann bocht Áthaíomh,
Nuairi thíneadh an phreaca ír anamh iad cárthair;
Cuirteann an diathal ríman le n-a lán tioth,
Agus ur rímacann ó Óna 'na thíairidh go bhráct iad.

AN PHREACÁC:

Cé gur tráchtas tuisceáil taimh fémra é ciaice ro
Ír turfa, a Óair, ag cur lán-cod' pian oípm,
Le easla riomhat ír riomh tuiscailltear an Tíseapna,
Má'r fíor do riardte tá mí-ádh an diathal oípm.

AN DÁS:

Criod mo rceáil-ra ír gheill go fíor dom
Gur gairid go mbéirdír i n-ímfheann fíor uath,
Mar ná riunnír aitriúise ro' phreacaibh lionmhar'
Ach d'á cur ari cairdeas gac lá go dtí ro.

AN PHREACÁC:

Aitriúise dom, ír ná thíne bhréag liom,
Cao é an rórt daointe do bionn d'á nuaoradh
Ír d'á gscríobh fíor go hímfheann péineas
Ari ron a bpreacaíde ír a mailín claoontas?

AN DÁS:

An tseam duibh Gallta neamhar na mór-chorc
Atá thíneann leis ó Óna, leir an n-Diathal do gheobhairí ríad;
Ír an tseam tá dall ír ná glacfaidh cónairíle
Thír 'na thíneanta fá gcanannas a nódáin.

Níl duine 'fan domhan mar náimair ag an Aon Mac,
Má fágann bár i bpreaca mairb, ná thaoifear
Ír ná cuimheas go hímfheann ír an thíne d'á gscríobh
1 meairc na ntheamhan, go lom fíréas-galar.

an peacáit:

Má bionn an méid rín go léir díobh caillte,
 Águr rcairte go riop ó Chriost gan aithreair,
 Ír beas a raicair fé ghlátham go meadhras
 Go cùlpt na bplaicear 'mearc aingeal dá aothra.

an báis:

Ní raicair go rathar, geallaim óm' béal duit,
 Aict an t-aithrisgeas cónir, rín leor-úaoctain,
 Tug ráramh fiúr do Rísh na Naoimh ngeal
 I bpeacaib a bheatas go catuirteas déarla;

Aict amáin an leanbh nári peacsuis go héag do,
 Raicair ari an níomeat go Cùlpt na Naoimh ngeal,
 I mearc na n-angeal go taistneamh gléigseal,
 I feilb na glórípe i scór do'n Naoimh-Sriofláid.

an peacáit:

Oc, a Báir! ír círáidte an rceál liom
 Laisleadh na nuaimean bheidh raoir 'fan traoisai ro
 Mar go bfuilidh uile gan tuisgrint gan éirim,
 Gan rceimh a leapa cum aithrisge do déanam.

Ír minic go dtí ro júnnear gníomhartha éacataí'
 Déarc ir capannaist ír an-cuio daonnaist'
 A bfaighadh aon luaet im' mór-mait ari aon corp,
 Táir eir sac ari tuiscear de shúrtal an traoisai uaim?

an báis:

Ná bí meallta a clámpaire méiruis
 Ni bfaighair aon luaet tréod' mór-cuio daonnaist'
 Mar go raibair marbh 'fan bpeaca sac tréimhre
 'Na junnir an capannaist, 'r gan eagla Dé oif.

Tábhair fé ndeara gan dearmad an méid seo:
 An fáidh ír bionn an duine ag buirfead 'r ag neabhad.
 Dúige mic Muire tré cuipipe a cláonta
 Ni bionn aon taipthe 'na maitear go léirpeas.

AN PEACÁC:

Aitjur fór dom gan gá an peácl ro,
 Cao é an cíall 'na mbéid Tia ag glaothas orainn
 Lá na mbreac 'r na gcreac 'r na n-éigean
 Ór gá ait cum clann Áthairn t'éirteac?

AN DÁS:

'Sé an cíir i n-a dtiocfaidh an cine bocht daonna
 So gleann móir ióforrait lá na n-daoiú-threac
 Cum ionad a gcoirte do nochtadh do'n traoigh
 So bfeicfeadh gáe n-duine aca loctuirde a céile.

Sul a dtiocfaidh an lá ro beið ari 'ran traoigh;
 Loircreeji an domhan ír gáe níð ari a éadaon;
 Beið an grian go duibhce fe rémuit ag éiclipr,
 Ír an geala, mo mairis! Comhdearais le haon fuit.

Beið an rréapí ari buile ír tuitfirí na réalta;
 Beið cionta ari bogadh ír ag oigcailt ó céile.
 Beið an fáinnise ari lárach ag imteac? na caorainb.
 Agur cloch ír crainn le n-a linn ag a réabhadh.

Beið cnuic ír gleannnta le rcannraig ag lémhuis,
 Beiðrís an domhan go haobhail ag séimhuis;
 Na peacais d'ona dá lorcadh 'r dá dtírlaocha,
 Scéimle ír eagla oiféa riomh feairis an doinnis.

PÁDRAIS DEINN.

THE MUNSTER WAR SONG.

A.D. 1190.

Can the depths of the ocean afford you not graves
 That you come thus to perish afar o'er the waves—
 To redder and swell the wild torrents that flow
 Through the valley of vengeance, the dark Aherlow?

The clangour of conflict o'erburthens the breeze
 From the stormy Sliabh Bloom to the stately Galtees;

Your caverns and torrents are purple with gore,
Sliavnamon, Gleann Colaich, and sublime Galtee Mór !

The sunburst that slumbered, embalmed in our tears,
Tipperary ! shall wave o'er thy tall mountaineers ;
And the dark hills shall bristle with sabre and spear,
While one tyrant remains to forge manacles here.

The riderless war-steed careers o'er the plain
With a shaft in his flank and a blood-dripping mane—
His gallant breast labours, and glare his wild eyes !
He plunges in torture—falls—shivers—and dies.

Let the trumpets ring triumph ! the tyrant is slain !
He reels o'er his charger, deep-pierced through the brain.
And his myriads are flying like leaves on the gale—
But who shall escape from our hills with the tale ?

For the arrows of vengeance are showering like rain,
And choke the strong rivers with islands of slain,
Till thy waves, lordly Shannon, all crimsonly flow
Like the billows of hell, with the blood of the foe.

Ay ! the foemen are flying, but vainly they fly—
Revenge with the fleetness of lightning can vie,
And the septs of the mountains spring up from each rock,
And rush down the ravines like wild wolves on the flock.

And who shall pass over the stormy Sliabh Bloom
To tell the pale Saxon of Tyranny's doom,
When, like tigers from ambush, our fierce mountaineers
Leap along from the crags with their death-dealing spears ?

They came with high boasting to bind us as slaves ;
But the glen and the torrent have yawned for their graves ;
From the gloomy Ard Fionain to wild Teampoll Mór—
From the Suir to the Shannon—is red with their gore.

By the soul of Heremon ! our warriors may smile,
To remember the march of the foe through our isle ;

Their banners and harness were costly and gay,
And proudly they flashed in the summer sun's ray.

The hilts of their falchions were crusted with gold,
And the gems of their helmets were bright to behold ;
By St. Bride of Kildare ! but they moved in fair show—
To gorge the young eagles of dark Aherlow !

RICHARD D'ALTON WILLIAMS.

DE COURCY'S PILGRIMAGE.

(Sir John De Courcy was, under Henry II., the principal conqueror of Ulster. Having declared, later, that the death of Prince Arthur, rightful heir to the English Crown, was effected through the commands of King John, the King, on hearing it, directed Sir Walter and Sir Hugh De Lacy to arrest De Courcy and have him conveyed to England to be hanged. But in a battle which ensued De Courcy was victorious. The incident described in this ballad is a popular theme in many an Ulster home.)

" I'm weary of your elegies, your keening, and complaints,
We've heard no strain this blessed night but histories of saints ;
Sing us some deed of daring—of the living or the dead ! "
So Earl Gerald, in Maynooth, to the Bard Neelan, said.

Answered the Bard Neelan—" Oh, Earl, I will obey ;
And I will show you that you have no cause for what you say ;
A warrior may be valiant, and love holiness also,
As did the Norman Courcy in this country long ago."

Few men could match De Courcy on saddle or on sward,
The ponderous mace he valued more than any Spanish sword ;
On many a field of slaughter scores of men lay smashed and stark,

And the victors, as they saw them, said—" Lo ! John De Courcy's mark."

De Lacy was his deadly foe, through envy of his fame,
He laid foul ambush for his life, and stigmatized his name ;
But the gallant John De Courcy kept still his mace at hand,
And rode, unfearing feint or force, across his rival's land.

He'd made a vow, for his past sins, a pilgrimage to pay,
 At Patrick's tomb, and there to bide a fortnight and a day ;
 And now, amid the cloisters, the giant disarmed walks,
 And with the brown beads in his hand from cross to cross
 he stalks.

News came to Hugo Lacy of the penance of the Knight,
 And he rose and sent his murd'lers from Durrogh forth by
 night ;

A score of mighty Methian men, proof guarded for the strife,
 And he has sworn them, man by man, to take De Courcy's
 life.

'Twas twilight in Downpatrick town, the pilgrim in the porch
 Sat, faint with fasting and with prayer before the darkened
 church ;

When suddenly he heard a sound upon the stony street,
 A sound, familiar to his ears, of battle horses' feet.

He stepped forth to a hillock, where an open cross it stood,
 And, looking forth, he leaned upon the monumental wood.
 " 'Tis he, 'tis he ! " the foremost cried, " 'tis well you came
 to shrive,

For another sun, De Courcy, you shall never see alive ! "

Then roused the softened heart within the pilgrim's sober
 weeds—

He thought upon his high renown, and all his knightly
 deeds—

He felt the spirit swell within his undefended breast,
 And his courage rose the faster that his sin had been confess'd.

" I am no dog to perish thus ! no deer to couch at bay !
 Assassins ! 'ware, the life you seek, and stand not in my
 way ! "

He plucked the tall cross from the root, and, waving it around,
 He dashed the master murd'rer stark and lifeless to the ground.

As, row on row, they pressed within the deadly ring he made,
Twelve of the score in their own gore within his reach he
laid,

The rest in panic terror ran to horse and fled away,
And left the Knight De Courcy at the bloody cross to pray.

" And now," quoth Neelan to the Earl, " I did your will
obey ;

Have I not shown you had no cause for what I heard you say ?

" Faith, Neelan," answered Gerald, " your holy man, Sir
John,

Did bear his cross right manfully, so much we have to own."

T. D. M'GEE.

ERIN'S FLAG.

Unroll Erin's flag ! fling its folds to the breeze !
Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas !
Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore,
When its chiefs with their clans stood around it, and swore
That never ! no ! never ! while God gave them life,
And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,
That never ! no ! never ! that banner should yield
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield ;
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

Lift it up ! wave it high ! 'tis as bright as of old !
Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold ;
Though the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years
Have drenched Erin's Sunburst with blood and with tears !
Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,
And around it the thunders of tyranny boom.
Look aloft ! look aloft ! lo ! the clouds drifting by,
There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky,
'Tis the Sunburst resplendent—far, flashing on high !
Erin's dark night is waning, her day-dawn is nigh !

Lift it up ! lift it up ! the old banner of green !
 The blood of its sons has but brightened its sheen ;
 What though the tyrant has trampled it down,
 Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown ?
 What though for ages it droops in the dust,
 Shall it droop thus for ever ? No ! no ! God is just !
 Take it up ! take it up from the tyrant's foul tread,
 Let him tear the Green flag—we will snatch its last shred,
 And beneath it will bleed as our forefathers bled,
 And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of our dead,
 And we'll swear by the blood which the Briton has shed,
 And we'll vow by the wrecks which through Erin he spread,
 And we'll swear by the thousands who, famished, unfed,
 Died down in the ditches wild-howling for bread ;
 And we'll vow by our heroes, whose spirits have fled,
 And we'll swear by the bones in each coffinless bed,
 That we'll battle the Briton through danger and dread ;
 That we'll cling to the cause which we glory to wed,
 Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of our lead
 Shall prove to our foe that we meant what we said—
 That we'll lift up the Green, and we'll tear down the Red !

Lift up the Green Flag ! Oh ! it wants to go home,
 Full long has its lot been to wander and roam,
 It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,
 But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded nor furled ;
 Like a weary-winged bird, to the East and the West,
 It has flitted and fled—but it never shall rest,
 Till pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,
 And speeds to the shores of its old home again,
 Where its fetterless folds o'er each mountain and plain
 Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.

Take it up ! take it up ! bear it back from afar !
 That banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings of war ;

Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to the sky,
 And swear that you'll bear it triumphant or die.
 And shout to the clans scattered far o'er the earth,
 To join in the march to the land of their birth ;
 And wherever the exiles, 'neath heaven's broad dome,
 Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow, and roam ;
 They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam
 They'll sail to the music of " Home, Sweet Home ! "

REV. ABRAM J. RYAN.

OÍDCE BÍOS AG LUISE IM' SUAN.

Oídce bíor ag luisé im' suan
 Ír mé ari bhuairidh tóir na catárdé,
 Do fin an trídhean fíchealas suairc
 Táobh liom ruair ag déanamh tataisge ;
 Ba éadl a com, a chraobh-folt leabhair
 Ag teast go bonn léi 'na ríráidé
 Ba dhuibh a ghráid ná an gual
 'S ba gile a ghráid ná na healarde.

Do connac i, a ghráoi gan ghráim,
 A cláon-phort uaine ír a béal tanairde,
 A mion-éiscéa cnuinn geal cnuaird,
 'S a mion-éneap ruair ná fuil teafairde,
 A haol-corr feans a pír-d-croib leabhair,
 A caol-phort teann, a déir 'f a malairde ;
 Ír fiúr gurab aoibhinn linn a gnuad
 Bíodh gur truaidh mé ag an gcleasairde.

Muidh déarlaíar i do bhoisíadar ruair
 So bhríonainn uaité créad ari b'ar i ;
 'Níor labairt rí, do rceinn rí uaim
 Ír do bíor go duairc tar éir mo ríráidé.

O' éigearf go lom 'na déiré le fonn,
 Níor aontuis liom ír mé ari meadarairde,
 Suí leanair i do'n tír ba tuairéid
 So Siúd na ngruaigas cé Suí b'fao' i.

Tigim aniar ariúr de ruairí
 So Siúd Cnuadána, so Siúd Seanb,
 So Siúd Énuaic aoibhinn Fílinn ruairí
 Mar a mbíodh an ríuaig le taois na hAnndairde,
 So haol-úrús Doinne Aonúair óis
 Ag ríeáclaint uaim ír ag déanamh airtíde,
 'S ní ruairí a tuairíre ríor ná ruair,
 Acht i ag gluairgeacht tré na bealaighe.

Ír tigim so Siúd mic Líri na gCruaig
 Ír ari Craoibh Ruairí tigim so Teamhair,
 So Siúd aoibhinn aóirír Earr' Ruairí,
 So hAoiúill Ruairí le taois na C'raige.
 Bí cead bhan ós ba féime cló
 Ag éirtealacht ceoil 'r ag déanamh airtíde
 I bhoíair Aoiúill rí-ú bean Tuathmumhan
 Ír mile gRuaidas cé slé le gaircide.

Do bí an tríd-úean rítleas cé ruairí
 Do éuirí ari buairírt mé im' neacairde
 'Ná ruairí go maoineas náorón-geal ruair,
 A tlaorí-polc cuasas léi so haitairde;
 O'fearas anall so maoirída moðamail,
 Ba léiri dí ari ball Suí mé do lean i;
 Ari rí: Ír ríuaig liom do éuairí
 Tíg anuair ír éirt ari gcearnairde.

Mo énead, epi rí, mo bhuirdéan ari bhuairírt,
 Mo tír mo ríuaig mo laochrád gaircide,
 Do érleasach tíortha coimhcheasé' cnuairí
 Te lion-ruairí luat na stíréan stíreagairde,

Mar b'iu fé óeo g'an b'iusc gac ió
 Fé éinns an b'rión ag na gallairde :
 Iñ iomdó mac tóirí tibeartá uaim
 'S, a Chríost, nac t'fuaigh mé 'na n-earrbair.

O'fiarluisear tó cia ní an b'liaodain
 O'aoir an Tíseapna Úrth an feair ghoisde
 'Na m'is ari ghaedil go b'fiosmáir tian
 Ag tibirt fiaoth-phoc ó n-a hallairde.
 Do b'úin a beol, ní duibhrt nior mór,
 Seo 'n riubhal mar óeo i no mar fiocht-gaoit,
 'S ní'l cunntar fóir le tabhairt i gcoimh
 Cia ham a fóirfeadh ari ári n-earrbairde.

Peannaito 'r fiaothar tian i dtéar na dtéinteád,
 San capairto g'an liaig g'an b'iaoth g'an r'ctad ari iota,
 San leabairto g'an pian g'an Dia g'an ghean ag daonimh
 Ari gallairb i mbliadóna ó'r iad do c'reac ari muinnteár.

SEÁN CLÁRAÍC MACDOOMNAILL.

WILLIE GILLILAND.

Up in the mountain solitudes, and in a rebel ring,
 He has worshipped God upon the hill, in spite of church and
 king ;
 And sealed his treason with his blood on Bothwell bridge
 he hath ;
 So he must fly his father's land, or he must die the death ;
 For comely Claverhouse has come along with grim Dalzelle,
 And his smoking roof-tree testifies they've done their errand
 well.

In vain to fly his enemies he fled his native land ;
 Hot persecution waited him upon the Carrick strand ;

His name was on the Carrick cross, a price was on his head.
A fortune to the man that brings him in alive or dead !
And so on moor and mountain from the Lagan to the Bann,
From house to house, and hill to hill, he lurked an outlawed
man.

At last, when in false company he might no longer bide,
He stayed his houseless wanderings upon the Collon side,
There in a cave all underground he laired his heathy den,
Ah, many a gentleman was fain to earth like hill fox then !
With hound and fishing-rod he lived on hill and stream by day ;
At night, betwixt his greyhound fleet and his bonny mare
he lay.

It was a summer evening, and, mellowing and still,
Glenwhirry to the setting sun lay bare from hill to hill ;
For all that valley pastoral held neither house nor tree,
But spread abroad and open all, a full fair sight to see,
From Sliabh Mis foot to Collon top lay one unbroken green,
Save where in many a silver coil the river glanced between.

And now upon his homeward way he crossed the Collon high,
And over bush and bank and brae he sent abroad his eye ;
And all was darkening peacefully in grey and purple haze,
The thrush was silent in the banks, the lark upon the braes—
When suddenly shot up a blaze, from the cave's mouth it came,
And troopers' steeds and troopers' caps are glancing in the
same !

He couched among the heather, and he saw them, as he lay,
With three long yells at parting, ride lightly east away ;
Then down with heavy heart he came, to sorry cheer came he,
For ashes black were crackling where the green whins used
to be,

And stretched among the prickly comb, his heart's blood
smoking round,
From slender nose to breast bone cleft, lay dead his good
greyhound !

" They've slain my dog, the Philistines ! they've taken my
bonny mare ! "

He plunged into the smoking hole ; no bonny beast was there ;
He groped beneath his burning bed (it burn'd him to the
bone),

Where his good weapon used to be, but broadsword there
was none ;

He reeled out of the stifling den, and sat down on a stone,
And in the shadows of the night 'twas thus he made his
moan :—

" My bonny mare I've ridden you when Claver'se rode behind,
And from the thumbscrew and the boot you bore me like
the wind.

And, while I have the life you saved, on your sleek flank I swear
Episcopalian rowel shall never ruffle hair !

Though sword to wield they've left me none—yet Wallace
wight, I wis,

Good battle did on Irvine side wi' waur weapon than this."

His fishing-rod, with both his hands he gripped it as he spoke,
And, where the butt and top were spliced, in pieces twain
he broke ;

The limber top he cast away, with all its gear abroad,
But, grasping the thick hickory butt, with spike of iron shod,
He ground the sharp spear to a point, then pulled his bonnet
down,

And, meditating black revenge, set forth for Carrick town.

The sun shines bright on Carrick wall and Carrick Castle grey,
And up thine aisle, St. Nicholas, has ta'en his morning way,
And to the North Gate sentinel displayeth far and near,
Sea, hill, and tower, and all thereon, in dewy freshness clear,
Save where, behind a ruined wall, himself alone to view,
Is peering from the ivy green a bonnet of the blue.

Again he makes the turrets grey stand out before the hill ;
 Constant as their foundation rock, there is the bonnet still !
 And now the gates are opened, and forth in gallant show,
 Pricked jeering grooms, and burghers blythe, and troopers
 in a row ;

But one has little care for jest so hard bested is he,
 To ride the outlaw's bonny mare, for this at least is she !

Down comes her master with a roar, her rider with a groan,
 The iron and the hickory are through and through him gone !
 He lies a corpse ; and where he sat, the outlaw sits again,
 And once more to his bonny mare he gives the spur and rein ;
 Then some with sword, and some with gun, they ride and
 run amain !

But sword and gun, and whip and spur, that day they plied
 in vain !

Ah ! little thought Willie Gilliland when he on Skerry's side
 Drew bridle first, and wiped his brow, after that weary ride,
 That where he lay like hunted brute, a caverned outlaw lone,
 Broad lands and yeoman tenantry should yet be there his own ;
 Yet so it was ; and still from him descendants not a few
 Draw birth and lands, and, let me trust, draw love of Freedom
 too.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

QUEEN MARGARET'S FEASTING.

A.D. 1451.

Fair she stood—God's queenly creature !
 Wondrous joy was in her face ;
 Of her ladies none in stature
 Like to her, and none in grace.

On the church-roof stood they near her,
 Cloth of gold was her attire ;
 They in jewelled circle wound her—
 Beside her Ely's king, her sire.

Far and near the green fields glittered,
 Like to poppy-beds in spring,
 Gay with companies loose-scattered
 Seated each in seemly ring.
 Under banners red or yellow,
 There all the day the feast was kept,
 From chill dawn and noontide mellow
 Till the hill-shades eastward crept.

On a white steed at the gateway
 Margaret's husband, Calwagh, sate ;
 Guest on guest, approaching, straightway
 Welcomed he with love and state.
 Each passed on with largess laden,
 Chosen gifts of thought and work,
 Now the red cloak of the maiden,
 Now the minstrel's golden torque.

On the wind the tapestries shifted ;
 From the blue hills rang the horn ;
 Slowly toward the sunset drifted,
 Choral song and shout breeze-borne.
 Like a sea that crowds unresting
 Murmured round the grey church-tower ;
 Many a prayer amid the feasting,
 For Margaret's mother rose that hour !

On the church-roof kerne and noble,
 At her bright face looked half dazed ;
 Nought was hers of shame or trouble—
 On the crowds far off she gazed :

Once, on heaven her dark eyes bending,
 Her hands in prayers she flung apart ;
 Unconsciously her arms extending,
 She blessed her people in her heart.

Thus a Gaelic queen and nation
 At Imayn till set of sun,
 Kept with feast the Annunciation,
 Fourteen hundred fifty-one.
 Time it was of solace tender ;
 'Twas a brave time, strong, yet fair !
 Blessing, O ye angels, send her,
 From Salem's towers, and Inisglaire !

AUBREY DE VERE.

SEÁN'S HEAD.

Scene—*Before Dublin Castle.* Night. A clansman of Seán O'Neill's discovers his Chief's head on a pole.

God's wrath upon the Saxon ! may they never know the pride
 Of dying on the battle-field their broken spear beside ;
 When victory gilds the gory shroud of every fallen brave,
 Or death no tales of conquered clans can whisper to his grave.
 May every light from Cross of Christ, that saves the heart of
 man,

Be hid in clouds of blood before it reach the Saxon clan ;
 For sure, O God !—and You know all, Whose thought for all
 sufficed—

To expiate these Saxon sins they'd need another Christ.

Is it thus, O Seán the haughty ! Seán the valiant ! that we
 meet—

Have my eyes been lit by Heaven but to guide me to defeat ?
 Have I no chief, or you no clan, to give us both defence,
 Or must I, too, be statued here with thy cold eloquence ?

Thy ghastly head grins scorn upon old Dublin's Castle-tower,
 Thy shaggy hair is wind-tossed, and thy brow seems rough
 with power ;

Thy wrathful lips, like sentinels, by foulest treachery stung ;
 Look rage upon the world of wrong, but chain thy fiery
 tongue.

That tongue, whose Ulster accent woke the ghost of Colm Cille
 Whose warrior words fenced round with spears the oaks of
 Derry Hill ;

Whose reckless tones gave life and death to vassals and to
 knaves,

And hunted hordes of Saxons into holy Irish graves.

The Scotch marauders whitened when his war-cry met their ears,
 And the death-bird, like a vengeance, poised above his stormy
 cheers ;

Ay, Seán, across the thundering sea, out-chanting it, your
 tongue,

Flung wild un-Saxon war-whoopings the Saxon Court among.

Just think, O Seán ! the same moon shines on Liffey as on
 Foyle,

And lights the ruthless knaves on both, our kinsmen to despoil ;
 And you the hope, voice, battle-axe, the shield of us and ours,
 A murdered, trunkless, blinding sight above these Dublin towers.
 Thy face is paler than the moon ; my heart is paler still—
 My heart ! I had no heart—'twas yours—'twas yours ! to
 keep or kill.

And you kept it safe for Ireland, Chief, your life, your soul,
 your pride ;

But they sought it in thy bosom, Seán—with proud O'Neill
 it died.

You were turbulent and haughty, proud, and keen as Spanish
 steel—

But who had right of these, if not our Ulster's Chief, O'Neill,
 Who reared aloft the " Bloody Hand " until it paled the sun,
 And shed such glory on Tir Eoghain as Chief had never done ?

He was "turbulent" with traitors ; he was "haughty" with the foe ;

He was "cruel," say ye, Saxons ! Ay ! he dealt ye blow for blow !

He was "rough" and "wild"—and who's not wild to see his hearth-stone razed ?

He was "merciless as fire"—ah, ye kindled him—he blazed !

He was "proud"—yes, proud of birthright, and because he flung away

Your Saxon stars of princedom, as the rock does mocking spray,

He was wild, insane for vengeance—ay ! and preached it till Tir Eoghain

Was ruddy, ready, wild, too, with "Red Hands" to clutch their own.

"The Scots are on the border, Séan !" Ye Saints, he makes no breath ;

I remember when that cry would wake him up almost from death.

Art truly dead and cold ? O Chief ! art thou to Ulster lost ?

"Dost hear, dost hear ? By Randolph led, the troops the Foyle have crossed !"

He's truly dead ! he must be dead ! nor is his ghost about—And yet no tomb could hold his spirit tame to such a shout ; The pale face droopeth northward—ah ! his soul must loom up there,

By old Armagh, or Antrim's glynns, Loch Foyle or Bann the Fair !

I'll speed me Ulster-wards—your ghost must wander there, proud Séan,

In search of some O'Neill, through whom to throb its hate again.

CÁT SÍLEANN MÁOI LUÍSHRA.

Mári ari Úuaírú Fiacla Mac Aodáil Ó Óirmoim ari Gallairib, 25 Lughnasa, 1580

Do tainis Sílre de Úiltón cùsgáinn
 N-a bodaire uaitíreadach níne;
 Ní hainbhearrfadh rámhínne iarráin
 Ná go dtiocfaidh leir a claoiðe:
 "Cáitíreannfadh dor na codlatais seo
 I níniú fáil gán moill,
 Mianadé rola an Noirmannais
 Agus tóineáil a láim i mbriúisim."

I fgo deimhín ó tanaig eatojta
 Ní fuláir dúninn beart i fgo deimhín
 Do cíup i leití clú Síarana
 'S ári nveasg-úanróisgán eilir;
 Áiriúisim go Úfhail i ngeoiréacht dúninn
 An maothraid i fána Óioth;
 Uillimuris i gceoirí na marone Óam
 Agus tóiseacham beárla tríd."

Do cait de Úiltón feacátmair sílan,
 Cé gur learc leir uairi de moill,
 Ári rcoit na nGall do tarracs cùisge
 I mbairle Áta Cíuat go cùisne;
 Ártuairí amair 'r antheasg go tuisge
 Do gáthadair rílan gac ríse;
 Fáire, cùsat, a Óranais síl,
 Cá an ghráimhíre ari do tí!

Aict níorí codlaidh ruain don Óranas é
 An treacátmair úd i rit;
 'S mo mhealbhais tóiseach de Úiltón tú
 Má bláiffír o'faothair a clárdom;

"Seoibhao Úrthóinriar mear Mac Gearaltais
 Agus Séamus Mac Éamhaoir;
 Mo Óubhrlán beo agus mairb fáinb,
 A clanna Lunndain feill."

So luat do ghuair an Gearaltais,
 'S a éara le n-a taoibh,
 Ar fhuaidh Ó Óibrón na scailmfeadh
 O bháinse mait if Laisgir;
 Ba fhuairc é croidhe gád ceadarnais
 Nuair glac n-a láimh a éalaídeam:
 "Seab, gáthaim éu i n-aithne Óbanba,
 'S gan deapmhadh déanfaidh gnior

Níor cheirte ar an nGearaltais,
 Do charraig leir a bhiúdean,
 Ir Mac Éamhaoir dá leanamhaint
 1 gan fhior tríd an otip;
 'S i n-indeoin ar óein na Sasanais
 Do gáthadar folac thíos
 1 n-gleann Maoilisighra an Óranais thíos,
 'S ar Shliabh Ruadh i mearc an fhras.

Um óeireadó éisí ná ríeadctíaine.

Do ghearr ve Óilton riomhe,
 Fíde mile Sasanais
 So gheanta gléarta i gscríobh,
 Sunnaithe móra if beaga aige
 'S gan deapmhadh aifimh faoiúir,
 Ir tós ré longphort taitheascád
 1 mbéal an gleanna thíos.

Ar lusnara a cúnig fídeas
 Fé Órótháil lae teapairde
 Ói ullam ag de Óilton,
 Ir o'fág a longphort aon;

Seo aníos an gleann an ḡramphairc;
 Cás ndeasgair a Úrpanais ḡpóirde?
 An i gán-fíor duit go bfuiltear cùsáit?
 O, a Día, an ic' eodlaod taoi?

Ní cloisteapí torann a dtairtíl
 Cé guri Íarib cíuaird i an truisce;
 S mǎ táplaitheann duine 'á leagad ann
 Ní cloisteapí a earcainidé;
 Ní a rpeaircá tuar gan anfáite;
 An talam ciúin 'í an coill;
 An ḡmuin anuas ag taicneamh oiféas,
 I fáitear ari an mburðin.

Aict de gheit do érit an talam
 I fáitear ruair an coill,
 I fáitear rpeast bpeas Saranac;
 Mo ḡpáitónn tú, a fiaca cpoirde!
 Áríg do bhuírt an torann úd
 I fáitear rpeast eile óioib;
 Do ḡlac an fuigsealaec eagsa,
 'S cum peasta leo gan moill.

Anoir, a ḡaeðeala calma,
 Seo, tagaird fúta ari;
 Leanaid iad i fáitear iad
 I fáitear oiféas óioigal
 'Ná ndeárlpnadair de neartair uile
 Ár feairnann Eibhlí Finn;
 Tá raité annrúid ari teicéadaiuim
 I fáitear óidí an clairdeamh.

Anuas hasc taoib do bpeabhadair
 Ár aicme an Úeapla Óaoil,
 Tá ruagaird 'gur tá rtriacair,
 Tá mbaircaid 'gur tá scelaoiúd.

Slac feannrað a bairr de Vilton
 Ír do teic pē uaman ón mbriúisín;
 Ír Cárbi Mhullais Maistean
 Cuardaileas tré lán a chroíde.

TÁOÍ S Ó DÓNNCHAÓA.

THE LIVING IRISH SPEECH.

From a lecture by the Rev. P. S. Dinneen, M.A., entitled: "The Preservation of the Living Irish Language—a work of National importance."

It is difficult to forecast the political future of this island. I speak not as a politician, but as a student of history when I say that the conglomeration of countries and islands that are marked red on our present maps, and called the British Empire, will not always cling together. The Roman Empire had far stronger bonds of union than the British, and yet that great Empire, even in the zenith of its power, had clay mingled with its feet of iron and nurtured the seeds of disruption, which grew strong in time and shattered it to a thousand fragments. The British Empire will burst up as the Roman did. Nay, the bonds of constitutional government that unite this island to the larger island across the Channel have no perpetuity in the nature of things. These two islands have been united under the same monarchy for three hundred years. But what are three hundred years in the life of a nation. The day may come, it may not be far distant, when this island may have to lead a separate political life, or enter into some new combination and form part of a new Empire. The day may come when the prestige and importance of the English language will not be what it is now. Even now, as a literary language, English is fast waning. The past fifty years have witnessed a deterioration in the quality of English literature which has no parallel since the

age of Chaucer, and which seems on the increase as years go by. There seems no chance of an aftermath of English literature, till youthful nations infuse their vigour into dialects of that language. Imagine the state of things that may exist a hundred or two hundred years hence. The British Empire shorn of most of its territory. Ireland and England no longer under the same government. New Empires, new dynasties sharing between them the sovereignty of the civilized world. The English language melting down in the crucible and new dialects springing up. Imagine, if you can, the loss, the incalculable loss to this country if every vestige of living Irish shall have been wiped out. Three or four hundred years spent under the shadow of the British constitution, and we emerge bearing the most unmistakable of all badges of slavery, the badge of a slavery that not only enslaved the body, but that also corroded the mind—the very accents, the tone, the speech of our masters. When we have lost our language—then, and not till then, shall we be veritable slaves.

Try to imagine the loss to our country if, in these no very distant days, perhaps, all she can point to as memorials of her antiquity, as evidences of her pedigree among the nations of the earth, as proofs of her past greatness, be a few old manuscripts in a disused character, a few old ruins, a few inscriptions on stone, while that living voice of Irish speech that re-echoed amid her hills for three thousand years is hushed into silence for ever. That voice might have been preserved as a living witness to the high antiquity of our people, to their ancient lineage among the nations, as the living nurse and fosterer of immemorial traditions and dreams of a glorious past. Consider the advantage of a living witness over a witness that is dead and gone. The evidence of a dead witness may be misrepresented. You cannot cross-examine him. You cannot piece together his story with all the colouring of time and place. You may question a living witness. Each new question may reveal truths long hidden, may drag to light evidence of the utmost moment.



REV. P. S. DINNEEN, M.A.

The living tongue, even though the area over which it is vernacular be circumscribed, is an energising power in the land. It is a compendium of our history, it is our fierce war-cry in the conflict of nationalities, it is our title-deed in the court of nations. It is the voice of promise alluring us to a higher and nobler national existence. Its reviving tones salute our ears at the opening of the new century as a trumpet-call reminding us that we have been dwelling in Babylonian bondage, warning us not to eat the unclean meats, not to quaff the sorcerer's cup proffered to us by our captors, telling us that already many of our people are drunk to swinish drunkenness with the alluring wine of a foreign civilization, that already many of them are sunk hopelessly in all that is vulgar and barbarous of foreign customs and habits. That living speech will train up the rising generation in all the traditions of their ancestors, it will keep alive the characteristics that individualize our race ; it will keep alive our spirit of chivalry, of heroism, of generosity, of faith. It will nurse the simplicity of character which distinguished our forefathers ; it will waft across the centuries the breeze of romance and enthusiasm from the days when kings held high festival at Tara and at Cruachan, when gay huntsmen from Eastern climes gambolled on the green sward of Meath and of Kildare, when men revelled with the new wine of life, of beauty, and of strength.

Woe to us if ever that living nurse of our ancient traditions is lost to our race ! Woe to us if we let the national spirit of our children perish from want of being duly nursed in our history through the living accents of Irish speech ! Woe to us if we are forced to nurture our national spirit merely on the dry bones of a dead and neglected tongue. I remember once hearing a folk-tale. A mother who was on her death-bed had two daughters, one of whom she loved while she hated the other. Both were present at her bedside. She gave several heads of advice to them, but that advice was put in enigmatical language in order that the daughter

whom she disliked may attach the wrong meaning to it. One point of advice was this:—"Always keep old bones under your children." It happened contrary to her expectations. The daughter she loved failed to penetrate the mystery of this advice, and took it in the literal sense ; she had her children constantly seated on a heap of old bones with the result that they caught cold and drooped and died. The other daughter was wiser ; she, too, procured old bones for her children, but they were living bones, for she provided them with a careful old nurse who had them constantly in her arms. If the Irish nation of to-day discard the living Irish speech, contenting themselves with its remains in books and manuscripts, we shall be following the example of this foolish daughter, and our children shall lose their national spirit. If, on the contrary, we secure a living old nurse—the nurse of living Irish for the rising generation, they will grow up sound in mind and body, and perpetuate the historical traditions of their race. She is truly an old nurse, but though old, full of the vigour and sprightliness of youth, full of the glad music of happier days, full of the spirit of independence and self-reliance.

Let none believe our lovely Eve outworn and old ;
 Fair is her form, her blood is warm, her heart is bold ;
 Though tyrants long have wrought her wrong, she will
 not fawn,
 Will not prove mean, our Caitlín Ni Ualacháin.

DIA LIB, A LAOCHRAÍÓ SÁORDEAL.

Dia lib, a laocheaird sáordeal,
 Ná cluintear claoídeacht oírlis,
 Riam níor tuisleadhair marlóid
 1 n-am éata ná cosair.

Téimtear lib coingleic éalma,
 A buirdean airmi-ghlan faoiltead
 Fé ceann buir bhealaíonn dúncteair
 Rúinnt úrsguit linné Saordeal.

Ma' r síl lib agusadh Éireann,
 A Sárrasadh céimeann gceapóda,
 Ná reacnadh éacht ná iorúail,
 Ná catá mionca mórta.

Fearrri beit i mbarrlaibh fuaif-éanann
 I bfeirtearán fuaim-geappi ghrinnmeair
 Ag reilg troda ari féinn eacúrann
 Ag a bfuil fearann buir rínppear.

Mó ír mall do hagrasadh lib-re
 Magh Lífe no Lior Teamhrach,
 No Caireal na rpeab nua-ghlan,
 No min-éclár Cnuadha Meathá.

Dit cùimne, a clanna Mileadh,
 Fonn péird na riú-lioír nodaí-geal,
 Tug oíraibh san agus Tailtean,
 No tát epiocá marighreadh Mairtean.

Ní taobh lúit ná lámait
 Tug oíraibh, a aothair Íanba,
 Beit thíb uíramatac umal
 Do mear-rluaighs surmair Sallta.

Acht naidh deom le Dia, a Éire,
 Siú le céile do congnam,
 Ní theadh buir mbuaird i n-éimreacht
 Ag rluaig epiocá leisimeac Lonndan.

Craoibh liom eacúrannn da bfhósraibh
 Rioighraið fónta ír a n-oíreacá
 Iar naidh goirtear thioibh 'na n-dúncteair
 Acht ceiteirín cùntaí coille.

Ír iad fém i ngleannntaibh Sárrá
 Laois Íanba, beag da leacúriont,

Ír fonn mán an cláir-reo Círiomhcaimn
Ag feadáin fiocmhaí eacúrann.

Sac léinn feill dá bfuil éusca,
Buirdean fíal cuplað scoicsta,
Ír a nascat náma ari tì a ngeana
Do bairp ojim codlað corraca.

An trácht bairpao laoic Laicean,
Cinn deisfeap cláir na gcuplað,
Buarð eacúrann an éraoi Cúinn-re
Bionn m'aighe foilbír rúbae.

Oubac him-re uair eile
Mar bairpao buarð na gaoirfeap
Na Sairl reo tig tar tonn-muir
Do comlot sarrlað Saordeal.

Lion gleoird do laoeratò lann-suinim
Sathairn Raighnait, Dia dà noidean,
Méor a ngsaile 'fan ngleann-ro
Do éuir mo meannna i mineart.

Dia leo ag luisce ír ag eirise,
Tréinfír ír tréife i dtacáir,
Dia 'na gearam ír 'na luisce leo,
Ír i dtacáit éusca an catá!

AONGUS MAC DAISRE UI Ó DLAIS.

O'RUAIRC'S REQUEST.

PRINCE OF BREIFNE—A.D. 1589.

You ask me what defence is mine ? Here ! 'midst your armed bands !

You only mock the prisoner who is helpless in your hands.
What would defence avail to me though good it be and true,
Here ! in the heart of London town, with judges such as you ?

You gravely talk about my "crime!" I own no crime at all;
The deeds you blame I'd do again should such a chance befall.
You say I've helped the foreign foes to war against your
Queen—

Well, challenged so, I'll proudly show what has my helping
been.

On that wild day when near our coast the stately ships of
Spain

Caught in a fierce and sudden storm, for safety sought in vain;
When wrench'd and torn 'midst mountain waves some
foundered in the deep,

And others broke on sunken reefs and headlands rough and
steep—

I heard the cry that off my land where breakers rise and roar
The sailors from a wrecking ship were striving for the shore.
I hurried to the frightful scene, my generous people too,
Men, women, even children, came, some kindly deed to do.
We saw them clutching spars and planks that soon were
washed away,

Saw others bleeding on the rocks, low moaning where they
lay;

Some cast ashore and back again dragged by the refluent wave,
Whom one grip from a friendly hand would have sufficed
to save.

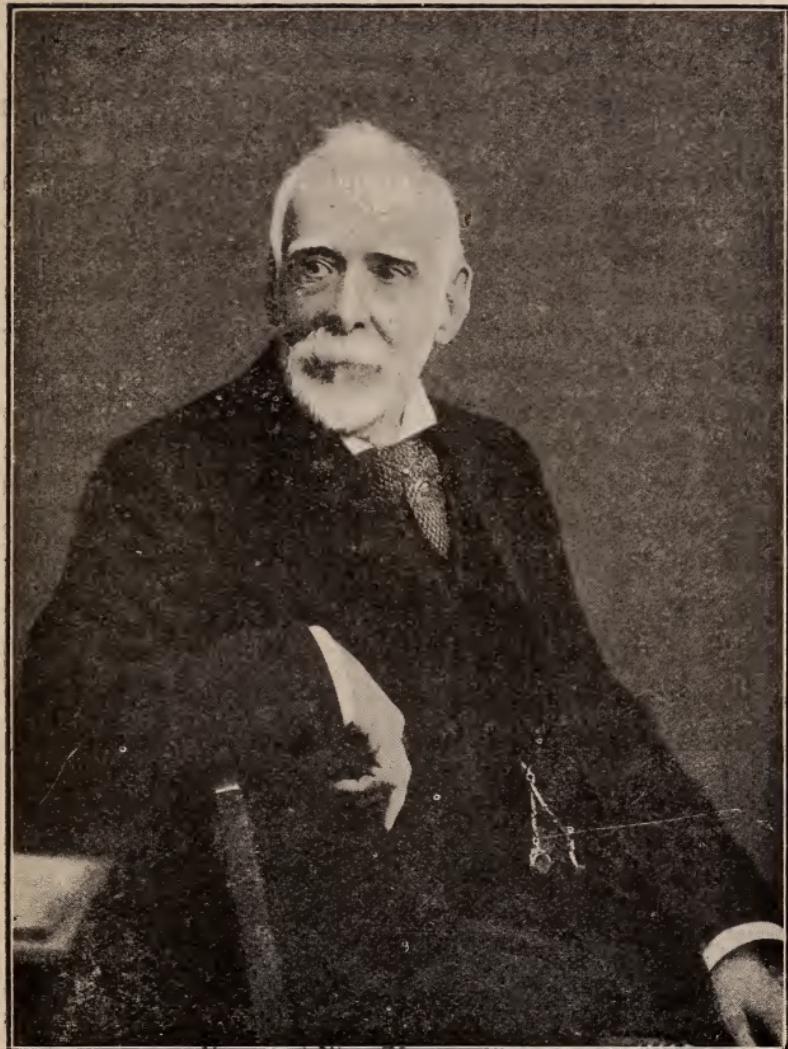
We rushed into the raging surf, watched every chance, and when
They rose and rolled within our reach we grasped the drowning
men.

We took them to our hearths and homes and bade them
there remain

Till they might leave with hope to reach their native land
again.

This is the "treason" you have charged! Well, treason
let it be,

One word of sorrow for such fault you'll never hear from me.



T. D. SULLIVAN.

I'll only say although you hate my race, and creed, and name,
Were your folk in that dreadful plight I would have done
the same.

Oh ! you would bring me to your Queen, low at her feet to
kneel,

Crave mercy from her stony heart, and urge some mean
appeal !

I answer, No ! my knees will bend and prayers of mine arise
To but one Queen, the Queen of Heaven, high throned above
the skies.

And now you ask my dying wish ? My last and sole request
Is that the scaffold built for me be fronted to the West.
Of my dear country far away, one glimpse I cannot see,
Wherever, and however high, you raise my gallows tree ;
Yet would I wish my last fond look should seek that distant
shore,

So, turn my face to Ireland. Sirs, of you I ask no more.

T. D. SULLIVAN.

EARL DESMOND AND THE BEAN SIDHE

Now cheer thee on, my gallant steed ;
There's a weary way before us—
Across the mountain swiftly speed
For the storm is gathering o'er us.
Away, away, the horseman rides ;
His bounding steed's dark form
Seemed o'er the soft black moss to glide—
A spirit of the storm !

Now, rolling in the troubled sky,
The thunders loudly crashing ;
And through the dark clouds, driving by,
The moon's pale light is flashing.

In sheets of foam the mountain flood
 Comes rolling down the glen ;
 On the steep bank one moment stood
 The horse and rider then.

One desperate bound the courser gave
 And plunged into the stream ;
 And snorting, stemmed the boiling wave,
 By the lightning's quivering gleam.
 The flood is passed—the bank is gained—
 Away with headlong speed ;
 A fleeter horse than Desmond reined
 Ne'er served at lover's need.

His scattered train in eager haste,
 Far, far behind him ride ;
 Alone he crossed the mountain waste
 To meet his promised bride.
 The clouds across the moon's dim form
 Are fast and faster sailing,
 And sounds are heard on the sweeping storm
 Of wild, unearthly wailing.

At first low moanings seemed to die
 Away, and faintly languish ;
 Then swell into the piercing cry
 Of deep, heart-bursting anguish.
 Beneath an oak, whose branches bare
 Were crashing in the storm,
 With ringing hands and streaming hair,
 There sat a female form.

To pass that oak in vain he tried ;
 His steed refused to stir ;
 Though furious 'gainst his panting side
 Was struck the bloody spur.

The moon, by driving clouds o'ercast,
 Withheld its fitful gleam ;
 And louder than the tempest blast
 Was heard the bean sidhe's scream.

And, when the moon unveiled once more,
 And showed her paly light,
 Then nought was seen save the branches hoar
 Of the oak-tree's blasted might.
 That shrieking form had vanished
 From out that lonely place,
 And, like a dreamy vision, fled,
 Nor left one single trace.

Earl Desmond gazed, his bosom swelled
 With grief and sad foreboding ;
 Then on his fiery way he held,
 His courser madly goading,
 For well that wailing voice he knew,
 And onward hurrying fast,
 O'er hills and dales impetuous flew,
 And reached his home at last.

Beneath his wearied courser's hoof
 The trembling drawbridge clangs,
 And Desmond sees his own good roof,
 But darkness o'er it hangs.
 He passed beneath the gloomy gate,
 No guiding tapers burn ;
 No vassals in the court-yard wait,
 To welcome his return.

The hearth is cold in the lonely hall,
 No banquet decks the board ;
 No page stands ready at the call,
 To tend his wearied lord.

But all within is dark and drear,
 No sights or songs of gladness—
 Nought broke the stillness on the ear,
 Save a sudden burst of sadness.

Then slowly swelled the caoiners' strain
 With loud lament and weeping,
 For round a corse a mournful train
 The sad death-watch were keeping.
 Aghast he stood, bereft of power,
 Hope's fairy visions fled ;
 His fears confirmed—his beauteous flower—
 His fair-haired bride—was dead !

SLÁN LE CILL ÁIRNE.

Mo shoin cao é an rímuirí seo ag túnadó ar mo chroíre,
 Rinn' mo balla neamh-lúcthaír i f'fáis mé gan bhris,
 Do shíorúis mo fáile le túnctraict cùm caoi,
 Ir an ríuit leacata tíuas gairid tá mudaodh ríorúiríde ?

Cao é 'n ríaoineadh ro claoíthear mé ó thairdin go neoin,
 Ir do ríor-riúairítheann m'intinn le mearbhail bhrón ?
 Ag cuimneamh ar claoimhtheartaithe Óanair i f'fáid,
 Do ríorúann mo fíct uaim gan capad go deo.

Ir doirm iad na tonnta 'i bhruidé loca gil lein,
 'S ír boirb iad do cheara-raf, a Muicrioir na n-éan !
 Ir foirlé le cloigrínt é ronndó na gcealaob,
 Aict mo bocar ! ir foirlé dubad doiréa mé !

Tá an óis-šeirí go ríainmhear ag rínamh ar an linn,
 Ir slóir glairíde ag gluairfeacht tipe bántaithe ríó-bhinn',
 Tá leorúne ag luarcadh na ngealas n-áirí fan geoil,
 Aict ír ríó-beag mo ríainmhear, gan áchar a bím !

Na rámh-fír a thoirt a gcuirid fola i n-tóir,
 Ír i lán-treastar na n-úr-clardeamh goirtaodh tairi fóir,—
 Ír rámh é a gcoindlaodh 'r ír rocair fá'n bhród,
 Ír mo ériád ír mo churrainn ná coindlaim-re leo!

A chalaín na n-éan mbinn 'r na gceastaobh n-úr, san tlár,
 Ír fada san réim duit, san céim tarbha gnáth,
 Féic amall i n-daoibh-úruid, san céile san pháirt,
 'S é do chaitaodh 'r do réabhadh do léanuitis mo lá.

'S é do chneadh cùip i bpéin mé, a chalaín mo ériúidé,
 Ír do bártcaodh san fhearradh le haicme an fíil,
 Do ghréasadh 'r do réabhadh le lárainn ír clardeamh,
 Ír, mo chreac, mé i ngeibhinn, 'r san cneafusadh ari do thír.

Ach, a cara, glac meannna! B'férdir le Chriost
 So bhríeadhradh cùsgainn gairradh de'n ghréas-fuil úd fír,
 Le feartaidh a n-áirim, san eirinn san teimeal,
 Ag treibhcairt na nDanaí 'r dá leánp-cúip tarbha tuinn.

Slán, ríán leat, a líon-loch na bhréite n-úr,
 Leánfaidh sílne do rcéim' mé go dtéidíodh mé 'ran úir;
 Ná raibh cáim ari do fhléibh, ná béisim ari ónilleabhar,
 Ciocht fánaidh i gcein mé im' tigrascaodh le báir.

AN TATDAIR PADRAIG ua Duinnín.

THE PASS OF PLUMES.

A.D. 1599.

"Look out," said O'Moore to his clansmen, afar—
 Is yon white cloud the herald of tempest or war?
 Hark! know you the roll of the foreigners' drums?
 By Heaven! Lord Essex in panoply comes,
 With corslet, and helmet, and gay bannerol,
 And the shields of the nobles with blazon and scroll:

And, as snow on the larch in December appears,
 What a winter of plumes on that forest of spears !
 To the clangour of trumpets and waving of flags
 The clattering cavalry prance o'er the crags ;
 And their plumes—by St. Kyran ! false Saxon ere night,
 You shall wish these fine feathers were wings for your flight.
 Shall we leave all the blood and the gold of the Pale
 To be shed at Armagh and be won by O'Neill ?
 Shall we yield to O'Ruairc, to MacGuire, and O'Donnell
 Brave chieftains of Breifne, Fermanagh, Tir Conaill ;
 Yon helmets that eric thrice over would pay
 For the Sasanach heads they'll protect not to-day !
 No ! by red Mullachmast, fiery clansmen of Leix,
 Avenge your sire's blood on their murderers' race.
 Now, sept of O'Moore, fearless sons of the heather,
 Fling your scabbards away, and strike home and together !

Then loudly the clang of commingled blows,
 Up swelled from the sounding fields ;
 And the joy of a hundred trumps arose,
 And the clash of a thousand shields ;
 And the long plumes danced, and the falchions rang,
 And flashed the whirled spear,
 And the furious barb through the wild war sprang,
 And trembled the earth with fear ;
 The fatal bolts exulting fled,
 And hissed as they leaped away ;
 And the tortured steed on the red grass bled,
 Or died with a piercing neigh.

I see their weapons crimsoned—I hear the mingled cries
 Of rage and pain and triumph, as they thunder to the skies.
 The Coolun'd kern rushes upon armour, knight, and mace,
 And bones and brass are broken in his terrible embrace !
 The coursers roll and struggle ; and the riders, girt in steel,
 From their saddles, crushed and cloven, to the purple heather
 reel,

And shattered there, and trampled by the charger's iron hoof
 The seething brain is bursting through the crashing helmet's
 roof.

Joy ! Heaven strikes for Freedom ! and Elizabeth's array,
 With her paramour to lead them, are sore beset to-day.

Their heraldry and plumery, their coronets and mail,
 Are trampled on the battle-field, or scattered on the gale !
 As the cavalry of ocean the living billows bound,
 When lightnings leap above them, and thunders clang around,
 And tempest-crested, dazzlingly caparisoned in spray,
 They crush the black and broken rocks, with all their roots
 away ;

So charged the stormy chivalry of Erin in her ire—
 Their shock the roll of ocean, their swords electric fire—
 They rose like banded billows that, when wintry tempests
 blow,

The trembling shore with stunning roar and dreadful wreck
 o'erflow,

And when they burst tremendously, upon the bloody groun'
 Both horse and man, from rere to van, like shivered barques
 went down.

Leave your costly Milan hauberks, haughty nobles of the Pale,
 And your snowy ostrich feathers as a tribute to the Gael.
 Fling away gilt spur and trinket, in your hurry, knight and
 squire ;

They will make our virgins ornaments, or decorate the lyre.
 Ho ! Essex ! how your vestal Queen will storm when she hears
 The "mere Irish" chased her minion and his twenty
 thousand spears.

Go ! tell the royal virgin that O'Moore, MacHugh, O'Neill,
 Will smite the faithless stranger while there's steel in Inisfail.
 The blood you shed shall only serve more deep revenge to
 nurse,

And our hatred be as lasting as the tyranny we curse ;

From age to age consuming, it shall blaze a quenchless fire,
 And the son shall thirst and burn still more fiercely than
 his sire.
 By our sorrows, songs, and battles—by our cromleachs
 raths, and towers,
 By sword and chain, by all our slain—between your race
 and ours;
 Be naked glaives and yawning graves, and ceaseless tears
 and gore
 Till battle's flood wash out in blood your footsteps from the
 shore !

R. D. WILLIAMS.

RED HUGH O'DONNELL'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY
 BEFORE THE BATTLE OF THE CURLIEUS.

I.

Brother Chiefs, and clansmen loyal in many a bloody fray ;
 God be thanked, these robber Saxons come to meet us here
 to-day—

Boasting Clifford, Essex' minion, swears he'll make the
 rebels flee—

We will give them hearty greetings like to that at Ashanee.
 What though traitor Celts oppose us, be their numbers three
 to one !

Greater glory to Clann Connell when this tough day's work
 is done.

Shrived at holy Mass his morning, danger we may fearless dare ;
 For we draw the sword of justice, shielded all in faith and
 prayer.

Not for conquest or for vengeance, on this blessed Lady Day ;
 Not in strength or numbers trusting do we face their proud
 array ;

But for holy Mary's honour, by their tainted lips defiled ;
 For the sacred rights of freemen, for the mother, maid, and
 child.

II.

Prone and bleeding lies our country, sorrow clouds her crownless brow ;

All the lines of peerless beauty limned in ghastly colours now
In the light of glories olden, beaming through our dark
disgrace—

See the maddening wrongs and insults heaped upon our
fallen race !

Roofless homestead, broken altar, slaughtered priest,
dishonoured maid—

Children of an outraged mother ! whet ye well the thirsty
blade !

Scorning rock and brushwood cover, rush like swooping
eagles forth ;

Hard and home push every pike-head, sinewy spearmen
of the North !

Cleave in twain the lustful Saxon, tame Dunkellin's soaring
pride ;

Smite the double-souled O'Connors—traitors false to every
side.

Down upon them, Banagh's chieftain ! sweep their ranks
your spears before,

As the north wind sweeps the stubble through the gap of
Barnesmore.

Forward ! Forward ! brave MacDermott, strike for fair
Moylurg's demesne,

For yon lake in beauty sleeping, for the holy islands' fane !

Strike and drive the swin' sh Saxon, herding in their sacred
shade,

Far from Boyle's old abbey cloisters, where your fathers'
bones are laid.

III.

Holy Virgin, we implore thee, by that abbey's rifled shrine,
Columbcille of Doire Calgach, patron of O'Donnell's line,
Good St. Francis, for the honour of thy name in Donegal,
Speed ye now, Tyrconnell's onset, till we rout them one and all !



HIS GRACE, THE MOST REV. DR. HEALY.

Should O'Donnell fall in combat—if the foe be forced to yield,
 Better death I never wished for than to die upon the field,
 Where the cause of Erin triumphed, and the Saxon was laid
 low,

With that green flag floating o'er me, and my face against
 the foe.

Never chieftain of Clan Dalgaigh to th' invader bowed the
 knee;

By the black years of my bondage, it shall ne'er be done
 by me!

I would rather angry ocean roared o'er castle, cot, and hall,
 Than see any Saxon *bodach* rule in Royal Donegal.

Deathless fame in song and story will enshroud the men who
 died,

Fighting God and Freedom's battle bravely by O'Donnell's
 side.

Great will be his meed of glory, honoured long the victor's
 name;

Pointing proudly to her kinsman, many a maid will tell
 his fame.

"Lo! he fought at Doonaveragh," agèd men will whispering
 say,

And make way before the altar for the heroes of to-day.

Gleaming bright through dark'ning ages will this great day's
 memory glide,

Like the Saimer's bright-waved waters glancing onward
 to the tide.

MOST REV. DR. HEALY,
Archbishop of Tuam.

FÁIDH-BRÉAGAÍ AN SAOÍSAL SO.

Fáidh-bréagach an raoisal ro iñ ná húmhlaisg dó,
 Seapar bhearrar na réada ro énuaípnisig dó,
 Ní fuil lá téarma ag aon neacé suír buan biair beo,
 Acht mar bhláth éadorthom érlaois-éslar an uairí bhoiñ nódó.

Féas, cár éab Caeirpar 'r a érlaois-úuirdean trilóis,
 Ná Néirid éuir le larað ruair i an Róimh,
 Ná Séapilar Mór éacataí le n-a mbuaídtí gleo,
 Dá ngeilleadh an Éaróir, an uairí bhi beo.

Mo rcéal duit, a rréir-úean, iñ ruairic-mín rnóð,
 Nac fuil éirfeast' ran traoisal ro acht tuair maoisce 'r bhrón.
 Ná d'éantair leat éagsac ná uail níor mó,
 Iñ bréagach do rcéimh-re, 'r ní buan í, im' dòis.

Ní fuil acht críe iñ' éadach mā'r muair bhoiñ d'oir,
 'San d'éag-mátaí dalaor-ólaítte, dá uairiúise iñ' dòis,
 'San leinidh slé-éil ná iñ' suanaidh rrónn,
 Ná 'ran scrlaois-úanna phéasach 'na ngluaíriúseann rtrón.

Ní fuil acht críe iñ' béal tana ari rnuas-dhnaoi an róir,
 No iñ' baois-éteangair sléarta óir luainmisce an sléir,
 'San éaoim-leaca ari gné d'ata an suail slír-úeo,
 No 'ran d'éad éailce slé geal mar buailpíthe i scleád.

Iñ ní fuil acht críe iñ' céib éarfa an duailín óir,
 Ná iñ' éadán sléal riéid-élan ari rnuas an aoiñ fóir,
 Ná iñ' bhearpila do claois-riore meair-érlaois riúsin rneoir,
 Ná iñ' caol-mala néata mar luainín róin.

Iñ é an té érlaois Éabha iñ a rluais-riol móir;
 'Oo éuir rcéimh ari an scrlé rín mar luaiomhó dòis;
 Ní d'éanta d'aon neacé dá bhuair i sléir,
 Suír leir féin iñ férdir a muair-úuirde chéadair.

Éasfraid na héisce iñr na cuantaiù ceorò,

Éasfraid an éanlait dà luaimhneadh òróibh,

Éasfraid na tréada 'r na buailtiròe bòd,

'S gac rírié énuic, dàri férdir a luadò òioibh fòr.

Éasfraid luét bhléighe agur bñiartiròe òir,

Éasfraid luét craoir agur crùimicin d'òir

Éasfraid luét tréidheanair ghuainairòe riòin,

Iñr éasfraid luét dèisg-þearft naó tuðairt miath gò.

Éasfraid an tuine aorfa iñr an t-maist-naoiròe òis,

Éasfraid na cléipis iñr na tuatais leo,

Éasfraid do céile 'r do mhuirnín deoirl,

Iñr éasfraif-re fén, dàri mo cùbar, nì gò.

An tráit éasfraif-re, fén leat, an tuail òibh bhrón;

Claonfraid do cléon-þearft gò huaigneac cròin,

Buò dèirtnearc t'éadan 'r do ghuaird air li an rymòit

Iñr tréisgrid do céadraida a muair-þris fòr.

Ili leisgearri leat céimhre nà cùirin ríriùi,

Nà raoir-þrat gan éirfeast, dàri cnuairuisir fòr,

Ast éadanac nàri ríreif leat an uair bìr beo,

Iñr léine 'na hleabaid nò fuaig-rcasointeoig.

Déarffar tù le céadraidi air ghuailnibh iñr riòin,

Iñr gléarffar duit fén leabaird fuaig-éaoil dòmain;

Ardéarffar luét d'èasnais ag cruaidh-éaoi deor:

"Cuir cré uirte; créadò e a gno fuaig nior mò?"

Tréisgrid do ghaol tù iñr buò t-maist cròiròe leo,

Léisgrid tù iñr aonair 'fan uairg faoi fòr,

Tiocraid riarta gheara na d-tuambairòe iñr còmair,

Iñr do d'eadraid oift fárta, iñr buò t-maillidh an ròs.

Má'r dèidheanais do céile nà tù, 'ingean òis,

Oo-géana rí i n-éasmuir do ghuailniròe còir,

Iñr ardéara gò h-eadorthom, mà fhuaimhseann óirt:

"Céad beannacht leí-re! do cuaidh ri riòmainn."

Δη λέιρ-τεασαρc ρέιν θυιτ iρ θυατ θαοιθ γόθαι
 Τέαν ραοταρ θο-θέαρα γο θυαν θαοιθ γτόρ
 Λε ραογατ να γκέαθ-θ्लεαρ iρ θαιλιζε γλοιη,
 Νά θηέασταρ tū le θεαταιθ θα θαθαι θιοτ θό.

Smuain ρέιν άρ να θρέασταιθ θο ρυατρ Ερίορτ θόιη,
 Iρ θαθαι θέαρα i η-έιρης α θυατρ-θιαν θό,
 Α θαοτ-θλοισ्थε, α θαοη-θλασ, iρ ερη Α θροιθε άρ θοτρ,
 Ας θειόθτεας θλοιννε θάθα αρ θρυαθ-θηαιθ θρόιη.
 Σηέ θα θαθαι θέασ γαν θρυαθ θροιθε άρ θόμαν,
 'S γας θιθ θέαρραιθ θα θαοη-θαγλαιρ θο θυατρ θόμαιη;
 Σο ραορραιθ θαθ Mac θέ tū, γο θορ θιοθ iο' θόις,
 Σηάθ θέ γιη, θιοθ ή 'θατ, 'r νά θυαταις θόμυρρ'.

 seaatrún cēitinn.

HUGH O'DONNELL ROE.

A.D. 1602.

(The lament of a Tir-Conaill clansman when the news arrived in Ireland that Red Hugh O'Donnell had met death at the hands of the English in Spain.)

I.

They've poisoned him ! they've poisoned him ! our glory and our joy.

The one who led Tir-Conaill's clans when yet a beardless boy,
 The one who broke the Saxon power, and crushed the Saxon pride

And swept their hosts from many a field, like reeds before the tide.

My bitter, blighting curse be on their heads for evermore,
 And may God's wrath with vengeful force sweep down upon their shore,

For every seed they place in earth may nought but ashes grow,
 The wolves—who drank the young heart's blood of Hugh O'Donnell Roe !

II.

The hate that nerved him in the fight, their own false hands
had sown,

The day they lured him to their ship, by stately Innishowen,
And chained him fast in Dublin towers ; tho' little more than
child,

Small wonder that his heart was filled with throbings fierce
and wild :

For every link that bound his limbs a lasting vow he made,
That while his hand could lift a spear or grasp a trusty blade,
That while remained in his right arm the strength to strike a
blow.

So long should England feel the hate of Hugh O'Donnell Roe !

III.

But English chains could never hold a captive such as he,
And one brave day we welcomed home our gallant chieftain
—free !

And never had Tir-Conaill's homes a warrior lord more true,
Or one more fit to lead the fight than he—our dauntless Hugh.
Then, *then*, burst forth, like lightning flash, his long-pent fiery
wrath,

And woe betide the Saxon churl who dared to cross his path.
And cried he in our midst that day, his dark proud eyes aglow,
“ For God and Home, who'll follow now with Hugh O'Donnell
Roe ? ”

IV.

He rode and fought from Bann to Boyle a sweeping vengeful
flame

To burn to ashes, root and branch, the Saxon race and name.
He drove the robber wolves to bay, by ford and castle wall,
From Connacht's plains thro' the Annalees to heath-clad
Dún-na-nGall.

The Fiery Cross lit up the skies o'er many a field of dead.
Tir-Conaill's war-cry pierced the souls of those who turned
and fled.

"Clan-Conaill on ! your Chieftain leads ! strike down the
plundering foe,
No Saxon swine shall rule our land," cried Hugh O'Donnell Roe!

V.

Tir-Eoghain's Hugh, Tir-Conaill's Hugh, like brothers hand
in hand
Stood, fighting Ireland's foes—*alone*—two chiefs in all the land
mo b'fón ! the East and West were dead, the South was fast
asleep,
And bravest ships must sink at last, where winds in fury
sweep.
Pressed on the English foemen then—ay, ten to every Gael,
My God ! 'twas hard to see *their* flag wave high above Kinsale.
The night came down, the Fiery Cross was crushed and
drooping low,
Away to Spain for swords and men sailed Hugh O'Donnell
Roe !

VI.

O, how he pleaded, how he prayed, while sped the weary days,
His eyes for ever toward the sea, his fervent soul ablaze,
'Till forth the kingly mandate went, "A Royal Fleet shall sail
To aid the men who fight for God, in distant Innisfail."
And even while new life and hope were throbbing in his heart
The foe, who feared him in the fight, drove home the craven dart.
Weep ! weep Tir-Conaill ! Ireland weep ! unchecked the
tears may flow,
Our Pride, our Strength, our Sword is gone, brave Hugh
O'Donnell Roe !

VII.

He's dead ! our Love, our Prince, our Chief, the flower of all
our race.
He's dead to-day in far-off Spain, and who shall take his
place ?

Raise, raise for him the sorrow dirge, O daughters of the North,
 Your Shield is gone, your foes are here, and who shall drive
 them forth ?

But shall we only weep ? No, no ; revenge is ours to-day.
 Tir-Conaill on ! smite down the wolves ! no man shall shirk
 the fray

Till we have paid, a thousand times, the sacred debt we owe
 To those who drank the young heart's blood of Hugh O'Donnell
 Roe !

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

A ÚEAN FUAIM FÁILL AR AN ÚFEART.

Δ Úeán fuaim fáill ar an úfeart
 Tírúasg liom a úfaghtaoi o' éirteacht,
 Dá mbeadh fiann Sáordeal ro' gáin
 Do bheadh ro' caoineadh congnamh.

Fada go úfaghtaoi an fáill,
 Dá mbeadh tíar i nDíri Conailli,
 Láim le ríusg boirche dá mbeadh
 Ni faghtaoi an uairg go huaisneadh.

I nDoirie i nDruim Cliab na gCior,
 I nÁrdh Maca ír tóir cásdar,
 Ni faghtaoi lá an feart ar fáill
 San mná do teacáit fó n-a tsaoraim.

I nDún na nGall ba min muir
 No i n-áruig Earrbuis Eogain
 No i nEair Ruadh ír réimhe fáil
 Ni buidh néithe an uain o' fágáil.

Oo tiocthaidh ro' combáidh caoine
 Úeán ó'n Éirne iolmaoine
 Úeán ó'r líosg binnriúiseab Úanna
 Ír insean ó liosg Liathróimha.

Do tiochaird bean ó'n Mháis Moill,
 Ó Údarba ó Siúir ó Siionainn
 'S an bean ó Chriúacáinn na gceat
 'S an bean ó Tuaclaiú Teampas.

Do hírleocásaoi ó ingníb rcorí
 An cnoc 'n-apr croscaíodh peadarí.
 Ní beadh an teacáid gan fáilí fáil
 Dá mbeadh láim le riad Fionntainn.

Ní beadh láim leir na leacail
 Ceathr fuaimnír ná railmcheadair.
 Ní beadh beárlna gan bhrón mban
 Ná deárlna um nóm gan niamhád.

Dá m'ac rioghs do'n réim reo Cuinn
 Atá apí gáid taoibh o'Ua Domhnall
 Na trí cuírp le ríneann riú
 Bírt-riún apí n-aille a n-oigseadh.

An dá clóicí rím ór a gcionn
 Dá bfeicoidh óg-bán Éireann
 Apí aoiúlineadh do léasadh,
 Caoi m'ile do mhúircéalaí.

Úa t'atáir apí aoi do m'atáir
 Mar aon ne d'oir Óir Óearrbháistí,
 Ní gurc' oibh gan céill aodh éadorth
 A bpuil no a méinn dá mearfaid.

Oír do'n tráír rím tábla iirtis
 Clann Aodha Árrofhlaitheilis
 Úa do'n Aodh ro duine óis
 Cuirte nár b'aorfa i n-imfhiont.

'Sna catáil do churthaoi linn
 Ag coirnáin ériúche i n-éiríunn
 Dá dtuitfeadh duine óis rian
 Do bhadh óis uile ó Ultáin.

Lá oifíoraic Áitá Úairde
 I n-áir lía leacét roéinrde
 Dá dtuigteadó uainne Aodh Ó Néill,
 Do'n taois éuaird do bhadh toirleim.

Lá caita an Údalaisig Úairde
 Dá rcairteaoi linn Rúighiarde
 Do bheadh gáirí fhaolite gáe fir
 'nna gáirí éadointe 'gá éclonn rinn.

Dá dtuigteadó ré ó'n tír tall
 I ló fillette fiann eacátrann
 Lá doibh' ailtne ag Áit Seanaisig
 Niор b'fáid gáire ag Gaoitheala.

Lá i Leitbhior 'nári loiteadó rinn
 No an lá láimh le Gáillimh
 Do tiochfaidh mná ag caomhneadh Uí Chuinn
 Lá baoile no lá liatðoraim.

Lá an Coirfeáilíbe ari scialoird na nGall
 Dá bfeicéidh fuil le Cateáirí
 Ba lóir d'úrchearda ari féadáin
 Slíos Mháthairis do mhuircéala.

Do ghuaimhneocatarde gurfe ari níadó
 Dá dtuigítarde a leacét lá ari Coirfeáilíb
 Dá dtuigítarde a leacét lá Sligis
 Niор lá bhadh eacét d'fhoróirín.

Niор bheag de léan ne Leit Chuinn
 Bár Aodha oisgeas Cateáirí
 Scapaidh do Rúighiarde rinn
 Roibh a úrbaidhe d'Éirinn.

Go ndírbhe Dia an tuigre dtuim
 Uairb, a inisean Uí Ó Domhnaill,
 Seairí go dtéirde ari réad mar roin,
 Féadé na céime fad' cónmair.

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

A.D. 1631.

The summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles.—
The summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough
defiles—

Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird ;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard ;
The hookers lie upon the beach ; the children cease their play ;
The gossips leave the little inn ; the households kneel to pray—
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour o'er—
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there ;
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea, or air.
The massive capes, and ruined towers, seemed conscious of the
calm ;

The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.
So still the night, these two long barques, round Dunashad that
glide,

Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against the ebbing
tide—

Oh ! some sweet mission of true love should urge them to the
shore—

They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore !

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
And these must be the lover's friends with gently gliding feet—
A stifled gasp ! a dreamy noise ! “ the roof is in a flame ! ”
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire,
and dame—

And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabres' fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson
shawl—

The yell of “ Allah ” breaks above the prayer, and shriek and
roar—

Oh, blessed God ! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore !

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing sword ;
 Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son was gored ;
 Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grandbabes clutching wild ;
 Then fled the maiden moaning faint and nestled with the child :
 But see, yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with splashing heel,
 While o'er him, in an Irish hand, there sweeps his Syrian steel,
 Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their store,
 There's one hearth well avengèd in the sack of Baltimore !

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds begin to sing—
 They see not now the milking maids—deserted is the spring !
 Midsummer day—this gallant rides from distant Bandon's town—
 These hookers crossed from stormy Schull, that skiff from Affadown ;
 They only found the smoking walls, with neighbours' blood besprint,
 And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly went—
 Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Clere, and saw five leagues before
 The pirate galleys vanishing, that ravaged Baltimore.

Oh ! some must tug the galleys o'er, and some must tend the steed—
 This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's jerreed.
 Oh ! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles ;
 And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.
 The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the Dey
 She's safe—he's dead—he stabbed him in the midst of his serai ;



Truly yours
Thomas L. Powis.

And, when to die a death of fire that noble maid they bore,
She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she thought of Baltimore.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody
band,

And now amid its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,
Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling wretch is seen—

'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he who steered the Algerine !
He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there—
Some muttered of MacMurchaidh, who brought the Norman
o'er—

Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

THOMAS DAVIS.

MACCTHUMAÍ AN CÉITINNÍS

Seadhrún Céitinní : Úrfoalaí : n-uaithí : an t-áistíobhais do Áigean agus capnán
rchríbeann ór a cónairí, A.D. 1629, no marí roin.

Sin iad an ngrainneoir iad, leabhair fírinne na nGaeilgeas agus
leabhair éitisíg na nGall. Ó, na coiséiríosa Shránda úd ó
Sorana ! tá náire oírm i n-a ntaois. Níl rtaisíde díob
dár éinir ríor riathair ari Éirinn o ghabáltaí Gall i leit nae a
d'íarráid tarcairne do chabairt do Gaeilgealaib agus do
Gall-Gaeilgealaib atáid. Nítheárnai do líream ari ari uthí-
chéiteis,—mar nac tuigte díob iad. Agus do phoicé-éireite
náir bain riathair inn cuijro ríor i n-áir leit iad, mar go
raoileoid so gceisteoiríod Eorpaisc i scoitcínne an uthéas
uata!

Aict an dóis leo gur caitearf-ra fíche bliadán i Roinn
na hÉireanna gan rtaip na hÉireanna do ghearr-rcrúndúchadh ;
an dóis leo go bhfuil capnán leabhar leigheasan gan aothair agam
agus capnán rchríbeann ait-leigheas agam gan toradh ; an dóis
leo, tar éir mo faoisail, ná fuil cnuinn-eolair agam ari.

érláibhceast na nGaeðeal, ar a gscríobhaist agus ar a bhlaitéamhlaist, ar a raotári ar fuid na hEorpa, ar an gcoitengaist tuisceartír cois baile ar bocstaib, ar thíleastaib, ar gac mac mactar d'ar ceangadhuis oíche agus gábað aige le cabair.

Cá raiib an drong eile éis gairim rcoile uata do chuir éigean féile oíche réin fé mar do ñein muinnteari na hÉireann? Muinnteari na hÉireann! nár leor leo a ndicéall do ñéanam do gac duine dá dtagadh cùca ar lorg léiginn, san cuipead coitcianta do tabhairt do gac aicme go raiib fonn foislumha oíche ba cuma cao ar go dtiocfaidhír.

Na d'óig le duine ar na Gallaib ro nár aodhuis usdairi mórna na hEorpa suí lionmairi b' Éire fé naoimhíb ná mar b' aon ériosc eile d'ar b'eol d'óib; ceapfaidh duine oíche nár aodhuis usdairi mórna na hEorpa go raiib cuiptre na foisluma comh toramail ran i nÉirinn suí bhrúct agus suí aethbhrúct ri go dti go raiib gac tigr ran eorair fé comadoin aici. Agus, mara n-aodhóscardír féin, nár raiib mo chaittealaíra ar lorg na manas! Na mainistreaca do tógsadair agus do cotoisgeadarí ag baile agus i gcein ná feaca-ra lem' fhlilib cinn a n-iarrmaidh árrrait? Cealla do tógsadair i n-a dtalamh duitseair connach fé bárr iarras ag an eacápannac iad! Mo mheále náipe iad na Gaill bhradaíca, mo mheále náipe agus m'aictír iad!

Scipio Óbraidh-ra rtaír na Fórla, agus tabhairfaidh a ceapt féin dí. Óeimhneocair me do'n traoighil suí ba nór i nÉirinn bheiteamhain agus leasá agus reancáda agus filidh agus aor téad do bheit ag uairliib, raoiríre do bheit ag a bhealrach, ag a bhealrann, ag a rríleáidh; suí móide reancúir na hÉireann do bheit bharantamail mar go mbioibh na céadta ollamhán gá coimeád, agus cotoisgád ag gac ollamh díobh dá éion. Crianneocair-ra, mineocair, cuiptreaoi bhríss a n-oibhre ro i n-eagair. Agus, má iarrtaír oítm cao chuirge go dtusdaim oíreaoi fann ar an reancúir mar fhiúdeamh ar an rtaír, mo bhreaghrá aír rin suí cumad uirmhír an treancúir i nduantaib mar gurab amlairi ír feairi do cuiptíde dhéanabhair le luct foislumha é.

Tá ríomhaonna go leor ór mo cónaí ar an ngrá. Tóimíonnas iad, cuimheas i gcomórtar iad, agus tdeanfaid leasú agus beas ari an tréan. Sæo thíos ionnur go dtuisfeapar i ngrá éijo de'n dúncais feartha mé. Mar sin, riú-bhaoislaí, liom go mbeidh ari dtseanga dúncais ag dul i n-acláirí, agus i n-olcarr agus i n-eag, b'férdir, má bhíonn sé de mhaith oíráinn bhealaí na nGall do dul cum cinn i n-éiríunn. Á! acht fáil a dtoradh fé dhoiriú leis an rítaír sin noctraíodh gád bhréasg d'áir eolaorthraonileadh riámh i dtaoibh mo dúncais. Ceapann Gailí go nícthíodh leo ó'n uairí go bpuilimh-re ari teicéad uata. Ír beas a chuiríodh, ám, caid a tiochaird de bhrí a ndroicí agne, mar sin beas a phaoilíodh lucht na leisce sin férdirí rítaír i gceanchur do chur i n-eagair i n-uairí uaisgnír. Go maicith Dia óibh a bpeacairde, agus go raibh an Sæoileas coraíoch fé comairice na bpláistear!

AN DAIRBREAC DÁNA.

MACMAHON'S PLEADINGS.

By heaven, that hateful name is false ! no " traitor's " soul
have I—

Not mine to blush for " craven crimes "—not mine " the
dread to die " ;

And, though a captive here I stand within these Dublin tow'rs,
I swear we fight for king and right—a holy cause is ours :
Even here I fling your tauntings back—I fling them in your
face—

Dark picture, Parsons, of your heart—a tell-tale of your race.
Lords-justices ! misnamed—my tongue your perfidy shall
brand,

Betrayers of your prince's cause, and robbers of the land !
I dare your worst !—your rope, your block no terrors have for
me,
For the hour that saw these hands enchain'd, that hour saw
Ireland free !

Ay, "bear me hence"—what boots it now if I should live or die ?

Thank God ! the long-sought hour is come—our banners kiss the sky !

Albeit a worthless tool is broke !—'tis hallowed in the deed—
Thank God that Ireland's cause is safe—that I for Ireland bleed !

Ay, "bear me to the bloody block"—nor need ye waste your light,

For Ulster, all ablaze, my lords, shall be our torch to-night.

Each Saxon tower that frowned upon our country's plundered thanes

Shall light its felon lord, ere dawn, to dastard flight or chains ;
Shall guide the steps of gathering clans, whose watchwords rend the sky—

O, God ! it is a happy death, on such a night to die !

Clan Conaill's outlawed sons rush down o'er cliff and rugged rock—

Than Erna's flood at Assaroe, more fierce and dread their shock ;

As storm-clouds driven o'er summer sky, MacGuire's shattered clan

Shall sweep from Erna's hundred isles, and clutch their own again :

A thunderbolt that cleaves the heavens with scathing levin bright

Clan Neill's gathering masses burst o'er town and tower to-night ;

O'Hanlon builds his eyrie strong in Tanderagee's old town ;
O'Reilly raises Breifne's kerns ; McGennis musters Down ;
And, though not mine the glorious task my rightful clan to lead,

Clan Mahon shall not want a chief to teach it how to bleed !

Tir Eoghain's banished chief unfurls the " Red Hand " o'er the sea ;

And many an exile's sword that flag shall lead to victory.

Once more upon Lough Swilly's shore O'Neill again shall stand—
Hugh's victor fire burns in his eye, and guides his *vengeful*
brand;

Full soon the "bloody hand" shall grasp Tir Conaill's "Holy
Cross;"

And, side by side, through battle's tide their mingling folds
shall toss;

And, "In this sign we'll conquer" now despite your robber
pow'rs—

Proclaim! the glorious goal is won—again, the land is ours!

Ha! wherefore shakes that craven hand—Lord Justice
Parsons, say?

Why stare so stark, my Lord Borlase?—why grow so pale, I
pray?

Methought you deemed it "holy work" to fleece the
"Philistine";

That in "God's name" you taxed belief in many a goodly fine;
Then wherefore all these rueful looks?—"the Lord's work ye
have done!"

Advance the lights! ha! vampire lords, your evil race is run;
Ye traitors to a trusting prince! ye robbers of his realm!

Small wonder that the ship's adrift, with pirates at the helm!

Hark! heard'st that shout that rang without? ye ministers of ill,
Haste, sate ye with your latest crime while yet you've time to
kill!

I dare your worst, ye Saxon knaves! then, wherefore do you
pause?

My blood shall rouse the Southern clans, though prostrate in
our cause!

For as the resurrection-flower, though withered many a year,
Blooms fresh and bright and fair again when watered with a
tear,

So, nurtured in the willing wave of a martyr's ruddy tide,
Our sons shall say—"The nation lived when Hugh MacMahon
died"

JAMES N. M'KANE.

BRIAN BOY MAGEE.

A.D. 1641.

I am Brian Boy Magee—
My father was Eoghan Bán—
I was wakened from happy dreams
By the shouts of my startled clan;
And I saw through the leaping glare
That marked where our homestead stood,
My mother swing by her hair—
And my brothers lie in their blood.

In the creepy cold of the night
The pitiless wolves came down—
Scotch troops from the Castle grim
Guarding Knockfergus town;
And they hacked and lashed and hewed
With musket and rope and sword
Till my murdered kin lay thick
In pools by the Slaughter Ford.

I fought by my father's side,
And when we were fighting sore
We saw a line of their steel
With our shrieking women before;
The red-coats drove them on
To the verge of the Gobbins gray,
Hurried them—God! the sight!
As the sea foamed up for its prey.

Oh, tall were the Gobbins cliffs,
And sharp were the rocks, my woe!
And tender the limbs that met
Such terrible death below;

Mother and babe and maid,
 They clutched at the empty air,
 With eyeballs widened in fright,
 That hour of despair.

(Sleep soft in your heaving bed,
 O, little fair love of my heart !
 The bitter oath I have sworn
 Shall be of my life a part ;
 And for every piteous prayer
 You prayed on your way to die,
 May I hear an enemy plead
 While I laugh and deny.)

In the dawn that was gold and red,
 Ay, red as the blood-choked stream,
 I crept to the perilous brink—
 Great Christ ! was the night a dream ?
 In all the island of Gloom
 I only had life that day—
 Death covered the green hillsides,
 And tossed in the Bay.

I have vowed by the pride of my sires
 By my mother's wandering ghost—
 By my kinsfolk's shattered bones
 Hurled on a cruel coast—
 By the sweet dead face of my love,
 And the wound in her gentle breast—
 To follow that murderous band
 A sleuth hound who knows no rest.

I shall go to Feidhlim O'Neill
 With my sorrowful tale, and crave
 A blue-bright blade of Spain,
 In the ranks of his soldiers brave.

And God grant me the strength to wield
 That shining avenger well—
 And the Gael shall sweep his foe
 Through the yawning gates of Hell.

I am Brian Boy Magee !
 And my creed is a creed of hate ;
 Love, Peace, I have cast aside—
 But Vengeance, *Vengeance*, I wait !
 Till I pay back the fourfold debt
 For the horrors I witnessed there,
 When my brothers moaned in their blood,
 And my mother swung by her hair.

ANNA MACMANUS.

THE MUSTER OF THE NORTH.

A.D. 1641.

Joy! joy! the day is come at last, the day of hope and pride—
 And see! our crackling bonfires light old Bann's rejoicing
 tide,
 And gladsome bells and bugle-horn from Newry's captured
 towers,
 Hark! how they tell the Saxon swine, this land is ours, is
 OURS.

Glory to God! my eyes have seen the ransomed fields of
 Down,
 My ears have drunk the joyful news, “Stout Phelim hath his
 own.”
 Oh! may they see and hear no more, oh! may they rot to
 clay,
 When they forget to triumph in the conquest of to-day.

Now, now we'll teach the shameless Scot to purge his thievish maw ;

Now, now the Court may fall to pray, for Justice is the Law ;
Now shall the Undertaker square, for once, his loose accounts—
We'll strike, brave boys, a fair result, from all his false amounts.

Come trample down their robber rule, and smite its venal spawn,

Their foreign laws, their foreign church, their ermine and their lawn,

With all the specious joy of fraud that robbed us of our own ;
And plant our ancient laws again beneath our lineal throne.

Our standard flies o'er fifty towers, o'er thrice ten thousand men ;

Down have we plucked the pirate Red, never to rise again ;
The Green alone shall stream above our native field and flood—
The spotless Green, save where its folds are gemmed with Saxon blood !

Pity ! no, no, you dare not, priest—not you, our father, dare Preach to us now that godless creed—the murderer's blood to spare ;

To spare his blood, while tombless still our slaughtered kin implore

“Graves and revenge” from Gobbin cliffs and Carrick's bloody shore !

Pity !—could we “forget, forgive,” if we were clods of clay
Our martyred priests, our banished chiefs, our race in dark decay,

And worse than all—you know it, priest—the daughters of our land

With wrongs we blushed to name until the sword was in our hand !

Pity ! well, if you needs must whine, let pity have its way,
Pity for all our comrades true, far from our sides to-day :

The prison-bound who rot in chains, the faithful dead who
poured

Their blood 'neath Temple's lawless axe or Parson's ruffian
sword.

They smote us with the swearer's oath, and with the murderer's
knife ;

We in the open field will fight fairly for land and life ;
But, by the dead and all their wrongs, and by our hopes to-day,
One of us twain shall fight their last, or be it we or they.

They banned our faith, they banned our lives, they trod us
into earth,

Until our very patience stirred their bitter hearts to mirth.
Even this great flame that wraps them now, not *we* but *they*
have bred :

Yes, this is their own work ; and now, their work be on their
head !

Nay, father, tell us not of help from Leinster's Norman peers,
If we shall shape our holy cause to match their selfish fears—
Helpless and hopeless be their cause who brook a vain delay !
Our ship is launched, our flag's afloat, whether they come or stay.

Let silken Howth and savage Slane still kiss their tyrant's rod,
And pale Dunsany still prefer his master to his God ;
Little we'd miss their fathers' sons, the Marchmen of the Pale.
If Irish hearts and Irish hands had Spanish blade and mail !

Our rude array's a jagged rock to smash the spoiler's pow'r,
Or, need we aid, His aid we have who doomed this gracious
hour.

Of yore He led His Hebrew host to peace through strife and
pain,

And us He leads the self-same path, the self-same goal to gain.

Down from the sacred hills whereon a saint communed with God.
Up from the vale where Bagnal's blood manured the reeking sod,

Out from the stately woods of Truagh, M'Kenna's plundered home,
Like Malin's waves, as fierce and fast, our faithful clansmen come.

Then, brethren, *on!* O'Neill's dear shade would frown to see you pause—

Our banished Hugh, our martyred Hugh, is watching o'er your cause—

His generous error lost the land—he deemed the Norman true ;
Oh, forward ! friends, it must not lose the land again in you !

C. GAVAN DUFFY.

MO TRAOCHÁD IS MO SÁOCT REM' LÓ TÚ.

(Afi bár mhuirír m'ic Seapáilte Rídiríe Cíarráidhe do cailleadh
i Úrlónóraí, i mblianaí 1646 no mairi roin.)

Mo traochád ír mo raoct rem' ló tú,
A Cíarráidheis id' cian-luigé i gCóimhainn ;
Mo creibh, t'feartear tár leas i Úrlónóraí,
A mhuirír m'ic an Rídiríe ó ríóranar.

Cé móri an crahád do tárcaisg rómhat,
Ní raibh bláth ná daé ná tóiríre airi,
Tá ríriú, san ruigheall san fóbairt,
Rem' crioithe-re gur rcaoirleád do rceol-ra.

Do b'i Áine Čnuic Áine doov' fógraí,
Ír b'i Suil ag loc Suir na ngleo-fear,
Caol ag mnáoi binn i nGleann Fógraí
Ír Seapáilt-éaoi ag Seanadó-mnáoi id' cónchar.

O'adhmais bean do ceart ari Eocail,
Bean riðe ag Moigile do comgar,
Aoibh Mac Caille ír Caerlaic Móna
Ír cineál m'Deice ag tóréim ne deorai.

Do ghlac eagla an Saranae cíosamhail
 i dtír aigis lí na mór-féar ó'r tóirí,
 Bean riúde doo' caoineadó 'na tóirí,
 Supair faoil gurab é a thíbirt d'fósair.

Inír an Daingean níor caitil an ceol-sol
 Supair ghlac eagla ceannuiscte an énórtá,
 Dá n-eagla féin níor baoisal tóibhean
 Ní caoinio mná riúde an rónt roin.

Bean riúde i nDún Chaoine ag bhrón-sol,
 'S bean tuitceair mo Dún-an-Óirí-re,
 Bean binn-psol inreacach Móríne
 Coir Féile fá éas ós-rcat.

Ari Suaibh Mír níor cír an móir-sol,
 'S ari Suaibh fionnaglan fiolair na feola,
 Ari Chruaileas na Tuaité do tóircuin,
 'S ari Chnoc Óréandainn Óréito-séal bómair.

O'aitnísear ari an Aifrin dtóirí,
 'S ari an bfhíl-círt do chuit 'fan bfróisí,
 Ari férdeadó na héalta címeait,
 Éas Saorair, ní hé supair fósair.

Móir file nári filleadó i gcomhair,
 I n-amhar ari feabhar a n-eolair,
 O'eagla ná beadó daingne leo rám
 Maithne nád ba maithne cír tuait.

Móir farraige nári fatail ari Eoghanach
 Da tnuíteas leo' clú iñ tu beo aca,
 Le'ri b'anacras duil t'acfainne tóirí,
 Doo' cumha-ra go bhrúiscte bhrónas

Móir rréirthean céadfaidh i gcoirte
 Nári liosadh acht ór íreal beo oírlaibh
 O'éir t'éagsa fá Óréitoibh rróill duibh
 Ag éad le n-a céile fóibh-re.

Mór maoit-þean doil-éuirpp iñ ór-fuile
 Þá gceiorad þan cíori ac̄t a gceol-ßlac,
 Lari ṭarlaocad̄ dor na tēadaiñ órða
 'S a mbuiðeacar ag an n̄gaoit ari a n-óigse.

Tomða ri-þean mionla móðimar,
 Þá ßlacar dūnta i gceul ðá reomra,
 Lári leis eagla capiað vi glosir-ßol
 Doo' caoinead̄ ne hioðbaileit a n̄deora.

1 n-ámrar an marb no beo tú
 An uair iñ mictio lei t' ðaiscrin iñ' ós-érit;
 Mar túg an n̄raest an n̄reast beo uirte,
 An ñtus dearið do marb niof mó ði?

Tus do ðairce ðuit ðairim iñ glosire,
 Tus þá deara i n-ámrarib t' ðírnead̄,
 Tus grialam ðuit tú a glosacad̄ óð ari ðóiro ßil,
 Ri þilis iñ niof mifritde a móðraest.

Cia ag ari fáðair t' áilne agur t' ðigse,
 An cneaf ari fnuad̄ uamain na vðcna,
 An leaca ari li ßlir an óis-lil,
 'S an ñreac ari ðat na leas lóðmar?

An riðe neamor 'r an cealitair comarðas,
 An teanga mall ari gseall gup comair,
 An t̄rois t̄réan 'r an taoib mar riðil gseal,
 An ionga caol 'r an vðeal mar þórrup?

Do clearguitdeac̄t ag marciúiseac̄t móri-eac̄,
 Do r̄taimurdeac̄t rean-rejñioðta reolta,
 Rionnra go n-ionlar t' eolair
 O finit pice go vðiðcin?

Cia þur oisgrie doo' r̄aiðbhearf reoide?
 Cia ðealprenar a nðán iñ' ðeoirð-re?
 Þan heit é lea' mearlair þórtá,
 Cleite gë 'r tú ag deanaam clóða mir.

Cia éuirfeasr marí do éuirfir i mbeo-riosc
 Ág innfint o'innleasta ír o'eolair,
 Ág tábairt teangan dí ír anam a dóchain,
 Soilead é marib nári báilb cé feoðað?

Do ruisair do rioga, ba rioga go deon tam,
 Marí óiol i bfiontaiib ír i bfeoltað,
 Marí óiol i gcior-þfleisib ír i gceoirrib,
 I ndiceall tiortha ari do tóiriam;

1 n-dúthaicte ír i gcumha do comhrosgair
 1 gcaoinnealb aoiur-þeasr ír óis-þeasr,
 1 n-actuairre gean-ðan gan róirteann,
 Deaibháir, 'r i n-adcumha ós-ðan.

Do haitoleacað tú i n-aðairib mo tðicim,
 Ír usfio pice cum dñibe,
 An dñom ba gloanmair gloanás
 1 nór báilb ó'r marib 'na tómar.

Murgasoda ír a nrouib-þéal fóta,
 Hailabairt 'r a mbairra le fóndaiib,
 Brataca 'r isd ceangailte cnórtar
 Láim ne talam dá mannaip gan mórtar

Do clairdeam ba gníomhac i ngleo-þruir,
 Lomnochtá ari onaçoin óis-þír,
 Do molairiac fólamac ír t'ðr-þruir
 So n-ionlair dá n-ioncúir rómat.

Coirnéil gan oibéim eolair
 Ír captaein ó gac glain-þríc o'eolair
 So rruamða i n-uaim 'r i n-dírtdeir
 'San oíracail fá eorair do comh-éuir.

Céad feasr doo' gsaoltauib feola
 1 liðré i nrouib-éadað rómatib,
 T'apmuir ír é tarraingste ari ór-ðat,
 Ronnta ari an bfoðair-ðat bfoðracs.

An uairí do glacadh 'fan talamh do cónra
 Tá mba mardean lárfaigte an tSérainn
 Do théanfaidh oirthé eisip-ðuibh ceo thí
 Le ghnáit an bhúdair do dóniseadh oírt.

Sacraisimí ag deimhniusgadh eoláir
 Ag dúbhláil cumha-riád fá dhó Óuit,
 An tuirfeáil dñi-ðraícheas a ðeora
 So dtiopmuigeadh le n-a oifidíb dóniste.

Cé i an mardean an eacnama tóircuin,
 Ir gur ghearrta ó'n eaglair do nór-ðriod,
 Dob' éigín le méid an tóirtair,
 Duitheasair ari an scéip um nóna.

Naoi gcaogairt de cléirpeadaitb corónatais
 Deirfeartas i n-eaglaisb órláda,
 Sagairt na ralmac gian cónaiream,
 Ir earfuis an deacmád ari do tórramh.

Muna mbeadh a méid do téim dómh-riá,
 Ir ualaic naid ualaic cóncharom,
 Ir mait do caoinfead mo chroíde bhrón tā
 I gcaoin-ðearrt nári mílre ag Óibid.

Ba tū dom an tan ba ñeo tū,
 M'úrraibh tigé, mo rcit tóirpe,
 Fúrtasct m'éigín, éirde m'fheola,
 Comla m'áruair, fál mo tórraim.

Mo bion tuaithe, mo buaileall bó-eallaing
 Mo rtiúir árchaig ari lári bocna,
 Mo marde lámhe i mbeárlainn dó-fuilaraing,
 Mo chrainn baigairi fa ñaile 'r tū i bfiolnóraif.

Mo béisír théadra, mo caor cónraic.
 Mo ñraigan lann, mo ñoll mac Móirne,
 Mo círfaidh caomh, mo laoch, mo leoman,
 Mu mionn fúl, mo lion-lút, mo tóirann.

Do malaítar mo neacmar i nó-cear,
 If do violair mo faoihere leo' óg-ðul;
 Tú aноct, mo stoct if mo cheo-ðoin,
 Ár m'aoríthnír if erios mo gldíre.

Mo luan-créas, mo gnuair, mo gleo-ðruir,
 Mo cnead báir, mo bráit, mo beo-ðoin,
 Mo mile maris, mo cealas, mo cló-nim,
 Mo ðile donair tú, m'orna, if m'eolcúir
 Mo fíleas d'éar, mo leán, mo leonad,
 Mo ðoin eoride, mo tit, mo deonead,
 Mo fiofra ball, mo call, mo crom-lot,
 Mo cnead clí do finead i gcoimhrainn.

Ba tairé ná an feartainn do fónntaet,
 Ba daingne ná an cárraig do cromdaet,
 Dob' fairsinge ná an Íanba do beodataet,
 If ba cumainge ná t'uirfe an Eorair.

Do leagad-ra mo leagad if mo leonad,
 Do cailleamain ba cailleamain doim-ra;
 O caillear tú do caillear mo dócar,
 If o'r marb tú if marb cé beo mé.

PIARAS FEIRITÉAR.

THE BATTLE OF BENBURB.

A.D. 1646.

Give praise to the Virgin Mother ! O'Neill is at Benburb,
 The Chieftain of the martial soul, who scorns the Saxon curb ;
 Between two hills his camp is pitched, and in its front upthrown
 "The Red Hand" points to victory from the standard of
 Tir Eoghan ;
 Behind him rise the ancient woods, while on his flank and near
 him
 The deep Blackwater calmly glides, and seems to greet and
 cheer him.

Tis a glorious morn in glowing June ! Against the sapphire sky
 Bright glancing in the golden light the adverse banners fly ;
 With godly boast the Scottish host, led on by stout Monroe,
 Have crossed the main with venal swords to aid our ruthless foe.
 And ne'er in soror need than now, the steel of the hireling fenced him,
 For a dauntless Chief and mighty host stand in array against him !

By all the saints they're welcome ! across the crested wave,
 For few who left Kinard this morn ere night shall lack a grave.
 The hour—the man, await them now, and retribution dire
 Shall sweep their ranks from front to rear by our avenging fire ;
 Yet on they march in pride of heart—the hell-engendered gloom
 Of the grim predestined Puritan impels them to their doom.

A thrilling charge their trumpets blow, but the shout—
 “ O'Neill Abu ! ”
 Is heard above the clarion call—ringing the wild woods through !
 “ On,” cried Lord Ardes, “ On, Cunningham ! Forward with might and main,”
 And the flower of Scottish chivalry comes swooping down the plain—
 Fiercely they dash and thunder on—as the wrathful waves come leaping
 Toward Rathlin gray on a wild March day when western winds are sweeping.

Now where are thy hardy kerne, O'Neill ? oh, whither have they fled ?
 Hurrah ! that volley from out the brakes hath covered the sward with dead.

The horses rear, and in sudden fear, the Scottish warriors flee,
And the field is dyed with the crimson tide from their bravest
cavalry !

All praise to the Right-protecting God who guards His own
in danger,

None fell save one of the Irish host by the guns of the baffled
stranger.

"On to the charge!" cries fierce Monroe—"Fear not the bush
and scrog—

Nor that the river bound your right, and your left be flanked
with bog."

And on they come right gallantly—but the Fabius of the West
Receives the shock unmoved as a rock, and calm as a lion at
rest.

The red artillery flashes in vain, or standeth spent and idle,
While the war-steeds bound across the plain, and, foaming,
champ the bridle.

From the azure height of his realm of light the sun is sinking
low,

And the blinding gleams of his parting beams dazzle the chafing
foe ;

And Eoghan's voice, like a trumpet note, rings clear through
his serried ranks—

'Brave brothers in arms, the hour has come, give God and
the Virgin thanks ;

Strike home to-day, or heavier woes will crush our homes and
altars :

Then trample the foeman in his blood—and cursed be the
slave that falters ! "

A wild shout rends the lurid air, and at once from van to rear,
Of the Irish troops each soldier grasps his matchlock, sword,
or spear ;

The chieftains haste their steeds to loose, and spring upon
their feet,

That every chance be thus cut off of a coward's base retreat.

And, "Onward ! Forward !" swells the cry in one tumultuous chorus,

"By God and the Virgin's help we'll drive these hireling Scots before us!"

Tis body to body, with push of pike—'tis foe confronting foe,
 'Tis gun to gun, and blade to blade—'tis blow returning blow.
 Fierce is the conflict—fell the strife—but Heaven defends the right—

The Puritan's sword is broken, and his army put to flight.
 They break away in wild dismay, while some to escape the slaughter

Plunge panting into the purple tide that dyes the dark Black-water.

May Mary, our Mother, be ever praised for the battle fought and won !

By Irish hearts and Irish hands, beneath that evening sun ;
 Three thousand two hundred and forty foes lay dead upon the plain,

And the Scots bewailed of their noble chiefs, Lord Blaney among the slain ;

And ever against a deadly foe no weaponed hand should falter,
 But strike, as the valiant Eoghan Ruadh, for home, and shrine, and altar !

THE BISHOP OF ROSS ; OR THE MITRED MARTYR OF MACROOM.

The tramp of the trooper is heard at Macroom,

The soldiers of Cromwell are spared from Clonmel,
 And Broghill—the merciless Broghill—is come
 On a mission of murder which pleases him well.

The wailing of women, the wild ulalu,

Dread tidings from cabin to cabin convey ;
 But loud though the plaints and the shrieks which ensue,
 The war-cry is louder of men in array.

In the park of Macroom there is gleaming of steel,
 And glancing of lightning in looks on that field,
 And swelling of bosoms with patriot zeal,
 And clenching of hands on the weapons they wield.

MacEgan, a prelate like Ambrose of old,
 Forsakes not his flock when the spoiler is near ;
 The post of the pastor's in front of the fold
 When the wolf's on the plain and there's rapine to fear.

The danger is come and the fortune of war
 Inclines to the side of oppression once more ;
 The people are brave—but they fall ; and the star
 Of their destiny sets in the darkness of yore.

MacEgan survives in the Philistine hands
 Of the lords of the Pale, and his death is decreed ;
 But the sentence is stayed by Lord Broghill's commands,
 And the prisoner is dragged to his presence with speed.

“ To Carraig an Droichid this instant,” he cried,
 “ Prevail on your people in garrison there,
 To yield, and at once in our mercy confide
 And your life I will pledge you my honour to spare.”

“ Your mercy ! your honour ! ” the prelate replied,
 “ I well know the worth of : my duty I know,
 Lead on to the Castle, and there by your side,
 With the blessing of God, what is meet will I do.”

The orders are given, the prisoner is led
 To the Castle, and round him are menacing hordes ;
 Undaunted, approaching the walls, at the head
 Of the troopers of Cromwell, he utters these words :

“ Beware of the cockatrice—trust not the wiles
 Of the serpent, for perfidy skulks in its folds !
 Beware of Lord Broghill the day that he smiles ;
 His mercy is murder !—his word never holds.

“ Remember, 'tis writ in our annals of blood,
 Our countrymen never relied on the faith
 Of truce, or of treaty, but treason ensued—
 And the issue of every delusion was death ! ”

Thus nobly the patriot prelate sustained
 The ancient renown of his chivalrous race,
 And the last of old Eoghan's descendants obtained
 For the name of Ui Maine new lustre and grace.

He died on the scaffold in front of those walls
 Where the blackness of ruin is seen from afar ;
 And the gloom of its desolate aspect recalls
 The blackest of Broghill's achievements in war.

DR. R. R. MADDEN.

NÍ FULAINSGHO SAILL DÚINN.

A.D. 1670.

Ní fulainsgho SAILL DÚINN ríotuigheadh i n-Éirinn geal
 Ár sciporóidé gan gímliuigheadh 'r írluigheadh fé n-a rmaest,
 Ár scumair do laisgduigheadh i f' dítiuigheadh ár scleibh ari fad
 I f' fuirm a mho-rún círioénigheadh ár raoisain ar.

Níor fúigte dár n-ídiuigheadh liomhúigheadh bheagán
 Gan cumair an tuisgeadh riú i n-aon éanir d'éileamh ceart,
 Tuisim guri ríor-phuðar ríotuigheadh raoibh na bfeair
 Le n-a scuirid i gceannas dúinna gníomhúigheadh lein a gceart.

Dár dtubairt go laoiteamhail tuisge dúinna fé n-a rmaest ;
 Mo chuirre 'r nae dion dúinna aoin éanir d'Éirinn air,
 Ár scumair i f' díochumang, ní riú rméar ár gceart
 Muna tuisge gan moill éaninn miniuigheadh eisín ar.

Do éonnaic na Sáill úd fíorúamhail réanach gearl,
 Cumarsáid cíorúamhail eisíochnamhail céadraothaí ceart,
 Soilbhír faoiteamhail mion-úr maoradh meair,
 Fileadháta fíorúamhail fíontamhail réarthaíceas.

Cuirte caointeamhail dhaoirteamhail daonnaíteas,
 Bioraite bhoisgáamhail gaoirreamhail gaeithealaí slán,
 So tuitim i bhriúin daoiríreamhail lae na mbriéas
 Nár chuirleadaí mí-éclú 'f' bhoisgáusó dhéaglaíce deairt.

Soísum ír gurthim runn Cíofort Éasáin, caomh an pláit,
 D'fhlainng a éaoim-éirí i gceirioibh cumainsí cearta teast
 So gcuimhealadh gan moill éasáinn fí éclú gaeilil 'na gceairt
 'S so ríomharai na Sáill úd b'iu i gceim tair leair.

SÉAFRAÓ Ó DOMHÍC AÚA

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

Our happy school upon the hill,
 Where first were taught the childish prayers,
 That prove through scenes of strife and ill
 The solace of our after years—
 Thy loving lessons still have power,
 When sorely tried by earthly leaven,
 To save us in temptation's hour,
 And point the narrow path to Heaven.

In every rank, in every grade,
 Thy children play no common part—
 The skilful hand at every trade,
 The ornament of every art ;
 The chemist, with his mystic lore,
 The clever scholar teaching others,
 The trader to a distant shore,
 Are pupils of the Christian Brothers.

The sailor on the stormy wave,
Who fears that every rolling billow
May sweep him to a watery grave,
The coral rocks to be his pillow,
Remembers there's a watchful eye
That looks on him as well as others,
As with a thankful, happy sigh,
He thinks upon the Christian Brothers.

The soldier on the battlefield,
With fighting squadrons round him rushing,
Although his spirit will not yield,
The hot tears to his eyes are gushing.
He thinks upon the peaceful word,
'Mid scenes at which our nature shudders,
And spares his conquered foe the sword,
Remembering the Christian Brothers.

The exile in a foreign land,
While others dwell in peaceful gladness,
Will linger long upon the strand,
And gaze across the sea in sadness.
His home is by the winding Lee,
Where long ago the best of mothers,
When death o'ertook her, prayed he'd be
A credit to the Christian Brothers.

JOHN FITZGERALD.

THE LABOURER.

Stand up—erect ! thou hast the form,
And likeness of thy God !—who more ?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life—a heart as warm
And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then ? Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among ;
As much a part of the great plan
That with creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy ? the high
In station, or in wealth the chief ?
The great, who coldly pass thee by
With proud step and averted eye ?
Nay ! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee ?
A feather, which thou might'st cast
Aside as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No—uncurbed passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect—
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
For ever, till thus checked.

These are thine enemies—thy worst ;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot ;
Thy labour and thy life accursed.
Oh, stand erect, and from them burst,
And longer suffer not !

Thou art thyself thine enemy !

The great !—what better they than thou ?
As theirs, is not thy will as free ?
Has God with equal favours thee
Neglected to endow ?

True ; wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust
Nor place—uncertain as the wind !
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind !

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then ; that thy little span
Of life may well be trod !

W. D. GALLAGHER.

IS ÚARRA AR AN SCLEAS.

(Nuairí tu ósuibh Rí Cormac II. réala ari an riomhnt do júnneadh fé
Chiomairí ari éalaím na hÉireann.)

If báirfha ari an sclear an ríadéit do teastéid éar tuinn
Le'ri leasadh fé ríait an treibis róin Éibhlír Íonn,
Casma na mbeart do rílaod go claoí ari scéimis
Le'ri searriodh amadé ari scéaprt ar Éirinn uill.

If teascair a mear go rialú i scéill do'n dhrumis,
Seapradh na n-aict do éabhairt o'don mact Gáill,
So bfeascadh ari bhealt na bfeair ari Séaplaig Riois
Súil ríoradair neart gan ceapt le céile a bhoill.

Do feannaadh ari fau an feadéit ro i nÉirinn Gáoruón,
If teaspctair fearta feart go díl ari fír díob,
No glacair a bprí gan ríad if téid éar tuinn
If scallair éar n-air gan teastéid go hÉas ari.

Cé neartmári an tan-ro aí clannaith Saeðeal na Gill,
 Ír cé piathmári a rtair le real i bpríomhaib floinn,
 De ðearfcaib a gceart ní ½abaird gilleadh an fhuinn,
 Peapfaró 'na fhráraib peaps Dé 'na nDhuim.

'Atairi na bpríomh doo' cead ír déanta gurðe,
 Ceaptuisg 'na leas aí fad i nÉirinn Saoiðil,
 Ír leasuisg 'na gceapt gan ceap gac n-aon dé'n dhuins,
 Ír airis a neadet 'r a piat do'n cléir i gcoll.

Uc ír aðcaoi, ír las i an uaire le anoir !
 Cufa 'r calairde aí cailinib tuarpartail,
 Bodaisg fé hatairde ír airtide ruairiac' rin,
 Ír luet oirðeairc reagairde i gcaipib cluaraca.

SÉAPRAÓ Ó DÖNNÍCAÓA.

THE DOG OF AUGHRIM.

A.D. 1691.

"The day is ours, my gallant men !" cried brave, but vain
 St. Ruth ;

"We've won a deathless victory for Liberty and Truth ;
 We'll wrest the land from William's grasp though we're but
 one to three,
 We'll make his crew remember long the Pass of Urrachree ;

That though with myriad cannon they poured the fierce
 attack,

Still with valour and the naked sword thrice have we flung
 them back.

They're beaten, boys ! they're beaten ! still unsheathe your
 swords again,

And—on them like an avalanche ! and sweep them from the
 plain.

Like thunderbolt upon the foe the Irish column sped,
 Athlone's deep stain to wash away—St. Ruth is at their head.
 On ! onward rolls that wave of death ; but, God ! what means
 this cry,

St. Ruth the brave sits on his charger headless 'neath the sky.

Oh ! where's the gallant Sarsfield now, is victory defeat ?
 O, God ! in mercy, strike us dead ; 'twere better than retreat.
 Oh ! where is Limerick's hero brave ? the chiefless soldiers
 cry,

And scorning flight they wait the dawn to give them light
 to die.

No quarter ! was the slogan of the Williamites that day—
 And graveless lay the murdered brave to dogs and thieves
 a prey ;

But even dogs more sacred held the dying and the slain,
 Than Ginckle and his hireling hordes on Aughrim's bloody
 plain.

When Saxon fiends the scene of death and robbery had fled
 An Irish wolf-dog sought his lord 'mid heaps of pilfered dead,
 And strove with more than human love to rob death of its
 prize,

Then moaned a dirge above his breast and kissed his lips
 and eyes.

The summer sun shone fiercely down upon the corpse-strewn
 plain,

Where bird and beast of air and field devoured the naked
 slain ;

Yet faithful still that wolf-dog stood 'mid savage growls
 and groans,

To guard alike from man and beast his well-loved master's
 bones.

When Autumn pencilled summer's bloom in tints of gold and
 red,

And Winter over hill and dale a ghostly mantle spread,

The weird winds wailed across the moor and moaned adown
the dell—

Yet guarded well that noble dog his master where he fell.

Spring timidly was glancing down upon the spreading plain,
Where seven months death's sentinel the faithful dog had
lain,

When carelessly across the moor an English soldier trod
And halted near the only bones remaining on the sod.

Up sprang the faithful wolf-dog, he knew a foe was near,
And feared that foe would desecrate the bones he loved so
dear;

Fierce and defiant there he stood, the soldier, seized with
dread,

Took aim, and fired—the noble dog fell on his master—dead.

THE BLACKSMITH OF LIMERICK.

A.D. 1691.

He grasped his ponderous hammer; he could not stand it
more,

To hear the bombshells bursting and the thundering battle's
roar.

He said: "The breach they're mounting, the Dutchman's
murdering crew—

I'll try my hammer on their heads and see what that can do!"

"Now, swarthy Ned and Moran, make up that iron well;
'Tis Sarsfield's horse that wants the shoes, so mind not shot
or shell."

"Ah, sure," cried both, "the horse can wait—for Sarsfield's
on the wall,

And where you go we'll follow, with you to stand or fall!"

The blacksmith raised his hammer, and rushed into the street,
 His 'prentice boys behind him, the ruthless foe to meet—
 High on the breach of Limerick, with dauntless hearts they stood,
 Where the bombshells burst and shot fell thick, and redly ran the blood.

"Now look you, brown-haired Moran, and mark you, swarthy Ned ;
 This day we'll prove the thickness of many a Dutchman's head !
 Hurrah ! upon their bloody path they're mounting gallantly ;
 And now the first that tops the breach, leave him to this and me ! "

The first that gained the rampart, he was a captain brave !
 A captain of the Grenadiers, with blood-stained dirk and glaive ;
 He pointed and he parried, but it was all in vain,
 For fast through skull and helmet the hammer found his brain !

The next that topped the rampart, he was a colonel bold,
 Bright through the murk of battle his helmet flashed with gold.
 "Gold is no match for iron !" the doughty blacksmith said,
 As with that ponderous hammer he cracked his foeman's head !

"Hurrah for gallant Limerick !" black Ned and Moran cried,
 As on the Dutchmen's leaden heads their hammers well they plied ;
 A bombshell burst between them—one fell without a groan,
 One leaped into the lurid air, and down the breach was thrown !

"Brave smith! brave smith!" cried Sarsfield, "beware the treacherous mine—

Brave smith! brave smith! fall backward, or surely death is thine ; "

The smith sprang up the rampart, and leaped the blood-stained wall,

As high into the shuddering air went foeman, breach, and all !

Up like a red volcano they thundered wild and high,
Spear, gun, and shattered standard, and foemen through the sky ;

And dark and bloody was the shower that round the blacksmith fell—

He thought upon his 'prentice boys, they were avengèd well !

On foemen and defenders a silence gathered down,
'Twas broken by a triumph shout that shook the ancient town ;
As out its heroes sallied, and bravely charged and slew,
And taught King William and his men what Irish hearts can do !

Down rushed the swarthy blacksmith unto the river side,
He hammered on the foes' pontoon, to sink it in the tide ;
The timber it was tough and strong, it took no crack or strain—

"Mo bpón, 'twont break," the blacksmith roared, "I'll try their heads again !"

The blacksmith sought his smithy, and blew his bellows strong ;
He shod the steed of Sarsfield, but o'er it sang no song ;
"Océon ! my boys are dead," he cried ; "their loss I'll long deplore,

But comfort's in my heart—their graves are red with foreign gore !"

MAC AN CÉANNUIÙDE.

Airtling séarai do chearcar fénim im' teabharó 'r mé go las-
bhíosadh:

Aindipr fénim dá'ri b'ainm Éire ag teacáit im' gaoth ari mar-
caigeadáct;

A rúil peamhar glas, a cíl triong cap, a com reangs geal 'r
a malairde,

O'á maorídeam go raibh ag tigeadáct 'na gaoth le vioighair,
Mac an Céannuiùde.

A beol ba binn, a gaoth ba chaoin, iñ pód-rieadh linn an caillín,
Céile Úrmain dá'ri gheill an fiann, mo leirí-éreacáidh dian, a
náicíd

Fé fúirte Gall dá bhrusadh go teann mo chuirfíonn treangs
do fhlaitheann;

Ní'l faoirpeamh real le tigeadáct 'na gaoth go bfilíofró Mac
an Céannuiùde.

Na céadta tá i bpéin de ghlád le ghearr-rieadh fáim dá
cneadair-éli,

Clanna riúste, maca Mileadh, oifigheann fiocháin iñ gaircioráis;

Tá gnáir 'na gnaoi, ní mórclann rí, cé duibh ac fé ríor
an caillín,

Ní'l faoirpeamh real le tigeadáct 'na gaoth go bfilíofró Mac
an Céannuiùde.

A pháidte fénim iñ círáidte an ríéal, mo láin-éreacáidh séarai a
náicíd

A beirt gan ceol ag caoi na ndeoibh 'r a buirdéan, gan go,
ba mait gníomh,

Gan cléir, gan órto, i bpéin go móri 'na níallraimh fó gan
mádairde.

'S go mbéirí rí 'na ríreas gan luighe le feair go bfilíofró
Mac an Céannuiùde,

Δουβαιρτ αρίσ αν ḫúιθ-θean mionla, ó τύμnað piṣte
cleasect i,

Conn iñ Δirt ba lonnaidc reac̄t, iñ b'foglað glac a ngleac-
uitdeac̄t,

Criomhcan tréan, t̄ar tuinn tuis ḡeill, iñ laoigeac̄ mac
Céim an feap̄ Spiorde

So mbeir ñi 'na r̄ppear gan luiḡe le feap̄ so ḃfillifid
mac an Čeannurðe.

Do ḃeip̄ r̄uil ó ḋear̄ gan ló fē reac̄ ari ḫrāis na mbairc an
cailin,

iñ r̄uil ḋear̄ roip̄ so ḫlāt t̄ar muip̄, mo cūma anoir a haic̄id.

A r̄ula riap̄ ag r̄uil le Dia t̄ar tonntaib̄ riap̄ ganinime,
's so mbeir ñi 'na r̄ppear gan luiḡe le feap̄ so ḃfillifid
mac an Čeannurðe.

A ḫrāitþre ḃreaca t̄ar t̄ar leap̄, na t̄ainte feap̄c an cailin ;
ni'l plead̄ le fagðal, ni'l gean ná ḫrād̄ ag neac̄ ṭa cálvdib̄
aðmuisim ;

A ḫruaðna fliuc, gan juan gan r̄ult, fē ḫruaim iñ duib̄
a n-aiðib̄ :

ni'l faoißeam̄ reat le t̄igðeac̄t 'na gan so ḃfillifid mac
an Čeannurðe.

Δouðairt lei iap̄ scelor a fceil a jún gup̄ éaḡ ari cleac̄t ri
Suar 'ran Spáinn so ḃruair fē bár 'r nári ḫruas le cāc
a haic̄id :

Iap̄ scelor mo ḡot̄a i ḃfogur vi cōrruis a c̄ut̄ 'r do
replead̄ ri,

iñ o'éaluis a hanam o'aon ḃreab airti ; mo léan-ra an
θean so lag-ḃriðas.

AOÓSÁN ó RATAILLE.

THE GAELIC TONGUE.

It is fading—it is fading—like the leaves upon the trees !
 It is dying—dying—dying—like the wailing ocean breeze !
 It is swiftly disappearing, as the footprints on the shore,
 Where the Barrow, and the Erne, and Loch Swilly's waters
 pour,

Where the parting sunbeam kisses Loch Corrib in the west,
 And the ocean, like a mother, clasps the Shannon to her
 breast !

The language of old Erin, of her history and name,
 Of her monarchs and her heroes, of her glory and her fame !
 The sacred shrine where rested, through sunshine and through
 gloom,

The spirit of her martyrs—as their bodies in the tomb !
 The time-wrought shell where murmured, 'mid centuries
 of wrong,

The secret voice of Freedom, in annal and in song !
 It is surely, surely, sinking into silent death at last—
 To live but 'mid the memories and relics of the Past.

The olden tongue is sinking, like a patriarch, to rest—
 Whose youth beheld the Tyrian on our Irish coasts a guest ;
 Ere the Saxon, or the Roman—ere the Norman or the Dane—
 Had first set foot in Britain or the Visigoth in Spain.

Its manhood saw the Druid-rites by forest tree and rock,
 And the savage tribes of Britain round the shrines of Zerne-
 brock ;

And for centuries it witnessed all the glories of the Gael—
 When our Celtic sires sang war-songs round the sacred fires
 of Béil !

The tongues that saw its infancy are ranked among the dead,
 And from their relics have been shaped those spoken : their
 stead,

The glories of old Erin, with her liberty, have gone—
 Yet their halo lingered round her while her ancient tongue
 lived on.

Yea ! 'mid the desert of her woe—a monument more vast
 Than all her pillar-towers it stood, that old tongue of the Past!

And now 'tis sadly shrinking from the race that gave it birth,
 Like the ebbing tide from shore, or the spring-time from the
 earth ;

From the island dimly fading, like a circle o'er the wave—
 Receding as its people lisp the language of the slave ;
 And with it, too, seem fading—as sunset into night—
 All the scattered rays of glory that lingered in its light !
 For, ah ! though long, with filial love, it clung to motherland,
 And Irishmen were Irish still, in tongue, and heart, and hand—
 Yet, before its Saxon rival, proscribed it soon became,
 And Irishmen are Irish now in nothing but in name,
 The Saxon chain our rights and tongue alike doth hold in
 thrall—

Save where amid the Conacht wilds or hills of Donegal,
 Or by the shores of Munster, like the tameless ocean blast—
 The olden language lingers yet—an echo from the Past !

Through cold neglect 'tis dying, as though stranger to our shore;
 No Tara's halls shall vibrate to its tones for evermore ;
 No Laurence fire the Gaelic clans round leaguered Baile
 Atha Cliath,

No Shannon waft from Limerick's towers their war-songs
 to the sea.

Ah, the pleasant tongue, whose accents were as music to the ear !
 Ah, the magic tongue, that round us wove a spell so soft
 and dear !

Oh, the glorious tongue, whose murmur could each Gaelic
 heart enthrall !

Oh, the rushing tongue, that sounded like the swollen torrents'
 fall !

The tongue that in the Senate was as lightning flashing bright ;
 Whose echo in the battle was like thunder in its might ;
 The tongue that once in chieftain's hall swelled loud the
 minstrel's lay—

Like chief, like clansman, and like bard, is silent there to-day—
 The tongue whose password scared the foe at Cong and
 Mullachmast,
 Like those who perished bravely there, is numbered with
 the Past.

The Gaelic tongue is fading, and we stand coldly by—
 Without a pang to thrill the heart, a tear to wet the eye ;
 Without one pulse for freedom stirred, one effort made to
 save

The tongue our fathers spoke—we lisp the language of the
 slave !

Oh, Eire ! vain your efforts—vain your prayers for freedom's
 crown,

While you crave it in the language of the foe who clove it
 down.

Know you not that tyrants ever, with an art from darkness
 sprung,

Make the people whom they conquer slaves alike in soul
 and tongue !

The Russian Czar ne'er stood secure o'er Poland's shattered
 frame

Until he trampled from her breast the tongue that bore her
 name.

Oh, Irishmen, be Irish ! and rally for the tongue
 Which, like ivy to a ruin, to the dear old land has clung—
 Oh, snatch this relic from the wreck—the only and the last—
 The sole strong link that binds you to the glories of the Past.

REV. MICHAEL MULLIN.

CAOCH O'LEARY.

One winter's day, long, long ago,
 When I was a little fellow,
 A piper wandered to our door,
 Grey-headed, blind, and yellow—
 And, oh ! how glad was my young heart,
 Though earth and sky looked dreary—
 To see the stranger and his dog—
 Poor "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his "bag,"
 Cross-barred with green and yellow,
 I thought and said, "in Ireland's ground,
 There's not so fine a fellow."
 And Finian Burke and Seán Magee,
 And Eily, Kate, and Mary,
 Rushed in with panting haste to "see,"
 And "welcome" Caoch O'Leary.

Oh ! God be with those happy times,
 Oh ! God be with my childhood,
 When I, bare-headed, roamed all day
 Bird-nesting in the wild-wood—
 I'll not forget those sunny hours,
 However years may vary ;
 I'll not forget my early friends,
 Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Caoch and "Pinch" slept well that night,
 And in the morning early,
 He called me up to hear him play
 "The wind that shakes the barley ; "

And then he stroked my flaxen hair,
 And cried—God mark my “deary,”
 And how I wept when he said “farewell,
 And think of Caoch O’Leary.”

And seasons came and went, and still
 Old Caoch was not forgotten,
 Although I thought him “dead and gone,”
 And in the cold clay rotten.
 And often when I walked and danced
 With Eily, Kate, and Mary,
 We spoke of childhood’s rosy hours,
 And prayed for Caoch O’Leary.

Well—twenty summers had gone past,
 And June’s red sun was sinking,
 When I, a man, sat by my door,
 Of twenty sad things thinking.
 A little dog came up the way,
 His gait was slow and weary,
 And at his tail a lame man limped—
 ’Twas “Pinch” and Caoch O’Leary !

Old Caoch ! but ah ! how woe-begone !
 His form is bowed and bending,
 His fleshless hands are stiff and wan,
 Ay—time is even blending
 The colours on his threadbare “bag”—
 And “Pinch” is twice as hairy
 And “thinspare” as when first I saw
 Himself and Caoch O’Leary.

“God’s blessing here !” the wanderer cried,
 “Far, far, be hell’s black viper ;
 Does anybody hereabouts
 Remember Caoch the Piper ?”

With swelling heart I grasped his hand ;
 The old man murmured " Deary !
 Are you the silky-headed child
 That loved poor Caoch O'Leary ? "

" Yes, yes," I said—the wanderer wept
 As if his heart was breaking—
 " And where, *a mhic mo chroidhe*," he sobbed,
 " Is all the merry-making
 I found here twenty years ago ? "
 " My tale," I sighed, " might weary,
 Enough to say—there's none but me
 To welcome Caoch O'Leary."

" Vo, Vo, Vo, Vo !" the old man cried,
 And wrung his hands in sorrow,
 " Pray lead me in, *a stor mo chroidhe*,
 And I'll go home to-morrow.
 My peace is made—I'll calmly leave
 This world so cold and dreary,
 And you shall keep my pipes and dog,
 And pray for Caoch O'Leary."

With " Pinch " I watched his bed that night,
 Next day, his wish was granted ;
 He died—and Father James was brought,
 And Requiem Mass was chanted—
 The neighbours came—we dug his grave,
 Near Eily, Kate, and Mary ;
 And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep—
 God rest you ! Caoch O'Leary.

JOHN KEEGAN.

DÁSON LIAT.

Tairceisíó, a étoéa, fé cointilt i gcoimeád émliaid
 An feallaire fola 'r an rtoillaire Óáron Liat
 A shairce níor b'follur i gcoigéad ná i gcait lá ghliaid,
 Acht ag creacád 'r ag criochead 'r ag coircáirt na mbocáin
 Júam.

Do b'faijring a círtar i galar-úluád céann-árd Úrlain,
 Ba thaingean a thoir ar 'r a thoičeall iartis fé'n iadád,
 I n-eatairla fógraíd i n-orscail iomlán óá rúlaib
 Siúr céangail ré an gortá do'n phoibil dá gcuir fé maighair.

A gheata níor fórcail le hórnad ná ndonán nuaian,
 Níor fheagair a ngealairt 'r dá gcolainn níor fheartaíl
 Biaid;

Dá ngealrífaitír bliorna no rcolb no rcoitáin riap.
 Do bainfead ré rriotáinna fola ar a rlinneáin riap.

Reacsta an traoisair do péab go ríor-éanáid,
 Maorlaid crialraíc taoisach mío-náirleas,
 Eagsair Dé gan traochád dá ríor-éablaid
 Ir pláitear na nuaom ar Séamus 'na Óeagras-fáraí.

Sé'r móri a raictmar real 'ran traoisai ro beo,
 Ba éruair a bheireat ari lagairb bhoiù gan traois,
 Ir buan an t-acht do ceapaid ríor féad' cónair,
 Buaidh ir tarit ir teap ir teinte id' dósáid.

Mó fáilm-re ar fodaír gan doéma gan níombáid id' Óir;
 Ar leacair doo' lorgaíd ag Cocitur ag ríor-fágáil riap;
 Hac maorla fola ó Cúicairg go baile Átha Cliat
 So leanaid go hóbann do lorg-ra, a éuirír, fé émliaid.

Ag reo an t-áruir 'na bhruit Óáron fé leacair pínte,
 Cnuib do éuirí táinte le fán ir do éreacáid na mílte
 Agus r'fág na mná ir a ngealairg ag taistíl tiochtá:
 Siúdím ráiróidte go bhráid tú ir tú id' lorgaíd i dtéintí!

Mo nuaig, mo éireadé náir tacaíodh milte ro' fóirt,
 Ír Seán, do mhaic, 'na ghríreagair doibh' comhtheacáit leo ;
 Marí lúacás gádct rírtai ír clear dártháis tionscraig fóir
 Dheirdean conaítear éclain le hainre doibh' ghríaoileadh leo.

Cuiríreacáid daingean ari natac' an aonáinre
 Le roisín-sád sárló ó Eatarla, a chalaín ón tseacair,
 Saigseantair eadarlaita an t-airmeaplaic i mearc na ndeamhan,
 An Decree rinne feargta 'ca ari t'anam, a maothairí allta.

Ciothu go labhair murthairiach ionarlaeas fannntaíciúil
 Biotu do cíerte ag cimíle gáinn ro' thíairí,
 Do colann ag earráintibh dá riocadu go hamplaic tian,
 Ír t'anam ag riucád 'ran gcoiriú gáin cunnabar bliaðan.

Bhrúig, a leac, a bhráid 'r a bhrannóid eipón,
 A rúil a phlaist a cheanfa a toll duibh mór,
 Gádct lúit gádalt go riadar do'n éam-fusigeoir,
 Marí rúil ná carra éar n-air ná a fáinail go deo.

SE ÁNI CLÁRAÍC MACDOUINNAILL.

FONTENOY.

A.D. 1745.

Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy the English column failed,
 And twice the lines of St. Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed ;
 For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
 And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.
 As vainly through De Barri's woods the British soldiers burst,
 The French artillery drove them back diminished and dispersed.
 The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye
 And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride !
 And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their
head ;

Steady they step adown the slope—steady they climb the
hill—

Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward
still

Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering
fast ;

And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course
With steady fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force ;
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their
ranks,

They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's
ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies French tirailleurs rush round ;
As stubble to the lava tide, fresh squadrons strew the ground ;
Bombshell and grape and round shot tore, still on they
marched and fired—

Fast from each volley grenadier and voltigeur retired.

“Push on, my household cavalry,” King Louis madly cried ;
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged
they died.

On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns
his rein,

“Not yet, my liege,” Saxe interposed, “the Irish troops
remain ;”

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

“Lord Clare,” he says, “you have your wish—there are your
Saxon foes ;”

The master almost smiles to see how furiously he goes !

How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be
so gay !

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—
The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could
dry,

Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's
parting cry,

Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country
overthrown—

Each looks as if revenge for all is staked on him alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,

Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,
" Fix bayonets—charge." Like mountain storms rush on
these fiery bands !

Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make a
gallant show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle wind—
Their bayonets the breakers' foam ; like rocks, the men
behind !

One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging
smoke,

With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong
Irish broke.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzzah !
" Revenge ! remember Limerick ! dash down the Sasanach."

Like lions leaping at a fold when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang.
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled
with gore ;

Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled
flags they tore.

The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied,
staggered, fled—

The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain, and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought
and won !

THOMAS DAVIS.

ΔΙΡΕΑΜ ΕΑΣΤΡΑ ΑΝ ΓΑΛΑΙΡ.

(Αρι περίτι ή οπαρι λιγέ λάμε ώο. A.D. 1745.)

Διρεαμ εαστρα αν γαλαιρ 'η-αρι λιγεαρ γο τρέιτ,
Ιφ σάρ α θρεασαδ 'η ιφ θεασαιρ νομ γρησιοθαδ νά λειγεαμ,
Ο'ειρ πάιτε αν θερησις νο εαίτεαμ ιμ' λιγε γο λειρ
'S μο λάμ θεαρ αγαμ 'ομ θεατσαδ τρίομ τε πειν.

Λάμ να θρεασαννα γλασαδ 'η νο θιοδ αρι σέαστ,
Λάμ νο ταρημαις σεαρι τρεανσιυρ θιρε Γλεθεαλ
Λάμ γαέ εαστρα 'η αιρτε νο γρησιοθαδ αρι αν θρέιν,
'S αν λάμ νάρι θαιλεαδ γο πασαρ νο'ν σιλ, α Όε.

Τά α λάν νά θαναδ συρι θεατσ δ μναοι θειν έ,
Ιφ τάιμ-ρε θεανα νά μαισεαμ θι δ μινν μο θέτειβ;
Μά'ρ μνά νο μαιριδ νο μαρτραις θαοινε 'η τραοσαν
Ηι νάρι νομ εαθαρτα θεαραμ νό γυιρδε λεμ' θρέιμ.

Πιοι βάσ ηι αστινιν ιμ' θαλαιδ ιμ' θροιρέ νά ιμ' άειδ,
Ιφ ο'βάσ ηι μ'εασνα θαλδ ιφ μ'ιντλεατ θαον,
Ο'βάσ ηι λαγουιζτε λεαττα μέ ευιθεαρας θέ,
Δέτ τά αν Ρι θεαρτμαρ νο εαρφαιδ αηρ μο γέας.

Úa éilí leanbh do rceireanfach réim' fíneadh i gscré,
 'S do máitíochín dearbhúca an ealta roinn tuisim sunu b'eaclt;
 Ní aifinnim eadairca an bhanaltcha ór fíolusuis mé,
 'S do bhealbh mná rióde i fílaíochta i capairt 'om éadoinneadh i fíeisr.

Mo chéardútealaíct éairíur rín, m'anacra ciorcée an rceal,
 An bárf ag bágairt gáir aga ná riúgheas lás,
 Ní a cairde ceapca ó mairidin go horcée im' leáir,
 Ní an áit a riacaod ná feadair cá rúise gian tgraosál.

Mo énáimha 'r mo éalainn do'n talamh ba tuisge a gscríb fe
 So rcaimte rcaipca le taibhse an tgraosail go leir;
 Aicté aíreamh raithe úa n-apagairn círuimhe 'r daéil,
 Ám an t-anam, ní feadair aifír cá utéirdeann.

Cáirde tamall ó ceathairis 'om Ri na Naoim
 'S i fílaíochta ghearrta gian amharca innriom é,
 Cáirde mearaim a chaitheamh le hinniann Dé
 So chéardútealcí cneapca d'fíeir aiteanta Chriost 'r a cléir;

A phair do chéadairt fé n-dearaí 'r a gníomh do leigheamh,
 Cár a ceangail a mairid 'r a milte círeacáit,
 Suír fágadó mairb gian anam Mac Vilír Dé
 Ar aifio-círoir fíairb gian faic um a éaoibh, mo leán!

A Shlárais neartíomair, ná násgair 'ran dioigál roin mén,
 Ní a fágadó tairisírne éairír d'fíoc im' éaoibh,
 'S, cé tá go n-deacaird mo phreasairde tarb innriom rceil,
 Bead ríán aicté gairim ar éabairi an tairí go tréan.

A aifio-fílaí, a Aistír, a Óeaghs-mic, 'r a éadoin-Spruio Naoimh,
 O'ri éal gáid maithear i b'fílaírtír i fír i mb'eaclt,
 Ar lár im' leabaird, im' feadarán nód riúde mo ghnéim,
 Óuip ngráid go bpháirid im' anam, im' círoide, 'r im' béal.

Seán ua Murchaora na Ráitíneach.

DAWN ON THE IRISH COAST.

T'ánam ó'n triabac ! but there it is—

The dawn on the hills of Ireland !
 God's angels lifting the night's black veil
 From the fair, sweet face of my ireland !
 O, Ireland ! isn't it grand you look—
 Like a bride in her rich adornin' !
 With all the pent-up love of my heart
 I bid you the top of the mornin' !

This one short hour pays lavishly back

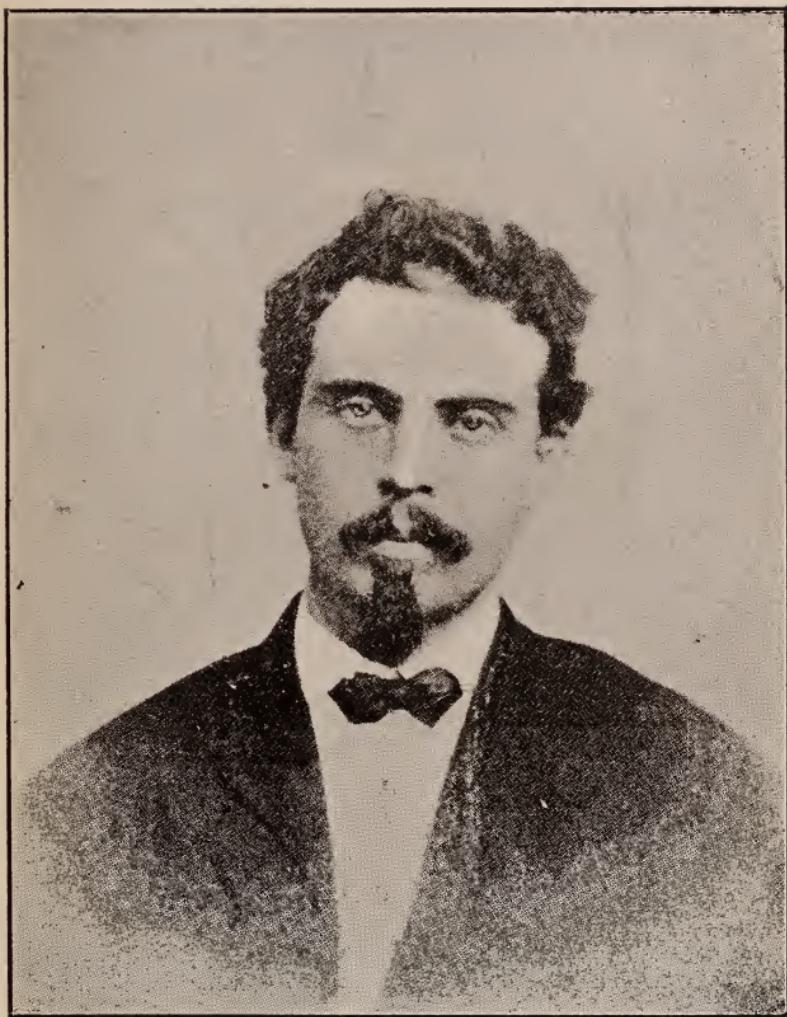
For many a year of mourning ;
 I'd almost venture another flight,
 There's so much joy in returning—
 Watching out for the hallowed shore,
 All other attractions scornin' ;
 O, Ireland ! don't you hear me shout ?
 I bid you the top of the mornin' .

Ho, ho ! upon Cliodhna's shelving strand

The surges are grandly beating,
 And Kerry is pushing her headlands out
 To give us the kindly greeting !
 In to the shore the sea-brids fly
 On pinions that know no drooping,
 And out from the cliffs, with welcomes charged,
 A million of waves come trooping.

O, kindly, generous, Irish land,

So leal and fair and loving !
 No wonder the wandering Celt should think
 And dream of you in his roving.
 The alien home may have gems and gold,
 Shadows may never have gloomed it ;
 But the heart will sigh for the absent land
 Where the love-light first illumed it.



JOHN LOCKE.

And doesn't old Cove look charming there
 Watching the wild waves' motion,
 Leaning her back up against the hills,
 And the tip of her toes in the ocean.
 I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells—
 Ah ! maybe their chiming 's over,
 For it's many a year since I began
 The life of a western rover.

For thirty Summers, a stoir mo chroidhe,
 Those hills I now feast my eyes on
 Ne'er met my vision save when they rose
 Over memory's dim horizon.
 E'en so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed
 In the landscape spread before me ;
 But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope
 To see Texas' skies still o'er me.

Oh ! often upon the Texan plains,
 When the day and the chase were over,
 My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave,
 And around this coast-line hover ;
 And the prayer would rise that some future day—
 All danger and doubting scorning—
 I'd help to win for my native land
 The light of young Liberty's morning !

Now fuller and truer the shore-line shows—
 Was ever a scene so splendid ?
 I feel the breath of the Munster breeze,
 Thank God that my exile's ended !
 Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
 The vale and the cot I was born in—
 O, Ireland ! up from my heart of hearts
 I bid you the top of the mornin' !

I.—ROSC CATÁ NA MUMÁN

A.D. 1750.

O'aitnísear féin san bhréas ari bhuaict
 'S ari anfaoth Tétilr taobh le cuan,
 ari canaóth na n-éan go ríreacé ruidhre,
 go scárraóth mo Shéarfar slé san ghrúam.
 Meafaim sur rubaíc do'n Mumáin an bhuaim
 'S o'á maireann go duibh dé éribh na mbuaidh
 Toirann na dtóinn le pleagrais na long
 Ag tairraint go teann 'n-ári sceanann ari cuairt.

Tá larasóth 'fan ngréin sac lae go neoir;
 Ní tarpe do'n rae, ní téirdeann fé neoir;
 Tá bárra na scrlaoth ag déanamh rceoil,
 Naic fada bhéid Shaeðil i ngéibheann bhrón
 Meafaim sur rubaíc do'n Mumáin an ceol
 'S o'á maireann go duibh dé éribh na dtíreón
 Toirann na dtóinn le pleagrais na long
 Ag tairraint go teann 'n-ári sceanann fé feol.

Tá doibhill ari mire agur díne ós
 Agur Clíodna an bhrúinneal íp áilne rnoth;
 Táid mílte agur tuilleadh de'n dtáin reo fóir
 Dá fuiðeaóth le buile sur tainig an leoðan.
 Meafaim sur rubaíc do'n Mumáin an ceol
 'S o'á maireann go duibh dé éribh na dtíreón
 Toirann na dtóinn le pleagrais na long
 Ag tairraint anall 'n-ári sceanann fé feol.

Íp annamh dám mardean ari amairc an laoi
 Nlá bainim éum peasta go fairsingse riór,
 Mo ñealjca dá leatadh ag fairfe de riór
 Ari ñarcaidh an fáraifre ag searrtaóth na ruisge.
 Meafaim sur rubaíc do'n Mumáin 'r sur binn
 'S o'á maireann go duibh dé éribh na Rioch
 Toirann na long ag rcoiltéadha na dtóinn
 Ag tairraint go teann 'n-ári sceanann san moill.

Cruinníseas Ísac Duine o'fhlil Mileadach réin
 So mheann 'n-a chuirte de'n bhíos-fhlil bhráon
 Do milleadh le dolgáit 'r do crádhach le cláon
 So mbuailefir ríe buille le báipe an tréin.

Mearaim gur riúdach do'n fhlúimain i gcein
 'S o'á maireann go duadhach de chrua na dtrean
 Toirinn na dtionn le ghearráid na long
 Ag tairannt go teann 'n-ári gceann le faothar.

CAOINEADH AIRT UÍ LAOÍSAIRE.

(Eibhlín Dubh Ní Chonaill do ceap. Feapí eibhlín do b'eadh Árt uí Laóisairie, agus do láimhleád coir inre Caifíseach an tme é le feall-beartáil um bealtaine, 1773. Mac neamhsíniúil o' Eibhlín a b'eadh Domhnall uí Conaill an "Liberator." Seoibhí an Caoineadh i n-ionlán, nó a fhuijimóri pé rcéal é, i "Uíghleabhair na Gaeálta" i gcoimhí Meiriceá a 1896. Ní h'ré go léiri anufo.)

Mo shrád go daingean tú !
 Lá d'a bheaca tú
 Ag ceann tigé an t-áirítear ;
 Tug mo fhlil aithe óuit,
 Tug mo ériorté taitneamh óuit ;
 O'éaluisgear óm' acaír leat;
 I bfarad ó baile leat.

I f' cuimín lem' aigne,
 An lá bheag earráis úd,
 Suí bheag tágadh nata óuit,
 I f' banta óir carta aip.
 Cláirdeamh cinn aigéid,—
 Lám óeaf calma,—
 Rompráil bágaíteac,—
 Fír-éigíteagla
 Ári náimhíodh céalgaí—
 Tú i gcoimír cùm falaitaet'

Ir ead caol ceann-fionn fuit,
 O'umhluisgoir Saranais
 Siop go talamh duit,
 Ir ní mairt maité leat
 Aict le haon corp eagla,
 Siúd gur leo do cailleadh tú
 A mhílínín m'anma.

Mo capa tú go daingean !
 Nioc ériordear miamh do marbhadh
 So dtáinig éisgam do capall
 'S a rímantá leí go talamh,
 Ir fuil do ériordé ari a leacain
 Siap go diallait síneanta
 Na mbíteadh d'fhiordé 'r ió' feargam.
 Tugtar léim go tapaird,
 An céad léim ari an gcairpte,
 An dara léim ari an dtairpri
 An tríomhaid léim ari do capall.

Do bhuilear go luat mo bára,
 'S do baineas ar na peatais.
 Comh maitír íbí rē agam
 So bhuailreasr iómham tú marbh
 Coir tuairín írul aitinn,
 San phápa ír san earrbog,
 San cléiríreasr ír san rásairt
 Do leisfeasr oírt an tráilm,
 Aict fean-bean érionna éaitte
 Do leat oírt beann d'á fallaings :
 Do chuir folá leat 'na ríaitib ;
 Ir níor fhanar le n-a glanaid
 Aict i d'ol ruar lem' báraib.

Mo ghrád tú 'gur mo éaitneamh !
 Eiris ruar ió' feargam,

Ír tairiú liom férinn a bheile
 So gcuimhfeamh mairit dá leasadh,
 So nglaoibhfeamh ari cónuirír fáirfing,
 So mbeiridh agamh ceol dá rppleasadh,
 So gcuimhfeoeadh duit-re leabha
 Fé bhratáinbh mine geala,
 Fé cùilteannanbh bheag' bheaca,
 A chuirfhiad teaghlach tréidh bhallainb
 I n-ionad an fuaict a ghlaicair.

• • • • •

A òaoine, ná héirtíodh
 Le racaireadct éitig.
 Níl aon bhean i nÉireann
 Do fínneadh a taoibh leir,
 Do bhearradh trí laois òd,
 Ná racaadh le craoibh
 I ndiaidh ailtí Uí Laoighaire
 Atá annaofa turaocasta
 Ó mairdin inbhe agam.

A Muirírin, leán oírt !
 Fuil do chroíde d'éag leat !
 Do fáileadh dá gcaocadh !
 Do ghlúineadh dá gheabhadh !
 Do mairbháir mo laois-ra,
 'S gan aon feadur i nÉireann
 A ghealadhfaidh na rileáir leat.

• • • • •

Ghealadhfaidh agusat agusar thí !
 A Muirír ghláonta an fili,
 A bain síomh férinn mo thísear,
 Atáil mo leanbh gan aonar ;
 Dír aca ag riubhal an thíse,
 'S an tríomhád ceann i fírtig im' clí,
 'S ní thosa go gcuimhfeadh síomh !

Mo ghlád ó tú 'súr mo chaitheamh !
 Nuair ghábhair amach an geata
 Ó'filliúr tár n-airg go tapairó ;
 Do phósair do thír leanún,
 Phósair mire ari báisra báire,
 Dúibháir, "A Eibhlín, eirtis id' fearram
 So luaimheas ír go tapairó,
 Táim-re ag fágáil an báile
 Ír ní móidé go deo go scárrainn."
 Ni júnnear deo' éainnt aét magadó :
 Bíteá dá piad liom go nimic céana.

Mo ghlád ó tú 'súr mo éumann !
 'S ní hē a bhfuair báir deo' cineadh,
 Ná báir mo chruinnír cloinne ;
 Ná Domhnall móir ua Conaill,
 Ná Conall a bácair ó an tuile,
 Ná bean na ríe mbliadhán bpríceadh
 Do chuaidh anonn tár uisce
 Ag cairdeasadh aécht le riachtib ;
 Ni hiad ro go téir tá agam
 Le huclán cléib dá ngsairt
 Aéct Árt ua Laoighre an oimhí,
 Árt na ghluaighe finne,
 Árt an bhuachaill 'r an mórnuí,
 Marcaí na láraí doinne,
 Ó d' baint ariéiri dá bónnait
 Ári línre Cárthais' an lme—
 Nári mairiúr sí a nainm ná a gloinneadh !

IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU COULD'ST HAVE DIED.

If I had thought thou could'st have died

I might not weep for thee ;

But I forgot, when by thy side,

That thou could'st mortal be :

It never through my mind had passed,

The time would e'er be o'er,

And I on thee should look my last,

And thou should'st smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,

And think 'twill smile again ;

And still the thought I will not brook,

That I must look in vain !

But when I speak—thou dost not say

What thou ne'er left unsaid ;

And now I feel, as well I may,

Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,

All cold, and all serene—

I still might press thy silent heart,

And where thy smiles have been !

While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,

Thou seem'st still my own ;

But there I lay thee in thy grave

And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,

Thou hast forgotten me ;

And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,

In thinking, too, of thee :

Yet there was round thee such a dawn

Of light ne'er seen before,

As fancy never could have drawn,

And never can restore !

THE GOOD SHIP, CASTLE DOWN.

A.D. 1776.

Oh ! how she ploughed the ocean, the good ship, Castle Down,
The day we hung our colours out, the Harp without the
Crown !

A gallant barque, she topped the wave ; and fearless hearts
were we,

With guns, and pikes, and bayonets, a stalwart company,
'Twas a sixteen years from Thurot ; and sweeping down
the bay,

The "Siege of Carrickfergus" so merrily we did play ;
By the old Castle's foot we went, with three right hearty
cheers ;

And waved our green cockades aloft, for we were Volunteers,
Volunteers ;

Oh ! we were in our prime that day, stout Irish Volunteers.

'Twas when we weighed our anchor on the breast of smooth
Garmoyle,

'Our guns spoke out in thunder : " Adieu, sweet Irish soil ! "
At Whiteabbey and Greencastle, and Holywood so gay,
Were hundreds waving handkerchiefs, with many a loud
huzza.

Our voices o'er the water went to the hollow mountains round,
Young Freedom, struggling at her birth, might utter such a
sound.

But one green slope beside Belfast, we cheered, and cheered
it still ;

The people had changed its name that year, and called it
Bunker's Hill,

Bunker's Hill ;

Oh ! that our hands, like our hearts, had been in the trench
at Bunker's Hill !

Our ship cleared out for far Quebec ; but thither little bent,
Up some New England river, to run her keel we meant.
We took our course due North, as out round old Black Head
we steered,

Till Ireland bore south-west by south and Fingall's rock
appeared.

Then on the poop stood Webster, while the ship hung
flutteringly,

About to take her tack across the wide, wide ocean sea—
He pointed to th' Atlantic—"Yonder's no place for slaves ;
Haul down these British badges ; for Freedom rules the waves—
Rules the waves!"

Three hundred strong men answered, shouting "Freedom
rules the waves!"

Then all together rose, and brought the British ensign down ;
And up we raised our island Green, without the British
Crown ;

Emblazoned there a Golden Harp, like maiden undefiled,
A shamrock wreath around its head looked o'er the sea
and smiled.

A hundred days, with adverse winds, we kept our course
afar ;

On the hundredth day, came bearing down, a British sloop-
of-war.

When they spied our flag they fired a gun ; but as they neared
us fast,

Old Andrew Jackson went aloft and nailed it to the mast—
To the mast !

A soldier was old Jackson, he made our colours fast.

Patrick Henry was our captain, as brave as ever sailed ;
"Now we must do or die," said he, "for our Green flag is
nailed."

Silently came the sloop along ; and silently we lay,
Till with ringing cheers and cannonade the foe began the fray ;

Then the boarders o'er the bulwarks, like shuttlecocks we
cast;

One broadside volley from our guns swept down the tapering
mast.

"Now, British tars ! St. George's Cross is trailing in the sea—
How do you like the greeting and the handsel of the Free ?

Of the Free !

These are the terms and tokens of men who will be free ! "

WILLIAM B. MACBURNAY.

CÚIRT AN MEADÓIM ORÓCÉ.

A.D. 1780.

Na ghnáth mé riubal te ciúinair na hAbhann
Ár báimritis úir 'r an tOíréid go triom
I n-aice na gcoillete i gceum an tréime
Sán mairis sán moill te roillte an tae
Do ghealaod mo éoróde nuair a cinn lóc Shléime,
An talam 'r an tír i fiocháir na rréire
Tairneamhac aoiúinn, riordáin na rréinte
Ag bágairt a gheimh déar órluim a céile.
Do ghealfaod an eoróde béaláid eipion le ciantsa
Caitte sán bhris no lionta 'e phianta;
An réitseas reaibh sán reaibh sán rairobheas
Ó féadach tamall éar bárra na gcoillete
Ár laochain 'na rcaimte ár éuan sán ceo
An eala ár a bhruid 'r i ag gluaireasct leo.
Na héiric le meadair ag eipise i n-áirde
Réirre im' riadair go tarobheasct tairbheas.
Dat an locha agur goirm na uthonn
Ag teáct go tolgaec torannasct triom.
Bíod éantais i gceapainn go meadhras móthairias
I fír leimheasct eilte i gcoillete m' éomháir.
Seimneas aodairc i fiaidairc ár fíorise
Tréan-riut sádair i fiaigheasct riomra.

Ár maidin inué bì an fhréamh gan éeo,
 Ó Canceir ó'n níshréim i n-a claochtaiib teo
 Is i ghabhá éum raocháir tair éir na hoirotche
 Is obairi an lae rím réimíri rínte;
 Ó dhuilleabhar claoibh ár gheaga im' timcheall,
 Fiúrtan is fhréamh go rílaodácl taobh liom,
 Glarfa rámh is bláth is luibheanna
 Scairfeadh le fán dá ériáitdeacht rímaointe.
 Ó mé corrta 'r an coirlaibh óm' ériaoisáib,
 Sin mé tórmh ár coéigom 'ran bhréamh glas
 I n-aice na gceann i dteannta trínre
 Taca lem' ceann is m'annlaibh rínte,
 Ár ceangal mo fhlil go dulc le céile
 Greamuiséte dánta i nruibhglar néalta
 Is m'agaird 'gam foiliúisce ó éuilibh go rárta
 I dtarbhreamh o'fhuilings mé an éiungsteac ériáitde.
 Do corruius de lom, do poll go haé me
 Im' coirlaibh go triom gan meabhair gan éirum.
 Ba gairid mo fuan nuair éuala, faoil mé,
 An talamh magcuailidh ár luarcáibh im' timcheall
 Anraibh aotuaird is fuadácl fioctáir
 Is calaibh an éuain ag tuairisain teinte.
 Siollaibh óm' fhlil dárth fumluigsear uaim
 Do connaic mé éuigam le ciúinair an éuain
 An márasc bolgácl tolgacl tarbhreac
 Cnáimiac colgacl gsoiriseac gádgacl;
 A haéirde i gceart mar meap mé díreac
 A ré nò a reacáit de fílata 'r furiúdealaib,
 Péiríte beacáit d'á bhrat ag rílaillleab
 Léi 'ran trílab le dílab is rioball,
 Ba tmaor ba fíar ba fíadain le fheadaint
 Suar 'na héadan créadstacl créimeac;
 B'anraibh ceanntaibh —rcannraibh raochalta
 An dílaidh 'r an díannuial manntacl méiríreac.
 A ní gád maithe ba láidirí liomhá,
 A bionna láimhe is lán fíar innté,

Comairteach agair 'na bairri ar rpice
 If comacta baile i n-airde air gcheiniocht.
 Duibhirt go gairmseac o'foclainb dana,
 "Muirceal, coirmeas, a cotalatais ghranda!
 If duibhe an trilige duit pinte ro' fliarta
 If cuirt 'na fuidhe 'r na milte ag tuiall ann."

BRIAN MACGIOLLA MEIDRE.

AN ELEGY.

A.D. 1782.

(The subject of this Elegy, which is a translation from the Gaelic, was Francis Sigerson, whose ancestors, according to the learned translator, "were lords of the manor of Ballinskelligs, Co. Kerry," before the Cromwellian confiscations.)

In Abbey ground, by the wild western sea,
 The true Knight rests, safe-shielded, Stone, by thee.
 Here of the Tighearna led the galloping band—
 Now his home-coming saddens all the land.

The land that held his generous renown
 From Beare to Diarra, from Lee to Liffey brown,
 From Galway West to Southernmost Cape Clear,
 Kilkenny to Loch Cé—afar, anear.

Anear, afar, how mournful maids and men,
 And every eye is wet by hill and glen;
 The Suir o'erflowed, methought, the hills rent wide,
 The Skellig shrieking, said, "A man has died!"

A man has died. In grief all darkness o'er,
 From Scariff's bay, from Deene, and far Timore,
 To the last sunset isle, no sail I see;
 Valentia mourns with tears wept bitterly.

Oh bitterly cry Ards and Coom the keene
 And Ballinkelligs where no lack hath been
 Of sea-borne wine and welcomes as to home—
 The Giver greeting all who chose to come.

Who chose to come of that glad hall were free,
 With meat, brown ale, and honey from the bee—
 Through Christ's sweet will he surely shall have rest,
 Francis, whose welcome cheered the poorest guest.

Guest, void of all, with want his only friend,
 Found shield and succour, kindness to the end,
 Linens and woollens where the tall looms stand,
 Gifts hid in gifts and red wine in his hand.

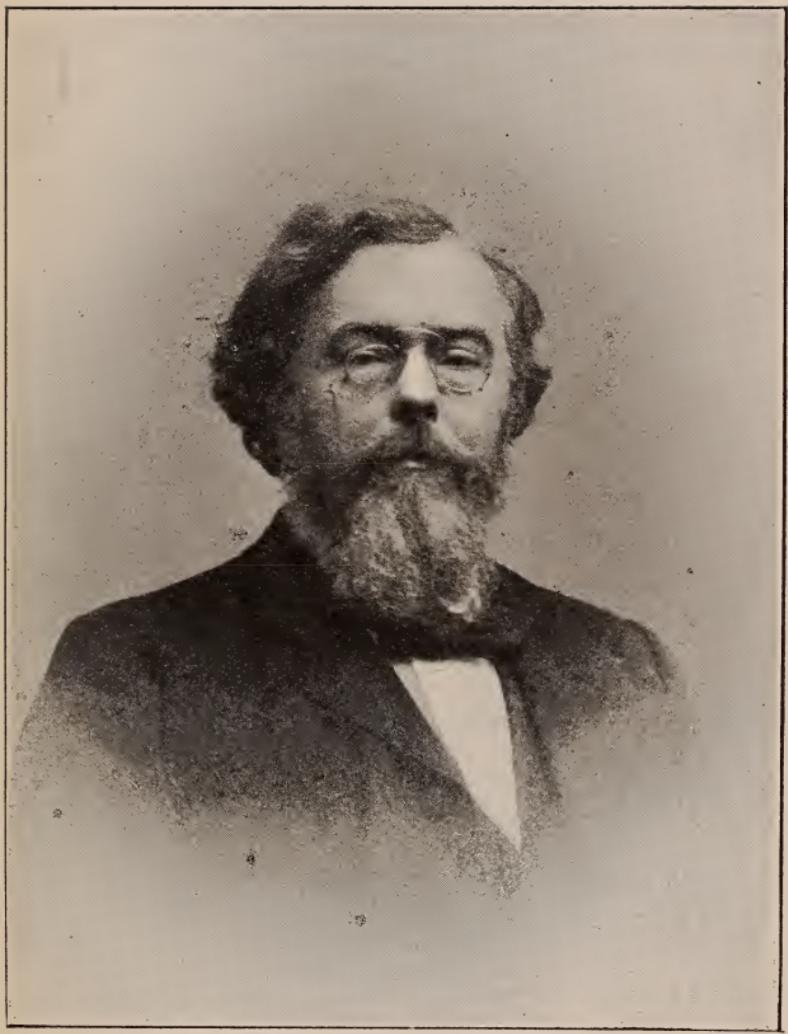
O, handsome Hawk who towered the country o'er !
 Top-spray of all who sprang from Sigerson More !
 And pure thy mother's blood, Clan-Connell's old—
 Thou dashing chief—thou joyous hand with gold.

Clean gold with poverty well shared alway,
 O, head of Counsel still—the people's stay ;
 Tis my belief from Skellig west to Cove
 No heart alive could match thy heart of love.

Love thy life's rule, from life's dawn till its night,
 How many a wrong that rule humane made right,
 How many a grief it chased and bitter moan—
 Now the Church grieves for thee, here, lying lone.

Lone here and dead. 'Tis this makes heaven dark,
 From Rath to Ruachty, o'er mountain, sea, and bark ;
 What his hand gathered for the Lamb he gave,
 The lofty, faultless tree, our princely chieftain brave.

White chief of mankind, true Cavalier all o'er,
 None e'er repelling, never closing door,
 Gloom-sad the Gael because our strength is low,
 Eclipsed our souls and wails the Voice of Woe.



DR. SIGERSON.

Woe o'er Iveragh's woods and waters wide—
 My wound ! the steadfast generous man who died ;
 Not hard the way to ope with papal keys,
 Lord, grant the Peace-maker Thy perfect peace.

Peace to give peace where he may not return,
 To heal our hurt, to light the eyes that mourn ;
 Shield of our hearts, our strength in sorrow found—
 My grief, my woe !—the Chief laid low, in Abbey ground.

GEORGE SIGERSON, M.D., F.R.U.I.

THE WAKE OF WILLIAM ORR.

A.D. 1797.

Here our murdered brother lies ;
 Wake him not with women's cries ;
 Mourn the way that manhood ought ;
 Sit in silent trance of thought.

Write his merits on your mind ;
 Morals pure and manners kind ;
 In his head as on a hill,
 Virtue placed her citadel.

Why cut off in palmy youth ?
 Truth he spoke, and acted truth,
 “Countrymen, unite,” he cried,
 And died—for what his Saviour died.

God of Peace, and God of Love,
 Let it not Thy vengeance move,
 Let it not Thy lightnings draw ;
 A nation guillotined by law.

Hapless nation ! rent and torn,
Thou wert early taught to mourn,
Warfare of six hundred years !
Epochs marked with blood and tears !

Hunted through thy native grounds,
Or flung reward to human hounds ;
Each one pulled and tore his share,
Heedless of thy deep despair.

Hapless Nation—hapless Land,
Heap of uncementing sand ;
Crumbled by a foreign weight ;
And by worse, domestic hate.

God of mercy ! God of peace !
Make the mad confusion cease ;
O'er the mental chaos move,
Through it speak the light of love.

Monstrous and unhappy sight !
Brothers' blood will not unite ;
Holy oil and holy water,
Mix and fill the world with slaughter.

Who is she with aspect wild ?
The widowed mother with her child,
Child new-stirring in the womb !
Husband waiting for the tomb !

Angel of the sacred place
Calm her soul and whisper peace,
Cord, or axe, or guillotin'
Make the sentence—not the sin.

Here we watch our brother's sleep ;
Watch with us but do not weep ;
Watch with us through dead of night,
But expect the morning light.

Conquer fortune—persevere !—
Lo ! it breaks, the morning clear !
The cheerful cock awakes the skies,
The day is come—arise !—arise !

WILLIAM DRENNAN.

CEO DRÁOIÓEACHTA.

Ceo dráoióeachta i gcoim oíoché do fheol mē
Tír é tiochtair mar óinnír ari fírlae,
San ríomh-éagaird thíosraír im' cónntasair
'S mē i gceannasair tair m'eolur i gceim ;
Do finear so ríor-éuirgeas deorais
1 gcoill éilteáin thíosraír liom fén,
Agus duitheacaitint cum Riois síl na gclóríre
1r san níod ari bít acáit tríoscáile im' béal.

Bí tioncharit im' érioióe-re, san go ari bít,
'San gcoill reo 'r san gclór Óviline im' gaoir,
San aoiúneair, acáit binn-súc na rmólaí,
Ag ríor-éantam ceoil ari gáe géis ;
Lem' taoibh gur thíos ríor-éuirgeas móthairas,
1 brioisair if i gclór ériot mar naom,
'Na gnaoi bí an lí gseal le riordair,
Ag coimearfear, 'r náir b'eol dom cia géill.

Na tríllireas tíuig buidé cartá ari ór-tháct
A tlaor-folt go bhróis leir an mbé,
A bhraoite san teimneal mar an ómraí,
A claoín-piog do béo-goin gáe laoche ;
Na binn blártá ríor-mhílir ceolmhar,
Mar ríor-émuir gáe nótá ó n-a béal,
1r na mán carlce a cíoc ériunn i gceoirí éirt
Dáir linne náir leonad le haon.

Fealéit riomhe rín cé bhiot-ra san creoibr céarit,
Do bhiot-dar le rió-feairc do'n bhé.

Ír do fadailear suír b'aoisnear rió-mori dom,
An tríd-bean do feolaod faim' théin;
Im' laoicib do gaeilgeadh im' theoir duit
Mar fealoilear mo bheol feac ari gatrae,
Ír gaein-rtair dárí riomhar do'n dísh their
Ír rinn rinte ari feorainn an trléithe:

A bhris-deac na riomh-riofr do bheoibhais mē,
Le oisighair doo' fionn' i r' doo' rceim,
An tú an aoi-l-cneir tréir oifchead na mór-érisiur,
Mar gaeilgeadh i gcoimhreas na Tráe,
No an riog-bhruiingéal mionla o'fág comhlae
Caitímeilead na bhdíorme 'r a tréad,
No an riogán gseal do dliaght ari an mór-fhlait
Ó'n mbeinn dul dál teorainngeadct i scéim?

Ír binn blasta caoin o'fheagair dómhra,
'S i aig ríp-riilead neora tré péis;
Ní haoin bhean dárí maoisír mire ro' glórcaib,
Ír mar cím-re ní heol duit mo tréad;
Ír mē an bhris-deac do bhi fealaod rórtá
Fa aoiúnear i gcoiridin círt na péis,
Aig riog Cailír Cúinn agus eogain,
Buairí mór-éannaí fórla san pléir.

Ír duibhach bocht mo cinnra 'r ír bhrónaé,
Dom b'áir-éreimead ag coimhniú gád lae
Bé b'áib-rgmact ag bhráib, san rosgádar,
Ír mo phionnra suír feolaod i scéim.
Tá mo fáil-re le h'áir-mac na glórpe
So dtiúbhraio mo leomáin fí péis
'Na ndúin-baileib dúncháir i gcoimh mait
Aig riogcaod na gceann-rioc le faobhar.

Δέ εὐητίονν ταῖρ μῶντε να ο-δρῆστ
 Τε ἐρῦ έιπτ να γέ' μόνας γαν θρέις,
 Το εὔρρα ας νύμαισιν ιρ θρόν νιομ
 Ρά γνάιτ, εαταέ, σεοταρ, γαν ρετείρ;
 Ήλα πολεζ-θροξαῖν θάτεσαιρ οά ρεοτραδ
 Μας σογαντας να γλόριε το Ρέισ
 Ιρ γύσας νο μήρεφαινν-ρε ερόν-ρυις
 Σο νυματ ταραιρ ρεόρηματ λε ριλείρ.

An Stioθaird οά οτιγεαδ ένγαιν ταρ ράιτε
 Σο εμίσ ίντε βάιντε φι πέιμ,
 Λε φιτ ο' φεαραιν Λαοιρις ιρ Σπάιννις
 Ιρ φιορ λε σορρ άταιρ γο μβέιν
 Αη φιρ-εας μεαρ γροιρδε ταραιρ όεάρηας
 Δς φιορ-έαρταδ κάιτ λε νεαρτ ραοθαιρ,
 Ιρ νι έλαοιρθινν-ρε μ' ιντινν 'να θεατρ ριν
 Κυμ λυίζε αη φεαραν γάρνα λεμ' ρε.

EOÍAN RUADH Ó SUILLEABHÁIN.

THE BROTHERS: HENRY AND JOHN SHEARES.

A.D. 1798.

'Tis midnight; falls the lamp-light dull and sickly
 On a pale and anxious crowd,
 Through the court, and round the judges, thronging thickly,
 With prayers they dare not speak aloud,
 Two youths, two noble youths, stand prisoners at the bar—
 You can see them through the gloom—
 In the pride of life and manhood's beauty, there they are
 Awaiting their death-doom.

All eyes an earnest watch on these are keeping,
 Some sobbing, turn away,
 And the strongest men can hardly see for weeping,
 So noble and so loved were they.

Their hands are locked together, these young brothers,
 As before the judge they stand ;
 They feel not the deep grief that moves the others ;
 For they die for Fatherland.

They are pale, but it is not fear that whitens
 On each proud high brow ;
 For the triumph of the martyr's glory brightens
 Around them even now.
 They sought to free their land from thrall of stranger—
 Was it treason ? Let them die ;
 But their blood will cry to Heaven—the Avenger
 Yet will hearken from on high.

Before them, shrinking, cowering, scarcely human,
 The base informer bends,
 Who, Judas-like, could sell the blood of true men,
 While he clasped their hands as friends,
 Ay ; could fondle the young children of his victim,
 Break bread with his young wife,
 At the moment that, for gold, his perjured dictum
 Sold the husband and the father's life.

There is silence in the midnight—eyes are keeping
 Troubled watch, till forth the jury come ;
 There is silence in the midnight—eyes are weeping—
 Guilty ! is the fatal doom ;
 For a moment, o'er the brothers' noble faces
 Came a shadow sad to see,
 Then silently they rose up in their places,
 And embraced each other fervently.

O ! the rudest heart might tremble at such sorrow,
 The rudest cheek might blush at such a scene ;
 Twice the judge essayed to speak the word—to-morrow—
 Twice faltered as a woman he had been.

To-morrow ! Fain the elder would have spoken,
 Prayed for respite, though it is not death he fears ;
 But thoughts of home and wife his heart have broken,
 And his words are stopped by tears.

But the youngest—O ! he speaks out bold and clearly :
 “ I have no ties of children or of wife ;
 Let me die—but spare the brother who more dearly
 Is loved by me than life.”
 Pale martyrs, ye may cease ; your days are numbered ;
 Next noon your sun of life goes down ;
 One day between the sentence and the scaffold
 One day between the torture and the crown.

A hymn of joy is rising from creation ;
 Bright the azure of the glorious summer sky ;
 But human hearts weep sore in lamentation,
 For the brothers are led forth to die.
 Ay ; guard them with your cannon and your lances—
 So of old came martyrs to the stake ;
 Ay ; guard them—see the people’s flashing glances ;
 For those noble two are dying for their sake.

Yet none spring forth their bonds to sever—
 Ah ! methinks, had I been there,
 I’d have dared a thousand deaths ere ever
 The sword should touch their hair.
 It falls !—there is a shriek of lamentation
 From the weeping crowd around ;
 They are stilled—the noblest hearts within the nation—
 The noblest heads lie bleeding on the ground.

Years have passed since that fatal scene of dying,
 Yet life-like to this day
 In their coffins still those severed heads are lying,
 Kept by angels from decay.

O ! they preach to us, those still and pallid features ;
 Those pale lips yet implore us from their graves
 To strive for our birthright as God's creatures,
 Or die, if we can but live as slaves.

LADY WILDE.

AN CAOIL-EAC RUAÓ.

A.D. 1798.

Úisír b'fada úisír ari leabha' im' luighe
 Siur ghlaothair amuise
 Marcaé lioimhá i noictearait oiróe
 Ari caoile-eac rúasá :—
 "A Úarraigheas siúróe, an ro' eodraíodh taoi,
 No ead tá oírt ?
 Bheab ro' fhiúrde go dtagairi linn
 Agus ríeas ari dtóirt."

Do ghlac me biondúas do geit i rí luigeadó
 Tíre m' nealtais rúam,
 I rí do b'fada bí mé gan focal camhá
 Do bhearrfainn uaim.
 Állur rúisgeas do fíleadhnais ríor
 So tréan d'om' ghluaist ;
 Ba ghearrí gan moill siur bheab óm' éalóibhre
 An caoile-eac rúasá.

1 n-ári n-áireamh bí d'á fiúro mile
 Séimh-feapír rúairíc
 De clannaibh Mileadh fé ariú lioimhá
 'S iad d'éanta rúarí :
 O'fiúrthuiscear-ra go tapairí biond-riam
 Cá ríoiúd' sír cuan,
 No an mbeadó na Gailí i dtalamh ríneapír
 ARI n-áeitheal go buan ?

I ducorlaó rúin do phairleasr nuaordéadach
 Na marltemé,
 Dári an teabhar ba taitnítheadé liom-ja
 Cail gacé réén
 Suír bameadó “Linnidain” i� roigt matgamha
 De'n “Stáit” mroé;
 Suír phreab an “Tíic” ari eac cùm riubair
 ’S so mbeiró an lá le hAedhil.

Dá dtigseadó rúin marí acht ’fan dúnctais
 Ba bheag an rééal!
 Ári mbailte dúnctair le realbhuisgadó ’gairinn
 Gacé lá o'ári raoisgal;
 Ári réata cù gacé mardean dúncta
 Ári eacraíodh caol,
 Ir so mbeiró na báirí dá òearbhuisgadó
 Suír rinn gairradh fiadhai.

Do ghlacar fonn cùm dul anonn
 Táir ráile i gceín
 Ag meairbhuisgadó na reabac gcuim
 Atá láidir tréan;
 Dá òearbhuisgadó ro bhusil ári n-dúnctais
 Ag an náimhíodh ’náir n-déirí—
 Marí báirí ari rúin tá mo ghlaca bhrúistí
 O'n náimhinn, mo léan!

Ag Ror Mic Tíreoin, mo ghalair dónigste,
 Bí an cárnaíd hAedheal!
 Dá fiúrto mile o'ájm liomchá
 Fé láin-neart phileasr:
 O'fág' marí rinte na tainte díob-’fan
 I dtúir an lae
 No suír fuigheasr i dtairce ári n-daoine
 Le dún ’fan mbeirion!

Ír fada an Mumha 'na ruan san mórcailt
 'S an cár d'á pléir
 Agur plúir-peart cloinne Ultach
 So hárdo d'á nglaothas :
 Ír é leisgír na huigíair ar leabhar an cunnaitir
 'S ar pád na ndom
 Suí miúr d'áinne pearta mórcailt
 No go bhfuil an dáta ar fthrae.

THE HEROINE OF ROSS

A.D. 1798.

Up from fitful sleep we wakened at the first kiss of the day ;
 There was silence by our watch-fires, for we knew the task
 that lay

To be wrought to joy or ruin ere the stars should look again
 On the places of our childhood—hill and river, rath and glen.

We were thinking of the dear ones that we left to face the foe,
 And we prayed for all the brave hearts that were lying cold
 and low,

And we looked upon the meadows staring blank against the
 sun,

Then we thought upon the future and the work that must be
 done.

Fear ! we knew it not, for Vengeance burned fierce in every
 heart ;

Doubt ? why doubt when we but hungered each to do a true
 man's part :

" On to Ross !" our pulses quickened as the word from man
 to man

Passed along, and bold John Kelly forward stepped to lead
 the van.

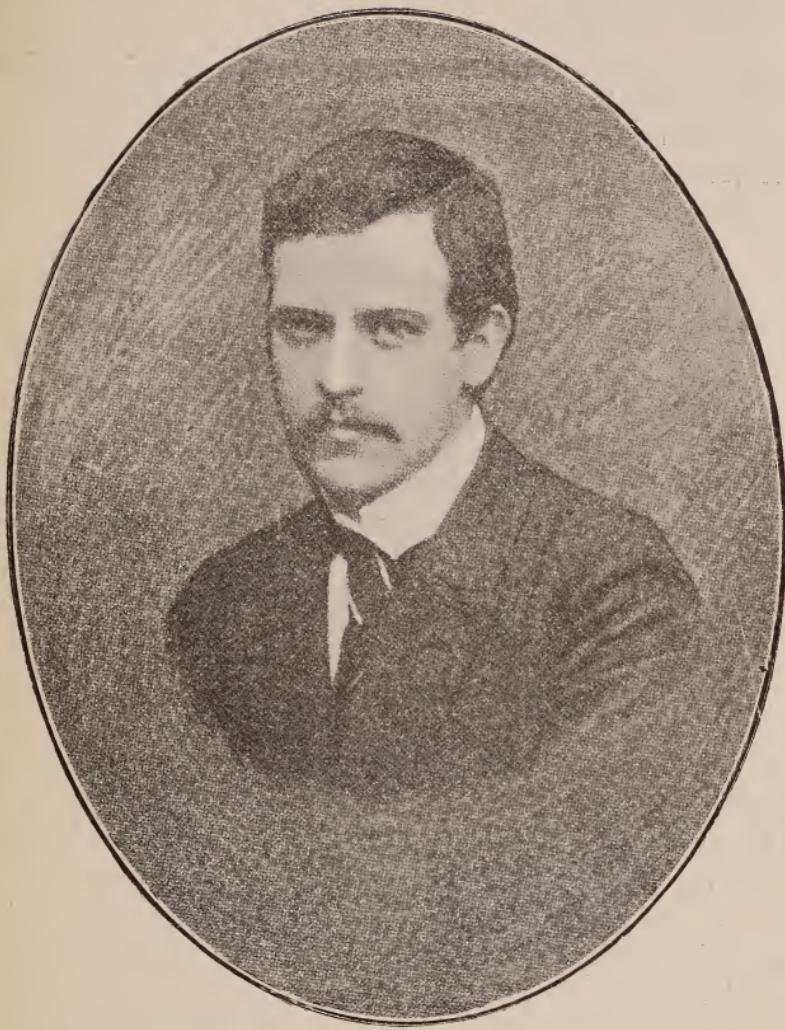
Through the misty summer morn by the hedgerows bright we sped,
 While the lark with joyous music filled the spreading dome o'erhead,
 And the sun rode up the circle, and the earth began to smile,
 But our hearts knew nought of pleasure, they were cold as in the while.

Silent all, with stony gaze, and lips as tightly locked as death,
 On we went by flowering thorns through the balmy summer's breath,
 On, till Ross was close upon us, then a shout resounding rose,
 And like ocean's waves in winter in we leaped upon our foes !

For a brief, brief spell they quavered, then their muskets rang reply,
 And our boys in hundreds falling looked their last upon the sky.
 But, the empty places filling, still we rallied to the fray,
 Till the misty summer morning wore into the dusty day.

But a figure rose before us, 'twas a girl's fragile frame,
 And among the fallen soldiers there she walked with eyes aflame,
 And her voice rang o'er the clamour like a trumpet o'er the sea :
 " Whoso dares to die for Ireland, let him come and follow me ! "

Then against the line of soldiers with a gleaming scythe on high,
 Lo ! she strode, and though their bullets whistled round they passed her by,
 And, a thousand bosoms throbbing, one wild, surging shout we gave,
 And we swept them from our pathway like the sand before the wave.



WILLIAM ROONEY.

What, though fate frowned on our banners, and the night
came down in woe,
Let that maiden's fame be cherished while the Barrow's
waters flow ;
Ever be her name a beacon to the true who labour on
In the faith that clouds for ever cannot cloak the blaze of
Dawn.

WILLIAM ROONEY.

THE PRIESTS OF NINETY-EIGHT.

The story of our native land, from weary age to age
Is writ in blood and scalding tears in many a gloomy page ;
But darkest, saddest page of all is that which tells the fate
Of Erin's noblest martyr-sons, the Priests of Ninety-Eight.

Leal children of the Church were they, her soldiers brave and
true,
Yet Irish hearts within their breasts were beating warmly too ;
For years of patient, studious toil, of vigil, and of prayer
Had never quenched the patriot fire which God had kindled
there.

When sheltered by the stranger's hand among the hills of
Spain,
Or where the streams of sunny France roll rapid to the main,
Their fondest thought in eager flight where'er their feet might
roam,
Had sped across the circling seas that girt their island home--

Across the wide and circling seas unto her emerald breast
Had come like weary ocean birds that seek a place of rest,
And back unto the exiles borne in far off foreign clime
Sweet memories of the bygone joys of boyhood's golden time.



V. REV. P. M. CANON FURLONG, P.P.

And many an eve the strangers' halls re-echoed Erin's songs
 That told in fierce or touching strain the story of her wrongs ;
 And many a night beneath the stars that lit the southern skies,
 While hotly throbbed their loving hearts, and big tears filled
 their eyes.

But now again, their exile o'er, they tread their native land,
 Among her leaders and her chiefs anointed priests they stand ;
 Anointed priests, with priestly charge, and bound by priestly
 vow,

They owe their isle a double meed of love and duty now.

The love of father for his flock of helpless little ones—
 The love a darling mother wins from true and tender sons—
 A love that liveth to the end, defying time and fate—
 With such a love they loved their land, the Priests of Ninety-
 Eight.

The gory track of tyranny has all her hills defiled,
 And ruin riots o'er the scenes where peace and plenty smiled ;
 Her fields lie bare and desolate, her mournful rivers moan
 By blackened hearths, and outraged homes, and altars over-
 thrown.

Through hall and hamlet 'mid the wreck the spoiler's hand
 has made
 Red murder in the name of Law pursues his hellish trade,
 And day and night the gibbets groan, the deadly bullets rain,
 And dusty street and hillside bare are piled with heaps of
 slain !

The good and true and noble fall or find a living tomb,
 Away from home and friend, within the dungeon's lonely
 gloom,
 Or sink beneath the brutal lash, or pitch-cap's maddening
 pang,
 The prey of men with tiger heart and worse than tiger fang.

To heaven in ceaseless dirge ascends the mother's wild despair,
The wail of sorrowing wife and child, the maid's unheeded
prayer ;

The voice of vengeful blood, that cries up from the wreaking
sod—

Ah ! well may ache your Irish hearts, O patient priests of God.

Well may the fire of righteous wrath leap to your watching eyes !
Well may you vow before the God that rules the earth and skies
No more to preach ignoble peace, no more your hands to hold,
While tyrants waste your lands with war, and tigers rend
your fold !

They drew the green old banner forth and flung it to the light,
And Wexford heard the rallying cry and gathered in her might,
And swore, around uplifted cross, unto the latest breath
To follow where her sagarts led—to victory or death !

The sagarts led, the pikemen fought, like lions brought to bay,
And Wexford proved her prowess well in many a bloody fray,
Where wronged and wronger foot to foot in deadly grip were
seen,

And England's hated Red went down before the Irish Green.

And bravest of the brave and true that struck for Ireland's
right—

The wisest at the council board, the boldest in the fight—
All pure from stain or breath of shame through storms of
strife and hate,

They bore the sagarts' honoured name—the Priests of Ninety-
Eight.

But, oh ! those priests, those noble priests, how sad a fate
was theirs,

How full the cup of bitterness the All-wise God prepares
For His own chosen ones marked out in suffering and shame
Anew to consecrate His cause, and glorify His name !

Yes, they were soldiers in His cause—the cause of trampled right—

His cause, wherever o'er the world His trumpet calls to fight—
His cause, though scorned of slavish men, and crushed by
despot heel—

The holiest that ever bared a soldier's fearless steel.

Yes, they were martyrs for His name—for Him and His
they died—

Let cowards scoff, and cynics sneer, and mocking foes deride—
For it is written large and deep on many a gore-stained sod,
“Who dieth for God’s people, he most truly dies for God.”

And radiant shall their memory live, though dark and sad
their doom,

To brighten in our history a page of woe and gloom—
A pillar-fire to guide a nation struggling to be free,
Along the thorny, sunless path that leads to liberty.

Oh, Irish priests ! how proud and grand a heritage is yours !
A priceless love that will not die as long as time endures—
A precious flower of matchless bloom, whose perfume day
by day

Will sweeten every toil and cross that meet you on your way.

Oh ! guard it well against all taint of foul decay and death,
Its holy, hallowed beauty shield from every withering breath ;
And fair and stainless hand it down to those who'll follow you,
And love it with an equal love—as generous, fond, and true.

And honour them—the martyred dead—the fearless, good
and wise—

Who for its sake in evil days made willing sacrifice
Of earthly hope and earthly joy, and dared the felon's fate
To feed it with their own hearts' blood—the Priests of Ninety-
Eight.

DO CUALAÓ SCÉAL.

(Ari nGáeláil Airtéarí uí Conchúair agus ar mairbhéal éalbháilteach Seapais.)

Do cuala rceál do péab mo ériodé ionnam
 Ír d'áitdousis gusalir ír ghuaidim ari m'intinn,
 Scéal do leán fír Éireann timcheall,
 Ír le'ri cíMLEADÓ FÓDRA i mbrión san rcaorileadó.

A CLANNA HAEDEAL, rin péidh rin ériodé;
 D'IMÉIS ÓSRI, ÓSRI ÓTREOIR, ní'l rpeoir ná bhus éonnait;
 SIN É AN HSEAPAILTAC SEANGAILTE I NGÉILÍLEADÓ,
 ÍR AIRTÉAR UAFAL UAIH ÉAP TAOIDE.

Ní'l rioghs-fhlait rtaít le fasáil 'ran tír reo
 Le n-ári m'aitír ósri nglar a rcaorileadó,
 Ná fuil m'ádó ír rioghsáil nimhe air
 'S AN CINEAMÁINT DÁ CIOPLUÍSUÍSÁD AGUS DÁ CLEORIDÉAIMT.

Ní hiongnaid uom-ra Óuiri go haoríbinn
 San baoisgal san baoisgal san mairis i scárip Lúiric,
 'S gur rin féin atá, cé náir le hinnriunt,
 Ag bhrat a céile de tpeád na gclaoineadhair.

Luairiam, aitcim, ír rpeardaim ari lóra,
 Ír go raibh an geall ari namaird ari ótige;
 Go raibh baoisgal ír leán ír lion-luinc
 Ari gac rpeáin cíMLEADÓ ÉORIÚDÉIS.

Ri na bflaitearf do òealbuis tiochtá,
 Rae agus péalta, rpeáitá ír taoide,
 Go ndéinidh cùl go humair d'ári muinntir,
 Ír go raibh an cluicé rpeo aca san rísgneair.

Ó éim an eár tairi atá ag aír tuimintíri,
 'S go ńfuil na ńníl go uilé 'n-a utiméecall,
 ñleabhras éum riubhail anonn tarí taoise
 ńr tiocead anall te fíannais líomhá.

So ńfeiceam Éire gaojí san daoiríre,
 'S an ńratainn uaitne i n-uaectarí rcaointe,
 Sac tíoránas claoim-éadraí coimhíúcheas
 i n-dinni an ńuabhair, ńr san Dia ná gcuimhdeas.

mícheál ós o longán.

PÁID O'DONOOGHUE.

The Yeos were in Dunshaughlin, and the Hessians in Dunreagh,
 And spread thro' fair Moynalty were the Fencibles of Reagh,
 While Roden's godless troopers ranged from Skreen to
 Mullachoo,
 When hammered were the pikeheads first by Páid
 O'Donoghue.

Young Páid, he was as brave a boy as ever hammer swung,
 And the finest hurler that you'd find the lads of Meath
 among ;
 And when the wrestling match was o'er no man could boast
 he threw
 The dark-haired smith of Curroghá, young Páid O'Donoghue.

So Pádraig lived a happy life and gaily sang each day
 Beside his ringing anvil some sweet old Irish lay,
 Or roamed light-heartedly at eve thro' the woods of lone
 Kilbrue,
 With her who'd given her pure heart's love to Páid
 O'Donoghue.



PATRICK ARCHER.
("mac finegall.")

But Ninety-Eight's dark season came and Irish hearts were sore ;

The pitch-cap and triangle the patient folk outwore ;
The blacksmith thought of Ireland and found he'd work to do :

" I'll forge some steel for freedom," said Páid O'Donoghue.

Tho' the Yeos were in Dunshaughlin and the Hessians in Dunreagh,

Tho' spread thro' fair Moynalty were the Fencibles of Reagh ;
Tho' Roden's godless troopers ranged from Screen to Mullachoo,

The pike-heads keen were hammered out by Páid O'Donoghue.

And so in Curroghá each night was heard the anvil's ring,

While scouting on the roadways were Hugh and Phelim King,

With Gillic's Mat, and Duffy's Pat, and Mickey Gilsenan, too,

While in the forge for Ireland worked young Páid O'Donoghue.

But a traitor crept amongst them, and the secret soon was sold

To the captain of the Yeomen for the ready Saxon gold ;
And a troop burst out one evening from the woods of dark Kilbrue,

And soon a rebel prisoner bound, was Páid O'Donoghue.

Now Pádraig Og pray fervently, your earthly course has run ;

The captain he has sworn you'll not see the morrow's sun.

The muskets they are ready, and each yeoman's aim is true ;

Death stands beside thy shoulder, young Páid O'Donoghue.

" Down on your knees, you rebel dog," the yeoman captain roared,

As high above his helmet's crest he waved his gleaming sword.

" Down on your knees to meet your doom, such is the rebel's
due ; "

But straight as pike shaft 'fore him stood bold Páid
O'Donoghue.

And there upon the roadway where in childhood he had
played,

Before the cruel yeoman he stood quite undismayed—
" I kneel but to my God above, I ne'er shall bow to you ;
You can shoot me as I'm standing," said Páid O'Donoghue.

The captain gazed in wonder, then lowered his keen-edged
blade,

" A rebel bold as this," he said "'tis fitting to degrade.
Here men ! " he cried, " unbind him, my charger needs a
shoe ;

The King shall have a workman in this Páid O'Donoghue."

Now to the forge young Páid has gone, the yeomen guard
the door,

And soon the ponderous bellows is heard to snort and roar ;
The captain stands with reins in hand while Pádraig fits
the shoe,

And when 'tis on full short the shrift he'll give O'Donoghue.

The last strong nail is firmly clenched, the captain's horse
is shod !

Now rebel bold thine hour hath come, prepare to meet
thy God !

But why holds he the horse's hoof there's no more work to do ?

Why clenches he his hammer so, young Páid O'Donoghue ?

A leap ! a roar ! a smothered groan ! the captain drops the rein,
And sinks to earth with hammer-head sunk deeply in his
brain ;

And lightly in the saddle fast racing towards Kilbrue
Upon the captain's charger sits bold Páid O'Donoghue.

A volley from the pistols, a rush of horses' feet—
 He's gone ! and none can capture the captain's charger
 fleet ;
 And on the night wind backwards comes a mocking loud
 “ Halloo ! ”
 That tells the yeomen they have lost young Páid
 O'Donoghue.

PATRICK ARCHER.

THE DEATH OF EMMET.

A.D. 1803.

See, there within the heart of Dublin City,
 That silent throng of people waiting. Why ?
 Because a noble youth—O tale of pity !—
 Comes forth to-day for Freedom's cause to die !

He saw his country scourged, and bruised, and beaten,
 And trampled down, a butt for brutal scorn,
 Because he tried her sorrow-draught to sweeten
 In manhood's budding strength he dies this morn.

And gathered closely there, with placid faces,
 And fireless gaping eyes, to see him fall,
 To see his bright hopes crushed in death's embraces,
 Are they the slaves he strove to free from thrall ?

Hush ! here he comes, with steps that do not falter,
 With fearless gaze, and proudly-arching brow,
 A noble offering he, for Freedom's Altar,—
 But ye who watch, where is your manhood now ?

Why tender not your hearts to Anger's leading,
 And burst like wind-lashed waves upon that crew,
 Who, back and forth like fiends accurst are speeding
 In joy because they've hellish work to do.



BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

What matter tho' he's hedged around by foemen,
 A people's will is mightier than the sea ;
 What ! fear ye then those black-souled coward yeomen ?
 Ah ! sad his fate who dies for such as ye !

The neck is bared, the kingly head is bending,
 The longing eyes look wistfully around ;
 Great God ! and shall it come, the cruel ending ?
 And shall he die like this, in fetters bound ?

O, if 'twere where the battle-flame was sweeping
 Above the rush, and roar, and din of strife,
 Where angry men, 'gainst lines of foemen leaping,
 Avenged the wrongs of sire, and maid, and wife.

But here to die, 'mid foes, exultant, jeering,
 'His work undone, his country still in chains.
 Hark ! hears he not the sound of distant cheering ?
 He feels the fire of Freedom in his veins !

MO ÙPÓN ! MO ÙPÓN ! not so, 'tis fancy only,
 Some woman's wail ; perhaps some pitying moan
 For him, who faces death unarmed and lonely,
 Who fights the last great fight of all—alone.

The hour has come, his star of life is paling ;
 But still, the hope-flush lives upon his cheeks.
 He looks around, that eagle eye unquailing,
 And, as the upraised axe would fall, he speaks :—

" Not yet," he says, " not yet, I am not ready ; "
 His eager gaze is fixed upon the street ;
 His heart is throbbing now with beat unsteady ;
 He listens for the sound of rushing feet.

" Not yet, not yet," once more the words are spoken,
 And while they come upon each gasping breath
 The blow is struck, the brave proud heart is broken,
 The noble spirit stilled in endless death.

A leering brute stoops down a moment later,
 And raises up the ghastly bleeding head.
 "Behold," he cries, "the fate of every traitor.
 Ha ! ha ! the dogs have wine that's rich and red."

And ye who came with hasty footsteps, thronging,
 Who, round the block, in rageless silence stood ;
 Who knew his heart for Freedom's light was longing,
 And saw him die, that dogs might lap his blood !

Go ! hide your heads in guilty shame, unending,
 And see that blood-stained form before your eyes.
 Nor time, nor change, nor storms the wide earth rending,
 Shall stifle in your hearts his anguished cries.

But come it will—the patriot's vindication—
 And men shall rise to blot out every stain,
 To bring back life and strength to Emmet's Nation ;
 To tear from off her limbs the thralldom chain.

Some day guilt receives its own red wages,
 And if *we* fail to pay back every debt,
 There's One who rules o'er all, thro' all the ages,
 And *He* remembers well—if we forget.

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

ROBERT EMMET'S SPEECH FROM THE DOCK.

MY LORDS—I am asked what have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law. I have nothing to say that can alter your pre-determination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are to pronounce and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have laboured to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been

cast upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your mind can be so free from prejudice as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and that is the utmost that I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbour to shelter it from the storms by which it is buffeted. Was I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of the law, labour in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere, whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe time must determine. A man in my situation has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in the defence of their country and of virtue, this is my hope—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High—which displays its power over man, as over the beasts of the forest—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standards—a

government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows it has made.

I appeal to the Immaculate God—I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the conviction which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently traveiled ; and I confidently hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest of enterprises. Of this I speak with confidence, of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, or a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve, even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.

I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France ! and for what end ? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country ; and for what end ? Was this the object of my ambition ? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradiction ? No ; I am no emissary ; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country, not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France ! and for what ? Was it a change of masters ? No, but for my

ambition. Oh, my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressor. My Country was my Idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up myself, O God! No, my lords; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide, from the ignominy existing with an exterior of splendour and a conscious depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly-riveted despotism—I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world. Connection with France was, indeed, intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require.

I have been charged with that importance in the emancipation of my country, as to be considered the key-stone of the combination of Irishmen; or, as your lordship expressed it, “the life and blood of the conspiracy.” You do me honour over-much; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy, who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conception of yourself, my lord—men before the splendour of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves disgraced by shaking your blood-stained hand.

What, my lord, shall you tell me on the passage to the scaffold, which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has been and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor

—shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it ? I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my whole life ; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here ? By you, too, although if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry in one great reservoir your lordship might swim in it.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonour ; let no man attaint my memory, by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence ; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression and misery of my country. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for our views ; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor for the same reason that I would resist the foreign and domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it ? No ; God forbid !

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life, oh ! ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism

which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life. My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim—it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are now bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be yet patient ! I have but a few more words to say—I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished—my race is run—the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world, it is—THE CHARITY OF ITS SILENCE. Let no man write my epitaph ; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me rest in obscurity and peace ; and my tomb remain uninscribed, and my memory in oblivion, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

SÍOSMA AN ANNA LEIS AN SCOLAINN.

Éirtíshid a cónúirfa agus innéoradh róeál thíb,
Mar a deiridh na huigíodair múninte léigseanta,
Ar an riorma ériuaitid a bheid lá na nodaoirí-Úrbeas
Ag an scolainn íf an anam i n-apraíod a céile.

An uairi réidhfeair an trionfaid go haobhail faoiúras,
Eipeocair i n-a ruinde le bhris go héarcáid,
Agus baileocair aonaraid go sád tráip ran traoighí,
Mar ar céardat Cúiort go fíor ar ghearr-érioi.

An uairi tiochair an t-anam dhamanta daorí thíb
Anior ar ifreann íf é uile mar éadra,

Rácaid go dtí an colann lobhá rán gscré fíor
 Cum teangeál' leir an mbreitheamh ari mullac an énuic
 Éadctas.

An t-ánam:

Déarffaird le feairis ír é ag ríopeanais le piancaib:
 Mo mallact duit, a colann, com dona 'r ír féinidir;
 Ír iomána mallact do chuillir dom i n-íopeann daorlaita,
 Ír mo mallact do'n lá i n-apá tásca ag pléid leat.

An colann:

Créad é do cùir cùgam, a lúbairne rcléireadé?
 Créad fá go bfuilir com cuimh ro im' òdaorla?

Créad a minnear leat piom a òdaibh an éitig
 Le n-a mbeiteá ari buile cùgam ír ag riormaó le faoisair-nimh.

An tanam:

Do meallair cum peaca mé leó' bladairleacáit éitig,
 Ír do seallair i n-a òdaibh rín leó' bhuiltearai bhréise
 Go ndéanfa aitriúise ro' peacaib cláontaí,
 Níod ná minnir no go minneadh tú òdaorla.

Ír iomána mallact do chuillir dom i n-íopeann cláorach
 1 òtaoibh do cùirítearéac' ó piugadh rán traoisal tú;
 Mo créad, go dóisté, ír go rcdalta céarta
 Mar a fuairi mé piom tú ó Óia mar céile!

An colann:

Nád agat-ra b'í an ciatl piom ír an éirim,
 Tuigint agur meabhair i oteannta céile?
 Créad é an cùir ná minnir mire do rtaonaó,
 Ír gan leigint dom turra do milleadh ír do cláocád?

An tanam:

Do fuairi mé ciatl ó Óia, ní bhéas rán;
 Aict do bain turra òiom i le bhus do cláonta;
 Do ballair mo meabhair leó' cláim-rligstib éitig,
 Mo choil, mo tuigint do millir-pe i n-éinfeacáit.

AII ÉOLANN:

Éirt, a réallaire, ír a ghlamairíle bhéiceadé,
 Táoi go mionmaraid ag déanam tubairte le héicéadé;
 Mí a bhoifighra dall gád am dem' faoisíl
 Do bhrí-re mall éum aitriúise déanam.

Ír fóir ba meara leat bheit maectnáin air t'éiríum,
 Ar feabhar o'eolair ír do mór-éuidi réime,
 Ír méid do chuirreana i gcuimdeacáin eisre,
 Cé nár chuirte óuit an tuigfín ba naomhá.

AII TÁLLAM:

Éirt-re, a cónabhlaisí ír cuij corc leo' béal uaim,
 Ír ionrada truoc-éamaint agat ag inriunt rceal oírm:
 Dá n-déanfainnn-re curio deo' coiméadailb-re do rceirdeacáint,
 Ba mór an marlaib do leanfaib i n-a chaoibh oírt.

• • • • •
 Ní riabuib truaib agat dómhra ír tú go rúdraic péesacád,
 Ag imteacáit go meadóraic ír tairbhfe air t'éadán,
 Go baileib móra id' fhuasairíe rcléipeadé,
 Ag imiríte ír ag ól ír leir an óige pléiríopeadé.

• • • • •
 Ír ionrada biaib maiet blasta do éaitír leat féinísh
 Ír feartairde móra i mearc uairle tréiteadé,
 Agur mire go fannlag lom fé séar-élar
 Írtísh id' éabdhil-re 'r gan beann ag éinne oírm.

AII ÉOLANN:

Stao, a clámpaire ír ná labhair éomh daorí rian;
 Mí éaitínnn-re baird i mearc cliair na féile,
 Ír go n-ólann i dtiúsh an órta mo òdaotain
 Níor fcaonair turba ó cuimdeacáin naomhá.

AII TÁLLAM:

Deiríum naidh mire a riabuib gur tuigfainf-re t'éicéadé
 Nuaírí binn-ge air aigine mo leara do déanam

Le faoihríon beatád im' peascáid go téipeas,
Ní leigfead-ra cum cinn mé, a cládairie an éiscis,

Tá nádhsan amhras go náibh am mo Óaoctain
Asgam-ra go fóil cum iomordha ari naomhácht,
Ir ó bhi Dia trócaireas gur édiri nári Óaoisal dom
Fuirreasé mar a bhior go críe mo faoisail.

An Choláinn:

Má bhior gsan tuigsear gsan chruinneas gsan éipim,
Gsan fíor na deirfeas aict im' bheallúice bheagás,
Ceo é an éinir ná junnír-pe mé do rtaonad,
Ir gsan leigint dom éorúce turá do éaoeád?

An tAillamh:

Ná tuigeadh aon duine gur mire do léan tú,
Ní mé go deimhn aict do neamh-fhaim réinid,
Gsan ghlád do Dia ná éileamh ari naomhácht
Aict id' rradairie marb gsan eagla i n-aon éor.

Cé go bfuairfí foighiuim cum labairt le hífeas,
Saeðeals ir Lardean ir ana-éiríodh Óéapla
Níor édiri duit éorúce i gcuimdeacáin an traoisail
Seit ag caineád gac nduine nári cumann leat fén é.

Deirim le fírinne le bhus ir éifeas,
Gur marc do tuillir go deimhn do Óaoisad;
Mar dhlíl do leara níor glacaír i n-aon éor,
Aict fuirreas id' gairdhe gur gearradh de'n traoisail tú.

Comh fada ir beir Óia 'na Óia ari an faoisail
Beir túra ir mire ari buile gsan traoeád,
Ag mallaéntaing go triom gac am a céile
I dtéintiú ifrinn 'mearc tuille tá Óaoisad.

Beir píleanncaíca teine ag níct ari do béal-ra,
Ir piaptairde nimh id' ite ir id' péabaid;

Do ceann no do éloingeann ari fiucaidh le tréime,
 'Síor inír an gcoiri ír tú ari buile le piantaibh.

AII COLANN:

Mo mallaict le bimib do'n lá pugadh ra traoisai me,
 Mo mallaict le buile do gaeil ntuine do éaois me,
 Im' éarriac 'fan breaca de òearcainb òrois-élaonta,—
 Ír mo mallaict duit-re tuigaim comh dona 'r ír férdir.

Mo éreacé go dóigte, ír mo bhrón móri péime,
 Miac im' éloic no im' mairde do chaithearf mo tsearfa;
 Ni beinn i ndui im' conablaic bhréan ait
 Ag imcheacht go hifreann 'meafar tuille tá daorlada.

AII TANAM:

A bhracair millteac biaðmannaec rcelípeac,
 Leig doo' cannti ír éirt lem' rceal-ra;
 Niop tuisir i n-am do canntia an méid rin,
 An peaca do feacaint no gur leasadh tú traocta.

Ní leomhrad moilleadh cum bheit ag innfint rceal duit;
 Cailfead go abhair id' foéair 'r ír doic leiomr féin rin,
 Cum dul go gleann go mbeiridh rliocet Éabha ann,
 Áit ná fagairt-re cead canntte ann ari aon éor.

Taoibh leir an ngleann ro, gan amharc do' éinne,
 'Seasú ruióribh Criosair ari maoil an tSleibhe,
 Cum bheit do éabairt ír peacairg do òdaoraibh
 Ír aitriúis 'ra cearbt go veo do fadraibh.

Iomprócaidh agair do millteac fadraibh
 Amach ari fhuairistibh móra Éabhair,
 Ír òearffair leio le comact a naomhac
 "Créad é cùise 'na punnear do'n tréad-ro?

"Tróircear daeadh lá ari fáraic rleibhe,
 Gan biaibh gan veoibh, go bocht go tréit las;

Ir, tar éir mo éarbhannaist' cum buri maithearf do théanam,
Toisg ríb an tseabhal ir mo maigheal-re tréis ríb.

“Imcraigíod ar mo maibairc ir leasadh ir léan oírlaiib,
A òrteam na mallaist, an aicme bhréan ro ;
Teinte iphinn comh dears 'r ir férionn
'Buri lorgaod go deo, san fóirtean san traoisad.

“Ir ríb-re, a òrteam tuis gheann go héag dom,
Tuis biaod ir deoc dom, ir mórán éadais,
Lóirtin oróche,—ir le deas-ériodh théanad
Go leor maiteara i gcaitheamh buri raoisail dom,
Gluairigíod liom, a clann bocht Éabaird,
I reilb na bhlaithearf i mearc aingeal naomha
Fé gclóirí sil caictíris na caerfaidh níata
Ag molad an Achar an Mhíc ir an Iaoimh-Spiombaird.”

PATRICK DENN.

THE BOATMEN OF KERRY.

Above the dark waters the sea-gulls are screaming ;
Their wings in the sunlight are glancing and gleaming ;
With keen eyes they're watching the herring in motion,
As onward they come from the wild restless ocean.
Now, praise be to God, for the hope that shines o'er us,
This season, at least, will cast plenty before us ;
When safely returning with our hookers well laden
How gaily will sound the clear laugh of each maiden.
Oh ! light as young fawns will they run down to meet us
With accents of love on the sea-shore to greet us ;
While merrily over the waters we're gliding,
Each wave, as it rolls, with our boat-stems dividing ;
Till high on the beach every black boat is stranded—
Her stout crew in health and in safety all landed,

Near cabins, though humble, from whence they can borrow
Content for the day and new hope for the morrow.

Oh, loved of our maidens are Boatmen of Kerry !
For stalwart and true are the Boatmen of Kerry !
To guide the black hooker, or scull the light wherry,
My life on the skill of the Boatmen of Kerry !

The rich man from feasting may seek his soft pillow—
The plank is our bed, and our home is the billow ;
Our sails may be rent, and our rigging be riven,
Yet know we no fear, for our trust is in Heaven.
To waves at the base of dark Brandon's steep highlands,
To sandbank and rock, near the green Samphire Islands,
The nets that we cast in the night are no strangers—
The nets that we tend in all trials and dangers.
From north, east, and west, though the wild winds be blowing,
Though waves be all madly or placidly flowing,
Those nets get us food when our children are crying—
Those nets give us joy when all sadly we're sighing ;
When signs in the bay be around us and near us,
With thoughts about home to inspire us and cheer us—
When falls over earth the gray shade of the even,
When gleams the first star in the wide vault of Heaven,
Through gloom and through danger each bold boatman urges
With sail, or with oar, his frail boat through the surges.

Oh ! loved of our maidens are Boatmen of Kerry !
For stalwart and true are the Boatmen of Kerry !
To guide the black hooker, or scull the light wherry,
My life on the skill of the Boatmen of Kerry !

Though wealth is not ours, though our fortunes be lowly,
Our hearts are at rest, for our thoughts are all holy.
Oh ! who would deny it, that saw, in fair weather,
Our black boats assembled at anchor together ;

Their crews all on board them, prepared, with devotion,
 To list to the Mass we get read on the ocean !
 Oh ! there is the faith that of Heaven is surest—
 Oh ! there is religion, the highest and purest.
 Oh ! could you but view them, with eyes upward roving
 To God ever living, to God ever loving—
 The deep wave beneath them, the blue Heaven o'er them,
 The tall cliffs around them, the altar before them—
 You'd say : “ 'Tis a sight to remember with pleasure—
 A sight that a poet would gloat o'er and treasure.
 Oh ! ne'er shall my soul lose the lesson they've taught her,
 Those fishermen poor, with their Mass on the water.”

Oh, loved of our maidens are Boatmen of Kerry !
 Religious and pure are the Boatmen of Kerry !
 To guide the black hooker, or scull the light wherry,
 My life on the skill of the Boatmen of Kerry !

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

She once was a lady of honour and wealth,
 Bright glowed on her features the roses of health,
 Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
 And her motion shook perfume from every fold ;
 Joy revelled around her—love shone at her side,
 And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride ;
 And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,
 When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
 That called her to live for the suffering race ;
 And, heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
 Rose quickly, like Mary, and answered : “ I come ! ”

She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And passed from her home with the joy of a bride ;
Nor wept at the threshold, as onward she moved,
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast,
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But, gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame ;
Forgot all the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barters for Heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet that to music could gracefully move
Now bear her alone on the mission of love ;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them ;
That voice that once echoed the song of the vain
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain,
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed a pallet—her trinkets a bead,
Her lustre—one taper that serves her to read ;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nailed by her bed,
Her paintings—one print of the thorn-crowned head ;
Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her knees,
Her music—the Psalm, or the sigh of disease ;
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind,
Are the cares of that Heaven-minded virgin confined ;
Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastens with the tidings of joy and relief.

She strengthens the weary—she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick ;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity there is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves 'mid the vapour of death ;
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace ;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly ! behold her, ye vain !
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain ;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers—self-seeking men—
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen;
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid ?

GERALD GRIFFIN.

MINIC A TIG.

Ói fear ann aon uairí amhláim agus ói insean fcaimhne aige,
agus ói gaoth uile duine i ngriád leite. Óiocht beirt ógánaí agha
teasté i gcoimhniúde faoi n-a déin 'sá cùirteáileac. Do
taitnís fear aca leite, agus níor taítnís an fear eile.
An fear náir éuirí rí ruim ari bict ann, do tigearadh ré go
minic go tig a hataír le hamaic uirte pérn agus le beirt
i n-a curioealéatain ; acht an fear a phairt dúnil aici ann ní tigearadh
ré acht go hannaham. Ó'fearrigh leir an achaír go bpróffar

rí an bualaíait a b'í ag teadéit éinigí go minic, agus rí júinn ré tóinéirí thóir aon lá amhláin, agus rí éinigí ré cionfheadáil ari uile dhuine. Nuair b'í na uaoine uile cionfheadáilte dhuibhait ré le i n-a inisín :

“Ól ñeo c' aoiur,” ari feircean, “ari an ñfeair iñ fearrí teat iñr an gcomhdeacáitamh seo,” marí surí fhaoil ré go n-ónfraidh rí ñeo c' ari an ñfeair buidh maití leir fén. Táis rí an ghláine i n-a láim, agus fhearr rí ruair, agus ñealgc' rí i n-a timéall, agus aonraoin dhuibhait rí an júann ro :

Ólaim do fhláinte a Minic-a-tíis,*
 fhaoi éuairíum fhláinte a' Minic-naé-otis;
 iñ tluasg é naé Minic-naé-otis,
 A tísear comh minic le Minic-a-tíis.

Suirbh' rí ríor nuair dhuibhait rí an éeathraíma, agus rí níor labhair rí aon fócal eile an tráchtáona roin. D'áct níor táinig an feair ós Minic-a-tíis comh fada leíthe ariúr, marí táis ré naé ríaih ré ag teaptáil, agus róir rí feair a rogha fén le toil a hataíar. Níor évaltaró mé aon nuairdeacáit eile dá uaoiibh ó roin.

[Ari “Leabhar Scéaluitheacáta” An Chraoibhín Aoibhinn.]

*Seo é an bhéajila do éinigí an Chraoibhín fén ari an júann ro fhuair dhuinn:

I drink the good health of Often-who-came,
 Who Often-comes-not I also must name,
 Who Often-comes-not I often must blame
 That he comes not as often as Often-who-came !

Ari seo é cumadó tá ari an júann i n-áitseannais áiriúthe i gCúige Mumhan
 fé éuairíum fhláinte Minic a fhiu.
 Seo róir fé fhláinte Minic nári fhiu.
 Mo thíte iñ mo thíosg naé é Minic nári fhiu.
 Do fhiu-fheadáil comh minic le Minic do fhiu.

THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.

The evening star rose beauteous above the fading day,
As to the lone and silent beach the Virgin came to pray,
And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's mellow
fall ;
But the bank of green where Mary knelt was brightest of
them all.

Slow moving o'er the waters, a gallant barque appeared,
And her joyous crew looked from the deck as to the land
she neared ;
To the calm and sheltered haven she floated like a swan,
And her wings of snow o'er the waves below in pride and beauty
shone.

The master saw our Lady as he stood upon the prow,
And marked the whiteness of her robe—the radiance of her
brow ;
Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless breast,
And her eyes looked up among the stars to Him her soul
loved best.

He showed her to his sailors, and he hailed her with a cheer,
And on the kneeling Virgin they gazed with laugh and jeer ;
And madly swore, a form so fair they never saw before ;
And they cursed the faint and lagging breeze that kept them
from the shore.

The ocean from its bosom shook off the moonlight sheen,
And up its wrathful billows rose to vindicate their queen,
And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er the
land,
And the scoffing crew beheld no more that lady on the strand.

Out burst the pealing thunder and the lightning leaped about ;
 And rushing with his watery war, the tempest gave a shout ;
 And that vessel from a mountain wave came down with
 thundering shock ;
 And her timbers flew like scattered spray on Inshidony's
 rock.

Then loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose wild and
 high ;
 But the angry surge swept over them, and hushed their
 gurgling cry ;
 And with a hoarse exulting tone the tempest passed away,
 And down, still chafing from their strife, th' indignant waters
 lay.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on high
 Dunmore
 Full many a mangled corpse was seen on Inshidony's shore ;
 And to this day the fisherman shows where the scoffers sank ;
 And still he calls that hillock green, " the Virgin Mary's
 bank."

J. J. CALLANÁN.

GÚGÁN BARRA.

There is a green island in lone Gúgán Barra,
 Where allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow ;
 In deep-valleyed Desmond—a thousand wild fountains
 Come down to that lake from their home in the mountains.
 There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow
 Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow ;
 As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,
 It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning !

And its zone of dark hills—oh ! to see them all bright'ning.
 When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning,

And the waters rush down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
 Like the clans from the hills at the voice of the battle ;
 And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
 And wildly from Mullach the eagles are screaming :
 Oh ! where is the dwelling in valley, or highland,
 So meet for a bard as this lone little island ?

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,
 And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivéra,
 Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,
 And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,
 And thought of thy bards, when assembling together,
 In the cleft of thy rocks, or the depth of thy heather ;
 They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
 And waked their last song by the rush of thy water.

High sons of the lyre, oh ! how proud was the feeling,
 To think while alone through that solitude stealing,
 Though loftier Minstrels green Erin can number,
 I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,
 And mingled once more with the voice of those fountains
 The songs even echo forgot on her mountains ;
 And gleaned each grey legend, that darkly was sleeping
 Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty were creeping.

Least bard of the hills ! were it mine to inherit
 The fire of thy harp, and the wing of thy spirit,
 With the wrongs which like thee to our country has bound
 me,
 Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me :
 Still, still in those wilds might young liberty rally,
 And send her strong shout over mountain and valley,
 The star of the west might yet rise in its glory,
 And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.

I, too, shall be gone—but my name shall be spoken,
 When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken ;

Some minstrel will come in the summer eve's gleaming,
 When freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
 And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
 Where calm Abhann Buidhe seeks the kisses of ocean,
 Or plant a wild wreath from the banks of that river
 O'er the heart, and the harp, that are sleeping for ever.

J. J. CALLANAN.

BEAN NA UTRÍ MBÓ.

So péiró a bean na utrí mbó !
 Ar do bólaéct ná bí teann ;
 Uo éonnaic mire, gan so,
 Bean iñ ba úá mó a beann,

Mí matréann raióibhearf de ghnáct ;
 So neac ná tábair tairis go móri ;
 Éuğat an t-éag ar gac taoib ;
 So péiró, a bean na utrí mbó !

Stioct eogain móirí ra illimain,
 A n-imceadéct do thír clú úóib
 A roalta gan leisceadar ríor :
 So péiró, a bean na utrí mbó !

Clann gairge Tísearpha an Chláir
 A n-imceadéct ran ba lá leoin,
 Iñ gan rúil te n-a uteacét go bhláct :
 So péiró, a bean na utrí mbó .

Oimhíall ó Óúin Duiðe na long
 Ó Súilleabáin náir cím gclóir,
 Feac gan tuic 'ran Spáinn te clárdeam :
 So péiró, a bean na utrí mbó !

Ó Ruaire i'f Maguróir do b'i
 Lá i nÉiginn 'na lán beoile,
 Féadé fém guri imteig an tír;
 So néród, a bean na dtír mbó!

Síot gCearbhaill do b'i teann
 Le n-a mbeirtirde gáe seall i ngleas
 Ni maireann aon tisob, mo thír!
 So néród, a bean na dtír mbó!

Ó aon bhuin aithníne de bheir
 Ári mhaori eile i'f i a uð
 Do júnntir ionarca aghair:
 So néród, a bean na dtír mbó!

I'f truaig mar do bheir an gaoigéil
 Ári ne ar na boicte do éalaoró,
 Ni fágadó bean an uð b'fóm
 Cearbhaill ná coili ó bean na dtír.

An ceangal:

Bioð ar m'fáilaing, a amoiñ i'f uaiþreac gnuinir,
 Do bñor san dearmad reamhnae bñan 'fach tñut
 Tír aon jaemar do glacair leor' bñalib ar dtúinir
 'S uð b'fagann-ge fealtó a ceatáil do bñalbhinn tú.

ORANGE AND GREEN.

The night was falling dreary in merry Bandon town,
 When in his cottage, weary, an Orangeman lay down,
 The summer sun in splendour had set upon the vale,
 And shouts of "No surrender!" arose upon the gale.

Beside the waters laving the feet of aged trees,
 The Orange banners waving, flew boldly in the breeze—
 In mighty chorus meeting, a hundred voices join,
 And fife and drum were beating The Battle of the Boyne.

Ha! towards his cottage hieing, what form is speeding now
 From yonder thicket flying, with blood upon his brow?
 "Hide—hide me, worthy stranger! though Green my colour be,
 And in the day of danger may Heaven remember thee!"

" In yonder vale contending alone against that crew,
 My life and limbs defending, an Orangeman I slew.
 Hark ! hear that fearful warning, there's death in every tone—
 Oh, save my life till morning, and Heaven prolong your own."

The Orange heart was melted in pity to the Green ;
 He heard the tale, and felt it his very soul within.

" Dread not that angry warning, though death be in its tone—
 I'll save your life till morning, or I will lose my own."

Now, round his lowly dwelling the angry torrent pressed,
 A hundred voices swelling, the Orangeman addressed—
 " Arise, arise and follow the chase along the plain !
 In yonder stony hollow your only son is slain ! "

With rising shouts they gather upon the track amain,
 And leave the childless father aghast with sudden pain.
 He seeks the righted stranger in covert where he lay—
 " Arise ! " he said, " all danger is gone and passed away ! "

" I had a son—one only, one loved as my life,
 Thy hand has left me lonely in that accursed strife ;
 I pledged my word to save thee until the storm should cease ;
 I keep the pledge I gave thee—arise, and go in peace ! "

The stranger soon departed from that unhappy vale,
 The father broken-hearted lay brooding o'er that tale.
 Full twenty summers after to silver turned his beard ;
 And yet the sound of laughter from him was never heard.

The night was falling dreary, in merry Wexford town,
 When in his cabin, weary, a peasant laid him down,
 And many a voice was singing along the summer vale,
 And Wexford town was ringing with shouts of " Gráinne
 Mhaol ! "

Beside the waters laving the feet of aged trees,
 The green flag, gaily waving, was spread against the breeze ;

In mighty chorus meeting, loud voices filled the town,
And fife and drum were beating, "Down, Orangemen, lie
down!"

Hark! 'mid the stirring clangour, that woke the echoes there,
Loud voices, high in anger, rise on the evening air,
Like billows of the ocean, he sees them hurrying on—
And 'mid the wild commotion, an Orangeman alone.

"My hair," he said, "is hoary, and feeble is my hand,
And I could tell a story would shame your cruel band,
Full twenty years, and over, have changed my heart and brow,
And I am grown a lover of peace and concord now."

"It wasn't thus I greeted your brother of the Green,
When, fainting and defeated, I freely took him in,
I pledged my word to save him from vengeance rushing on,
I kept the pledge I gave him, though he had killed my son!"

That aged peasant heard him, and knew him as he stood;
Remembrance kindly stirred him and tender gratitude.
With gushing tears of pleasure he pierced the listening train—
"I'm here to pay the measure of kindness back again!"

Upon his bosom falling that old man's tears came down,
Deep memory recalling that cot and fatal town.

"The hand that would offend thee my being first shall end,
I'm living to defend thee, my saviour and my friend!"

He said, and slowly turning, addressed the wondering crowd,
With fervent spirit burning, he told the tale aloud.
Now pressed the warm beholders, their aged foe to greet;
They raised him on their shoulders and chaired him through
the street.

As he had saved that stranger from peril scowling dim
So in his day of danger did Heaven remember him.
By joyous crowds attended the worthy pair were seen,
And their flags that day were blended of Orange and of
Green.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

MO LÉAN TE LUAS

Mo léan te luas ì m' achtairre
 'S ní féar do bhuaint ar chearcannais
 O' fág céarta buairdeartha m' aighe

Le tréimhre, go tlaic;

Aict eisge 'r ghuaidh an treancuir
 I ngeáitheann éis air 'f i n-anacsair,
 Go tréit i dtuatais leathan' Luirc,

Sean réim mar ba gnáit.

'S gac lonnaibhle boibh-euclais tréan-cumair o' fág
 De bholla-ptoc na rona-con do phréamhuis o'n Spáinn.
 So canntlae faon las earfbaidhcead
 Fé Hall-umaet séar ag Dánaílai,
 An cam-ppriot claoi do fhealbuis
 A raor-úailte rtáit.

So fann ariéir 'r mé ag maectnamh ar
 Sac planno' do'n Gaeáldeal-fuil calma,
 An droms ba tréine i gceannas éisit

'S i réim inre fail.

Le feall-úearait claoi ì gansgaird uile
 Sac ramhairle fmeirle Saranais
 So fallra fean an tAifreann
 Ir raor-ptáid na ngráir.

I n-anacsair fé tréancuirne 'r : ngeáir-úrluitis gábaró
 Ag camá-ffrioéct na malluistéad' an éitise 'r an fíair
 Tré bhuairdait an fceoil reo cealas rinn
 So duairic ir léiri mar aicmeirfead
 Le ghuain-úrluoéct tréit gur treacraist mē
 Im' tréan-cuolais fpráir.

Trém' néal ar éuaird 'r eas òearcarr-fa
 Réilteann uaral taitneamhae,
 So béalrae bualas ceannasrae
 Ag tésriamh im' òail;

Da órémíread tuatac tuiče tuiže
 & críobh-folt cuacaé camarrac
 Ag téacét go rianadaé bacallaé
 Léi i n-éimfeacét go ráit.

'Na leacain síl do ceapaidh óraioite éigre 'súr fáid
 Súr feirfim Cúirid cleasrac síle ip gaeche 'na láim,
 Ári tí gac crémhípi éalma
 Do tígeadó 'na gaoir do éalgaod
 Cíu'pi claoiðeau na céadta farairle
 I nodaor-óireacaisib hár.

Da binné réir a tana-ghuib
 Ná fuinneam meair ag rríreagast riuit
 'S ná eisint an té do tréarcaír illip
 Ci baot òom a jadó.

'S ba ghile a héadán rneacánait
 Ná 'n lile caom no eala ári rrut,
 'S ba rnuiróte caol a mala riutde
 Ári réilt-ðearc gan éaim.

A mama crumine ári feanga-érit nári. téanadó te rráir,
 A leabhar-éroisb do bheartadó loingeas éantair ip bláit
 Da mionla maoirída marpeemair
 A phiosap 'r a gceim 'r a pearrá-érit
 Do shíoruis mé éum labhartá
 Inp na bhráthraib ro im' ñeáiró

A phiosan bhearaí, aicéir òom,
 An tú 'n aoi-éneir tré n-ári tréarcaí
 Na mílte 'on fíomh le gairce Taitc
 Mic Tréim tuis an t-ári;

No an bhrígheas Nélen o airtuis
 Tári tuinn ó'n nÍsréig té'ri canleadó truit
 I Suíse na Træs mar bheartair óraioite
 I téar-pannaib 'dán;
 An marcalac ó Albain tuis laoc leif 'na bárc;
 An aindriú té'ri tuit clann illinis mar téigtear 'ran tain.
 No an réilteann aigeas taitneamha,

Ó FÁS FAOITE SAEÓEAL I N-ANABHUIRO
DO ÓJUIM SUÍR PHREAMHUSÍS DANAIPI MILC
I RÉIM INFE FÁIL?

ÍR BEARAC RTUAMHÓA O' PHREAGAIP MÉ
'S I AG DÉANAÍM UAILL' IR CATEUÍSCE:
NI HAON DÁP LUADHAIR ID' RTAIFTAIB MÉ

CIOÓ LÉIPÍ TOM AN TÁIN.

ÍR MÉ CÉILE 'R NUADHÁIR ÉAPOLUIR
TÁ DÉARAC TUAIPIR FÉ ÉAPCUIRNE,
SAN RÉIM NÁ BUARÓ MAR CLEACHTAIP-RA
MO LAOC Ó TÁ APÍ FÁN.

LE FEARTAIB CÍRT AN ARIAD-MHIC RUAIPI PHANNARD CROIPIR IR PÁIR
BEIRÓ RTAIPREADÓ 'R MIÚ APÍ SALLA-PHUIC DO FEALBHSÍS ÁP RTÁT;
NI DANAIPO LIOM AN AICME TUÍS
MO DÉARCA AG RTLEADÓ LACTA TUÍS
I N-ANABHUIRO FÉ'N AMAD AG
SAC FAOIP-BHILE FÁIN.

ÍR FÉ MAR LUADHADAIP REAN-THRAOITE
DO DÉANADÓ TUAPIR IR TAIRNGREACHT
BEIRÓ FLIT I SCUANTAIIB DANBAN

FÉ FÉILE SAIN SEÁIN

'TABAIRT FCEIMLE 'R RUASCTA APÍ FEARANN ÉUÍP
TAJI UNNTIB RUADHA NA RTAIPPRÍSE

APÍ SAC RTMÉIPLE MÓR-ÉUÍPP SARANAISS

'S NI LEÁN LIOM A BPHLÁDHAINT;

BEIRÓ GEAPRHAID CLAIDHEAM IR FESIREADÓ TRUIPIR IR TRÉIN-TRÉAF-
CAIJT NÁMAD

APÍ SAC AITP ACA DO CLEACHTAÓ RUINP IR FÉARTA 'RAN PHÁIR,
DO B'AITE RUÍT NA PHAMHAR-PHOC

AG MIÚ 'R AG CRIÚ LE NEASLA

NI AN PHACAIPEACHT FO CEARADHAIP

LUCÍT FÉAPR DO LEASDAÓ APÍ PHÁS.

EO SÁN RUADH Ó SUILLEABHÁIN.

THE SAXON SHILLING.

Hark ! a martial sound is heard—
 The march of soldiers, fifing, drumming,
 Eyes are staring, hearts are stirred—
 For bold recruits the sergeant's coming;
 Ribands flaunting, feathers gay—
 The sounds and sights are surely thrilling ;
 Dazzled village youths to-day
 Will crowd to take the Saxon Shilling !

Ye, whose spirits will not bow
 In peace to parish tyrants longer—
 Ye, who wear the villain brow,
 And ye, who pine in hopeless hunger—
 Fools without the brave man's faith—
 All slaves and starvelings who are willing
 To sell yourselves to shame and death—
 Accept the fatal Saxon Shilling.

Ere you from your mountains go
 To feel the scourge of foreign fever, .
 Swear to serve the faithless foe
 That lures you from your land for ever !
 Swear, henceforth his tools to be,
 To slaughter trained by ceaseless drilling—
 Honour, home, and liberty,
 Abandoned for a Saxon Shilling.

Go ! to find 'mid crime and toil,
 The doom to which such guilt is hurried—
 Go ! to leave on Indian soil
 Your bones to bleach, accursed, unburied—
 Go ! to crush the just and brave,
 Whose wrongs with wrath the world are filling—
 Go ! to slay each brother slave,
 Or—spurn the blood-stained Saxon Shilling.

Irish hearts ! why should you bleed
 To swell the tide of British glory—
 Aiding despots in their need,
 Who've changed our green so oft to gory !
 None, save those who wish to see
 The noblest killed, the meanest killing,
 And true hearts severed from the free,
 Will take again the Saxon Shilling !

Irish youths ! reserve your strength
 Until an hour of glorious duty,
 When freedom's smile shall cheer at length
 The land of bravery and beauty.
 Bribes and threats, oh ! heed no more—
 No more let despots find you willing
 To leave your own dear island shore
 For those who send the Saxon Shilling.

KEVIN T. BUGGY.

TWENTY GOLDEN YEARS AGO.

O, the rain, the weary, dreary rain,
 How it plashes on the window-sill !
 Night, I guess, too, must be on the wane,
 Strass and Gass around are grown so still.
 Here I sit, with coffee in my cup—
 Ah ! 'twas rarely I beheld it flow
 In the tavern where I loved to sup
 Twenty golden years ago !

Twenty years ago, alas !—but stay—
 On my life, 'tis half-past twelve o'clock !
 After all, the hours do slip away—
 Come, here goes to burn another block !

For the night, or morn, is wet and cold ;
 And my fire is dwindling rather low—
 I had fire enough, when young and bold
 Twenty golden years ago.

Dear ! I don't feel well at all somehow ;
 Few in Weimar dream how bad I am ;
 Floods of tears grow common with me now,
 High-Dutch floods, that reason cannot dam.
 Doctors think I'll neither live nor thrive,
 If I mope at home so—I don't know—
 Am I living now ? I was alive
 Twenty golden years ago.

Wifeless, friendless, flagonless, alone,
 Not quite bookless, though, unless I choose,
 Left with nought to do, except to groan,
 Not a soul to woo—except the muse—
 O ! this is hard for me to bear,
 Me, who whilome lived so much *en haut*,
 Me, who broke all hearts like china ware
 Twenty golden years ago !

Perhaps 'tis better—time's defacing waves,
 Long have quenched the radiance of my brow—
 They who cursed me nightly from their graves,
 Scarce could love me were they living now ;
 But my loneliness hath darker ills—
 Such dun duns as Conscience, Thought and Co.,
 Awful Gorgons ! worse than tailors' bills
 Twenty golden years ago.

Did I paint a fifth of what I feel,
 O, how plaintive you would ween I was !
 But, I won't, albeit I have a deal
 More to wail about than Kerner has !

Kerner's tears are wept for withered flowers,
 Mine, for withered hopes, my scroll of woe
 Dates, alas ! from youth's deserted bowers,
 Twenty golden years ago.

Yet, may Deutschland's bardlings flourish long—
 Me, I tweak no beak among them :—hawks
 Must not pounce on hawks ; besides, in song,
 I could once beat all of them by chalks.
 Though you find me as I near my goal,
 Sentimentalising like Rousseau,
 O ! I had a grand Byronian soul !
 Twenty golden years ago !

Tick-tick, tick-tick—not a sound save Time's,
 And the wind-gust as it drives the rain—
 Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
 Go to bed, and rest thine aching brain !
 Sleep ! no more the dupe of hopes or schemes ;
 Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow—
 Curious anti-climax to thy dreams
 Twenty golden years ago !

J. C. MANGAN.

ΤΟΥΑΝ ΆΝ ΟΙΔΑΓΑΙΝ.

Seo τουαν μάτσαμνα, βάσημαις ιρ Τιοβόιν, τηιύηρ φεαρι βα δηνάχας ; οτις
 αν τάθαιμε γο ρυαιρις ραοθ-νόρας ; αγυρ, αρ η-όλ α πνόταιν θοίν, ιρ
 αμάλ ο θιοίρ νά φεαρι ασα ταλλ θηοέ-μαναιρις, φεαρ ειτε λιονδαρίτα
 λαζ-έορας, αγυρ αν τηιόταν φεαρ θαοιρεας θυαν-θαλβ. Σεαό !

Τάρια 1 Λυιμνής τε σέιτε
 1 η-έινφεαέτ 1 η-αιμριρ φειρεοιν
 Τηιύηρ νάρ έ'ανναμ 1 οτις αν τάθαιμε,
 ματσαμάιν, βάσημαις αγυρ Τιοβόιν.

ματσαμάιν ! αν ταν θ'ιθεασ ά ίσσταιν
 ήι θραγασ φεαρ εολαιρ α έυισριντ
 1 μθέαρια νά 1 θεανγαίν α μάταρ,
 αετ αμάιν : “ ζιβέ αρ θιτ ε ! ”

Conntílairíodh bionn Tíobúidí,
 Ní bionn agó 'na foocláib;
 Ní caitteann ball dá ériéadctaiib
 Aict gur tleit las a éora.

Síod móir rúla phádraig,
 Ír iad aluinn le feicfint,
 Tári éir rlogca na scopán
 Fáid a leat-láim' ní feiceann.

Suiridí ari cláir na róite,
 Ír goimíodh an cásat 'r an pota,
 Slogaird an riúnt 'r an cnasín
 Mar do bhi a taitise aca.

Ari blaireadó an leanna do Tíobúidí,
 Ír plubdós de'n uisce beataidó,
 Do-heimi rí an Tíonidí
 Siúlab i rin beoibr ír fealpí rí éataip.

"Má'r i," aifra phádraig,
 "Ibimir lán ari seiriceann
 Annro go meadón oíche
 'S téirdéadó an siúlritír dá ériúdá."

"Mait an éainnt!" aifra Matgamán,
 "Ír é féin leat-phúgadach roimhe rin
 Ibimir fealaid go rúgadach,
 Ír leanaimir duitsear ari rinripl."

Ibíd deoc ari a céile,
 'S ní féidir liom innriunt
 Cá mériu uair, gan reacphán,
 Do gairb an copán timcheall.

Mar roin doidí le caprúbar
 'S le haoisgáid an phíora;
 Do caiteadó leo go gáilreacach
 An lá agur curid de'n oíche.

Úar uiom suír maidé an cónáilád
 Áineir an Ráisánaé r'a láróinn:
 Maidé a mbíonn gróit i'f rólár
 So mbíonn dólár 'ná n-aice.

Ari a deic óe'n clós so tromaí-eireas
 Tis an droméasí so tarairí
 If deir: "Hac duine d'á lóistín
 No i gcoíndáib so maidin!"

"Míre milleasád," aifra Tiobóid,
 "If bead fí ériúoblóid so maidin;
 Dá bhrácainn raiðbhreag na dúnáe
 Ni théanfaidh riubhal ná airtear."

"If meara míre!" aifra Ráisrais,
 "Cé náir uiom le n-innrínt,
 Tar dochar amach ní leigí dom
 Aon riud acht orðce."

Do déin Matxamain seal-sáipe
 Nuair cónnaic cáir na veirte:
 Duine so lag-córaí caintear,
 If duine eile dall le meirce,

Láthair Tiobóid so cláirte:
 "Cao if feapar dúninn a théanam?
 A Matxamain ériúde na páirte,
 If náir dúninn ári rcéalta."

"Sibé ar bit é, bí riud ar mo gualainn,"
 'S ní déin duanaitheascth bhréig,
 "If mé ag rudaír fá thrioc-ualaí,
 Sibé ar bit é, iuadair do théanfad."

Do júnneasád marcasé de Tiobóid,
 'S níor iarrí rtíoróid ná siortá;
 "Oé, oéón!" aifra Ráisrais,
 "Cá bhrácaír riú míre."

“ Beirí riorth ar mo clóca,
 No ar iocára cóna an duine,
 If lean rinn trír an trátháin
 Mar dall san rúil i scloingeann.”

Mar roin dónib so rártá
 So nángadair an geata;
 “ Zounds ! ” aip’ an Hall-fean, “ It’s Satan Incarnate,”
 And cries, “ A monster, a monster ! ”

Do labair Tiobóid so héarcáid,
 ’S ní hē a chuir Úearla b’i ar iappairid ;
 If Matgamain fi n-a fearam,
 If é ag peacaid if ag fiaraid.

“ I am no monster
 Nor counterfeit devil,
 But a country gentleman
 Both honest and civil.

“ Who, coming up street
 By chance got a fall
 And broke both my legs,
 O, fortune dismál ! ”

“ Who is he that carrieth thee ? ”
 Asketh the soldier ;
 ‘S uðairt reirpean : “ For my money
 I hired the porter.”

“ What’s he that follows thee ? ”
 Instances the sentry.
 “ A blind harper,” says he,
 “ That plays for the gentry.”

Mar roin dónib, ar éisín
 Do téigeadh iad tár geata ;
 If viomburðealz do b’i Matgamain
 De cainnt órhoð-máint an marcaid ;

Maři aðuðairt þan eonntaðairt
 Suþi þorlumir é vo eðannusíð:
 Vo teitg Tíobórið uafar
 Þá þuaðaminn ra laðaig.

Annroin vo geall Tíobórið
 Leat-þorluminn maři lusac rðoðair
 Þá mbeirreæð é v'a lóiftin
 1r vo mörðoris rín aþi *vade mecum.*

Vo ȝlac Matþamain a ualač
 An uafra uafrið so haimleifc,
 1r vo þus Tíobórið v'a lóiftin
 Aþi þinn elðicin að þáðrás.

Uuðairi vo fuið Tíobórið 'na eðaðoir
 1r é þan faiðeiorf þan voðmatð,
 1r maři vo eðruis a mærvisiðeaðt,
 1r fearf ealaðan le ðeoðaib.

All ceantjal:

Vo-cím suþi tuðairteac tuiðar. an óil reo ȝnáit;
 Vo-cím na hiðcada uiprearfbað fórl-lag tlaít;
 Vo-cím an duine le ðaill þan tþeoir ra trpláir,
 'S an trplómatð duine þan focal 'na ðeol aþi ájv.

'S, a Ćriort, cárí miðte rín tuítim le crioðaðct lám,
 No le ȝníom oírðeifc vo eñrfeæð mé aþi nór an ȝáir?
 Aðct duine le ðaill, le iomarica an ólaðain,
 Þan riðbal þan miðe þan fþiotað, 1r tþeoir an cár.

O'CONNELL'S SACRIFICES FOR IRELAND.

While Lord Mayor of Dublin, in 1842, Daniel O'Connell was charged in the course of a controversy with the Earl of Shaftesbury, an English Catholic, with various crimes, among them being that he promoted agitation with the object of increasing his own personal income through the means of the "Repeal Rent." O'Connell replied as follows to the misrepresentation in reference to the "Repeal Rent" :—

I will not consent that my claim to "the rent" should be misunderstood. That claim may be rejected; but it is understood in Ireland; and it shall not be misstated anywhere without refutation.

My claim is this. For more than twenty years before Emancipation the burthen of the cause was thrown on me. I had to arrange the meetings, to prepare the resolutions, to furnish replies to the correspondence, to examine the case of each person complaining of practical grievances, to rouse the torpid, to animate the lukewarm, to control the violent and the inflammatory, to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law, to guard against multiplied treachery, and at times to oppose at every peril the powerful and multitudinous enemies of the cause.

To descend to particulars—at a period when my minutes counted by the guinea, when my emoluments were limited only by the extent of my physical and waking powers; when my meals were shortened to the narrowest space, and my sleep restricted to the earliest hours before dawn; at that period, and for more than twenty years, there was no day that I did not devote from one to two hours, often much more, to the working out of the Catholic cause. And that without receiving or allowing the offer of any remuneration, even for the personal expenditure incurred in the agitation of the cause itself. For four years I bore the entire expenses of Catholic agitation, without receiving the contributions of others to a greater amount than £74 on the whole. Who shall

repay me for the years of my buoyant youth and cheerful manhood ? Who shall repay me for the lost opportunities of acquiring professional celebrity, or for the wealth which such distinction would ensure ?

Other honours I could not then enjoy.

Emancipation came. You admit that it was I who brought it about. The year before Emancipation, though wearing a stuff gown, and belonging to the outer bar, my professional emoluments exceeded £8,000 ; an amount never before realised in Ireland in the same space of time by an outer barrister.

Had I adhered to my profession I must soon have been called within the bar, and obtained the precedence of a silk gown. The severity of my labour would have been at once much mitigated, whilst the emoluments would have been considerably increased. I could have done a much greater variety of business with much less toil, and my professional income must have necessarily been augmented by probably one half.

If I had abandoned politics, even the honours of my profession and its highest stations lay fairly before me.

But I dreamed a day-dream—was it a dream ?—that Ireland still wanted me ; that although the Catholic aristocracy of Ireland had obtained most valuable advantages from Emancipation, yet the benefits of good government had not reached the great mass of the Irish people, and could not reach them unless the Union should be either made a reality—or unless that hideous measure should be abrogated.

I did not hesitate as to my course. My former success gave me personal advantages which no other man could easily procure. I flung away the profession—I gave its emoluments to the winds—I closed the vista of its honours and dignities—I embraced the cause of country ! and—come weal or come woe—I have made a choice at which I have never repined, nor ever shall repent.

An event occurred which I could not have foreseen. Once

more high professional promotion was placed within my reach. The office of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer became vacant. I was offered it. Or, had I preferred the office of Master of the Rolls, the alternative was proposed to me. It was a tempting offer. Its value was enhanced by the manner in which it was made ; and pre-eminently so by the person through whom it was made—the best Englishman that Ireland ever saw—the Marquis of Normandy.

But I dreamed again a day-dream—was it a dream ?—and I refused the offer. And here am I now taunted, even by you, with mean and sordid motives.

I do not think I am guilty of the least vanity when I assert that no man ever made greater sacrifices to what he deemed the cause of his country than I have done. I care not how I may be ridiculed or maligned. I feel the proud consciousness that no public man has made more, or greater, or more ready sacrifices.

Still there lingers behind one source of vexation and sorrow ; one evil, perhaps greater than all the rest ; one claim, I believe higher than any other, upon the gratitude of my countrymen. It consists in the bitter, the virulent, the mercenary, and therefore the more envenomed hostility towards me, which my love for Ireland and for liberty has provoked. What taunts, what reproaches, what calumnies, have I not sustained ? What modes of abuse, what vituperation, what slander have been exhausted against me ! What vials of bitterness have been poured on my head ! What coarseness of language has not been used, abused, and worn out in assailing me ? What derogatory appellation has been spared ? What treasures of malevolence have been expended ? What follies have not been imputed ? in fact, what crimes have I not been charged with ?

I do not believe that I ever had in private life an enemy. I know that I had and have many, very many, warm, cordial, affectionate, attached friends. Yet here I stand, beyond controversy, the most and the best abused man in the

universal world ! And, to cap the climax of calumny, you come with a lath at your side instead of the sword of a Talbot, and you throw Peel's scurrility along with your own into my cup of bitterness.

All this have I done and suffered for Ireland. And, let her be grateful or ungrateful, solvent or insolvent, he who insults me for taking her pay wants the vulgar elements of morality which teach that the labourer is worthy of his hire ; he wants the higher sensations of the soul, which enable one to perceive that there are services which bear no comparison with money, and can never be recompensed by pecuniary rewards.

Yes, I am—I say it proudly—the hired servant of Ireland, and I glory in my servitude.

THE DYING MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Oh God, it is a dreadful night—how fierce the dark winds blow,
It howls like mourning *bean sidhe*, its breathings speak of woe ;
'Twill rouse my slumbering orphans—blow gently, oh wild
blast,

My wearied hungry darlings are hushed in peace at last.

And how the cold rain tumbles down in torrents from the skies,
Down, down, upon our stiffened limbs, into my children's
eyes :—

Oh, God of Heaven, stop your hand until the dawn of day,
And out upon the weary world again we'll take our way.

But, ah ! my prayers are worthless—oh ! louder roars the
blast,

And darker from the pitchy clouds, the rain falls still more
fast ;

Oh God, if you be merciful, have mercy now, I pray—

Oh, God forgive my wicked words—I know not what I say.

To see my ghastly babies—my babes so meek and fair—
 To see them huddled in that ditch, like wild beasts in their
 lair : .
 Like wild beasts ! No ! the vixen cubs that sport on yonder
 hill
 Lie warm this hour, and, I'll engage, of food they've had their
 fill.

Oh blessed Queen of Mercy, look down from that black sky—
 You've felt a mother's misery, then hear a mother's cry ;
 I mourn not my own wretchedness, but let my children rest,
 Oh, watch and guard them this wild night, and then I shall be
 blest !

Thus prayed the wanderer, but in vain !—in vain her mournful
 cry ;
 God did not hush that piercing wind, nor brighten that dark
 sky :
 But when the ghastly winter's dawn its sickly radiance shed
 The mother and her wretched babes lay stiffened, grim, and
 dead !

J. KEEGAN.

AN PÁIRDRÍN PÁIRTEAC.

Stávaiò iñ pccéitfead pccéal na pccataiòe
 Ár maoóm ari mailír Sátm,
 Ár Sangoiro ari Scear-Sgoim Saocha an Sávaiòe
 Iñ ari cláon-cúr cátaiòe an cneáðairie ;
 Do meallaò leir céad tair céadtaib i gcaitair,
 Do leigearò go Slan tioðaët neáimða ;
 Iñ ppeabairò-ri ó'n bpréift fá Sceagairib geannmhairie
 Þéapla an Þáidrín Þáirtis.

Seacnaiò, réanaiò réala an tfladairie,
 A þréagða, a þeartuitóeaët þáirðte ;
 Dallaiò an daol le téarraiò aitriðe,
 Iñ tpréisirò taicis an tábairne ;

Leanaird an réilteann neáriacáid neasg-érioiðeac
 Siúlánua Seal-Siúlán Íslárac,
 'S fá ceamhainn rceáimhe a rcéite tágaird,
 A ériéid an Óairírinn Óláirtiš.

Aitceanta Dé ná neábaid neacáid níb,
 Déanuitigíð, learuitigíð láitíreacáid
 Buir mbealaita go béalac caomhnaid cneacáid-éadom
 Tréiteacáid tairbinn tábhacáid;
 Raémar an traoisail, rcleíp i fíleadó-fíon,
 Féadáid gur neamh-níod a mbliatáid rian:
 Ni máillefir aét tréimhre taoibh leo' éitíniúme,
 A bhéarla an Óairírinn Óláirtiš.

Fala gan féile, craoir i fíleacáid,
 Cléite i fíleacáid cainte,
 Malluitigéacáid méinne, tréan-toil teagairde,
 Taoracáid canairde i fíleacáid,
 Blaodairreacáid, blaodómann, baois-órluio, bladuitigéacáid
 Ríleimh na breasairde óláiridh rinn;
 'Fí banaaltira an Aon-Ílis glaoisaird i marú éapaird,
 Bhéarla an Óairírinn Óláirtiš.

Aonuitigim féin do'n traoisail buir fhéacsuitsear.
 I fí d' Aon-Ílis Seal-cíoc Mairí,
 Sealair dom' fíaoisail i gcláontaídeacáid rítaruitseacáid
 Ag neábaid ceart-óiliúise an Órára;
 Munabair béal, gan rpeír i n-áitírtise,
 Lem' d'éinig ní altuitigim ríl-áitair,
 Aét ag magaird 'fí ag rcleíp fé ériéad an Óairírinn
 Naoimhca aingníde Óláirtiš.

Sac duine buir mián leir éirteacáid fealunn,
 'S le tréitíb ár bÓairírinn Óláirtiš,
 Seacnaid béisíte, craoir, i fí mailír,
 Bhléasda, bnaodaisé, i fí caineáid

Alítheann Dé ná téigeadó le failtigé,
 Ír deápic le deasg-épíordé deápmadó ;
 Iñ maiéfir Ó Mac Dé go téir na peascárdé
 Tári éir na haitigé taimis.

Ír cuma liom féin cá taoú 'na teagfarádear
 1 bpéin no 1 n-aicidó báir mé,
 Acht go mbeadh duine de'n cléir ann gilearrfád m'aibidó,
 Ír céir do larrfárdé ari cláir dom ;
 An fiolair an gé ír féidé i gscrannaiú,
 'S mo éreacárdád ag maoisáiú ríráidé
 O gileacárdád mé fá rcéit a mbíratárdé
 Ag éirteacád an Óairírin báirtis.

TAOÚS GAEDEALAÍC Ó SÚILLEABHÁIN.

THE GATHERING OF THE NATION.

Those scalding tears—those scalding tears
 Too long have fallen in vain—
 Up with the banners and the spears,
 And let the gathered grief of years
 Show sterner stuff than rain.
 The lightning in that stormy hour
 When forth defiance rolls,
 Shall flash to scathe the Saxon power,
 But melt the links our long, long shower
 Had rusted round our souls.

To bear the wrongs we can redress
 To make a thing of time—
 The tyranny we can repress—
 Eternal by our dastardness
 Were crime—or worse than crime :

And we, whose best and worse was shame,
 From first to last alike,
 May take, at length, a loftier aim,
 And struggle, since it is the same
 To suffer—or to strike.

What hatred of perverted might
 The cruel hand inspires,
 That robs the linnet's eye of sight
 To make it sing both day and night !
 Yet, thus they robbed our sires.
 By blotting out the ancient lore
 Where every loss was shown—
 Up with the flag ! We stand before
 The Saxons of the days of yore
 In Saxons of our own.

Denial met our just demands,
 And hatred met our love ;
 Till now, by Heaven ! for grasp of hands,
 We'll give them clash of battle-brands,
 And gauntlet 'stead of glove.
 And may the Saxon stamp his heel
 Upon the coward's front,
 Who sheaths his own unbroken steel,
 Until for mercy tyrants kneel,
 Who forced us to the brunt !

J. D. FRAZER.

THE FELONS.

{Thomas Francis Meagher, and a couple of other outlawed 'Forty-Eight men, when wandering in Tipperary with a price on their heads, came upon a poor peasant at the close of a distressing and anxious day. Their meeting forms the subject of the following lines.}

"Good peasant, we are strangers here
 And night is gathering fast ;
 The stars scarce glimmer in the sky,
 And moans the mountain blast ;
 Can't tell us of a place to rest ?
 We're wearied with the road ;
 No churl the peasant used to be
 With homely couch and food."

"I cannot help myself, nor know
 Where ye may rest or stay ;
 A few more hours the moon will shine.
 And light you on your way."

"But, peasant, can you let a man
 Appeal to you in vain,
 Here, at your very cabin door,
 And 'mid the pelting rain—
 Here, in the dark and in the night,
 Where one scarce sees a span ?
 What ! close your heart ! and close your door
 And be an Irishman !"

"No, no—go on—the moon will rise
 In a short hour or two ;
 What can a peaceful labourer say
 Or a poor toiler do ?"

"You're poor ? Well here's a golden chance
 To make you rich and great !
 Five hundred pounds are on our heads !
 The gibbet is our fate !

Fly, raise the cry, and win the gold
 Or some may cheat you soon ;
 And we'll abide by the roadside,
 And wait the rising moon."

What ails the peasant ? Does he flush
 At the wild greed of gold ?
 Why seizes he the wanderers' hands ?
 Hark to his accents bold :

" Ho ! I have a heart for you, neighbours—
 Aye, and a hearth and a home—
 Ay, and a help for you, neighbours :
 God bless ye and prosper ye—Come !
 Come—out of the light of the soldiers ;
 Come in 'mongst the children and all ;
 And I'll guard ye for sake of old Ireland
 Till Connall himself gets a fall.

" To the demons with all their gold guineas ;
 Come in—everything is your own ;
 And I'll kneel at your feet, friends of Ireland !
 What I wouldn't for King on his throne.
 God bless ye that stood in the danger
 In the midst of the country's mishap,
 That stood up to meet the big famine—
 Och ! ye are the men in the gap !

" Come in—with a céad mite fáitche ;
 Sit down, and don't make any noise,
 Till I come with more comforts to crown ye—
 Till I gladden the hearts of the boys.
 Arra ! shake hands again—noble fellows
 That left your own homes for the poor !
 Not a man in the land could betray you
 Or against you shut his heart or his door."

TÁOÍS AGUS A MÁLTÁIR.

(A picture of the proselytising methods of the Famine period.)

Do buachaill aibhile, ' Táirós ! Thank you kindly, mother.
 Cionnúr tā do fhláinte, ' Táirós ? Finely, finely, mother.
 Áiriú, cā nábaír, a Táirós ? I'll tell you the whole truth,
 mother,

In troth, I went to school to learn the rules of Grammar.

One day I was at home, with a pain that wasn't merry,
 I walked and went astray, and found my way to Castlederry
 The master spoke so fine, he placed me right in clover ;
 I said their prayers in rhyme, and spelt the Bible over.

Asgur cao a fuairim, a Táirós ? A finely shawley, mother.
 Góidé an rórt é, ' Táirós ? Every kind of colour.
 I thought that all was right, that mate would be on the table,
 For they kil't a cow that died ; but it was all a fable.

The master was a rogue, his name was Darby Coggage,
 He ate the mate himself, we only got the cabbage ;
 The mistress, too, was sly, which no one ever doubted,
 She was mighty fond of wine, and left the sick without it.

We were honoured there one day by bonnets they call cottage.
 And when they went away we called them ladies' porridge ;
 But, mother, wait awhile, we'll try to trate them civil,
 Nuair fárrfaid na príomhaoe nuacha, we'll pitch 'em to the
 devil.

AN TÁLTÁIR DOMHNALL Ó SÚILLEABHÁIN.

THE EMIGRANTS.

Behold ! a troop of travellers descending to the shore—
Strong, stalwart youths and maidens, mixed with those in
years, and hoar ;

With stealth they glide towards the tide like walkers in their
sleep :

Where are ye going, lonely ones, that thus ye walk and weep ?

No answer : but the lip compressed argues a tale to tell—
A studied silence seems to hold them bound as if a spell ;
They passed me by abstractedly, their gaze where, near at
hand,

Rolls through the shade the heavy wave upon the sullen
strand. .

Stop—whither go ye ? See, behind, e'en yet the landscape
smiles—

The broad sunset illumines yet these pleasant western isles—
Why, why is it that none will turn and take one look behind,
But rather face the billows there, to light and counsel blind ?

Peace ! questioner—we know the sun upon our soil doth
rest—

Though Emigrants, we have not cast all feeling from our
breast ;

But still, we go—for through that shade hope gilds the distant
plain,

While round the homes we've left we look for nourishment in
vain !

Well, thou art strong ; thy stubborn strength may make the
desert do ;

But, see ! a weeping woman here—some shivering children
too :

Deluded female, stop ! for thee what hope beyond the tide ?
For me ?—and seest thou not I have my husband by my side ?

And thou, too, parting ! thou, my friend, that loved thy home
and ease ?

Ay—see my brothers—sisters here—what's country without
these ?

But then, thy hands for toil unfit—thy frame to labour new ?
What then ? I work beside my friends—come thou and join
our crew.

Yes, come ! exclaims a reverend man—glad will we be of
thee—

We go in Christian fellowship our mission o'er the sea—

I've left a large and happy flock, that loved me, too, full well ;
Yet I take heart, as I depart where godless heathens dwell.

Alas ! and is it needful then that from this ancient soil
Where wealth and honour crowned so long the hardy yeoman's
toil,

The goodliest of its offspring thus should bid the canvass swell,
And to the parent earth in troops wave their last sad farewell ?

I'm answered from the swarming ports, the ever-streaming
tide

That pours on board a thousand ships my country's hope and
pride—

I'm answered by the fruitless toil of many a neighbour's hand,
And the gladsome shouts of prosperous men in many a distant
land.

Stay, countrymen !—e'en yet there's time—we'll settle all
your score—

We cannot spare such honoured men—'twould grieve our
hearts too sore ;

Things will go smooth—why quit the scene a thousand things
made dear.

That wealth may deck ye in the spoils torn from affection
here ?

Torn is the last embrace apart—the vessel quits the shore—
They're waving hands from off the deck—we hear their voice
no more—

God bless ye, friends ! I honour ye, adventurous, noble band !
Farewell ! I would not call ye now back to this wretched land !

Why not myself among ye, loved associates of my day ?
Why not with you embarked to share the perils of your way ?
Because, though hope may be *your* sun, remembrance is *my*
star—

Farewell—I'll die a watcher where my father's ashes are.

DIGBY PILOT STARKEY, M.R.I.A.

GOD'S SECOND PRIEST : THE TEACHER.

In that dark time of cruel wrong, when on our country's
breast

A dreary load, a ruthless Code, with wasting terrors prest—
Our gentry stripped of land and clan, sent exiles o'er the main
To turn the scale on foreign fields for foreign monarch's gain—
Our people trod like vermin down, all 'fenceless flung to sate
Extortion, lust, and brutal whim, and rancorous bigot hate—
Our priesthood tracked from cave to hut, like felons chased
and lashed,

And from their ministering hands the lifted chalice dashed ;
In that black time of law-wrought crime, of stifling woe and
thrall,

There stood supreme one foul device, one engine worse than
all.

Him whom they wished to keep a slave, they sought to make
a brute—

They banned the light of heaven—they bade instruction's
voice be mute.

God's second priest—the Teacher—sent to feed men's minds
with lore—

They marked a price upon his head, as on the priests' before.
Well—well they knew that never, face to face beneath the
sky,

Could tyranny and knowledge meet, but one of them must
die ;

That lettered slaves will link their might until their murmurs
grow

To that imperious thunder-peal which despots quail to know !
That men who learn will learn their strength—the weakness
of their lords—

Till all the bonds that gird them round are snapped like
Samson's cords.

This well they knew, and called the power of ignorance to aid ;
So might, they deemed, an abject race of soulless slaves be
made—

When Irish memories, hopes, and thoughts were withered,
branch and stem—

A race of abject, soulless serfs, to hew and draw for them.

Ah, God is good and nature strong—they let not thus decay
The seeds that deep in Irish breasts of Irish feeling lay ;
Still sun and rain made emerald green the loveliest fields on
earth,

And gave the type of deathless hope, the little shamrock,
birth ;

Still faithful to their holy Church, her direst straits among,
To one another faithful still, the priests and people clung.
And Christ was worshipped and received with trembling haste
and fear,

In field and shed, with posted scouts to warn of bloodhounds
near ;

Still crouching 'neath the sheltering hedge, or stretched on
mountain fern

The teacher and his pupils met feloniously—to learn ;

Still round the peasant's heart of hearts his darling music twined,

A fount of Irish sobs or smiles in every note enshrined
And still beside the smouldering turf were fond traditions told
Of heavenly saints and princely chiefs--the power and faith
of old.

Deep lay the seeds, yet rankest weeds sprang mingled—could they fail?

For what were freedom's blessed worth if slavery wrought not bale?

As thrall, and want, and ignorance still deep and deeper grew,
What marvel weakness, gloom, and strife fell dark amidst us too.

And servile thoughts that measure not the inborn worth of man—

And servile cringe and subterfuge to 'scape our masters' ban—
And drunkenness—our sense of woe a little while to steep—
And aimless feud, and murderous plot—oh! one could pause and weep!

'Mid all the darkness, faith in heaven still shone, a saving ray,
And heaven o'er our redemption watched, and chose its own good day.

Two men were sent us—one for years, with Titan strength of soul,

To beard our foes, to peal our wrongs, to band us and control;
The other, at a later time, on gentler mission came:
To make our noblest glory spring from out our saddest shame!
On all our wondrous upward course hath heaven its finger set,
And we—but, oh! my countrymen, there's much before us yet.

How sorrowful the useless powers our glorious island yields—
Our countless havens desolate, our waste of barren fields,
The all-unused mechanic might our rushing streams afford,
The buried treasures of our mines, our sea's unvalued hoard!

But, oh ! there is one piteous waste whence all the rest have grown,
One worse neglect—the mind of man left desert and unsown.
Send Knowledge forth to scatter wide, and deep to cast its seeds,
The nurse of energy, and hope, of manly thoughts and deeds.
Let it go forth ; right soon will spring those forces in its train
That vanquish Nature's stubborn strength, that rifle earth
and main—
Itself a nobler harvest far than Autumn tints with gold,
A higher wealth, a surer gain, than wave and mine enfold.
Let it go forth unstained, and purged from Pride's unholy leaven,
With fearless forehead raised to man, but humbly bent to heaven ;
And press upon us one by one, the fruits of English sway,
And blend the wrongs of bygone times with this our fight
to-day ;
And show our fathers' constancy, but truest instinct led
To loathe and battle with the power that on their substance fed ;
And let it place beside our own the world's vast page to tell
That never lived the nation yet could rule another well.
Thus, thus our cause shall gather strength ; no feeling vague
and blind,
But stamped by passion on the heart, by reason on the mind.
Let it go forth—a mightier foe to England's power than all
The rifles of America, the armaments of Gaul !
It shall go forth, and woe to them that bar or thwart its way—
'Tis God's own light, all heavenly bright—we care not who says nay.

JOHN O'HAGAN.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

With the Sign of the Cross on my forehead, as I kneel on the cold dungeon floor,

As I kneel at your feet, Rev. Father, with no one but God to the fore—

With my heart opened out for your reading, and no hope or thought of rel'ase

From the death that, at daybreak to-morrow, is staring me straight in the face.

I have told you the faults of my boyhood—the follies and sins of my youth—

And now of this crime of my manhood I'll speak with the same open truth.

You see, sir, the land was our people's for ninety good years; and their toil

What first was a bare bit of mountain brought into good fruit-bearing soil;

'Twas their hands raised the walls of the cabin, where our children were born and bred,

Where our weddings and christenings were merry, where we waked and keened over our dead.

We were honest and fair to the landlord, we paid him the rent to the day—

And it wasn't our fault if our hard sweat he wasted and squandered away

On the cards, and the dice, and the racecourse, and often in deeper disgrace,

That no tongue could relate without bringing a blush to an honest man's face.

But the day came at last that they worked for, when the castles, the mansions, the lands

They should hold but in trust for the people, to their shame passed away from their hands;

And our place, sir, too, went to auction—by many the acres
 were sought,
And what cared the stranger—that purchased—who made
 them the good soil he bought ?
The old folk were gone—thank God for it—where trouble or
 care can't pursue ;
But the wife and the childre'—oh, Father in Heaven !—what
 was I to do ?
So I thought I'll go speak to the new man—I'll tell him of me
 and of mine ;
The trifle I've gathered together I'll place in his hands for a
 fine—
The estate is worth six times the money, and maybe his heart
 isn't cold ;
But the scoundrel who bought the “ thief's pen'orth ” was
 worse than the pauper that sold—
I chased him to house and to office, wherever I thought he'd
 be met ;
I offered him all he'd put on it—but no ! 'twas the land he
 should get ;
I prayed as men only to God pray—my prayer was spurned
 and denied,
And what matter how just my poor right was, when *he* had
 the *law* on his side !

I was young, and but few years was married to one with a
 voice like a bird—
When she sang the old songs of our country every feeling
 within me was stirred.
Oh ! I see her this minute before me with a foot 'wouldn't
 bend a croneen,
Her laughing lips lifted to kiss me—my darling, my bright-
 eyed Eibhlin !
'Twas often with pride that I watched her, her soft arms
 fondling our boy,
Until *he* chased the smile from her red lip, and silenced the
 song of her joy--

Whist, Father, have patience a minute let me wipe the big
drops from my brow—

Whist, Father, I'll try not to curse him ; but, I tell you, don't
preach to me now.

Exciting myself ! Yes, I know it ; but the story is now nearly
done,

And, Father, your own breast is heaving—I see the tears
down from you run.

Well, he threatened—he coaxed—he ejected, for we tried to
cling to the place

That was mine—yes, far more than 'twas his, sir—I told him
so up to his face.

But the little I had melted from me in making a fight for my
own,

And a beggar with three helpless childre', out on the world I
was thrown.

And Eibhlin would soon have another—another that never
drew breath—

The neighbours were good to us always—but what could they
do against death ?

For my wife and my infant before me lay dead, and by him
they were kil't,

As sure as I'm kneeling before you to own to my share of the
guilt.

I laughed all consoling to scorn, I didn't mind much what I
said,

With Eibhlin a corpse in a barn, on a bundle of straw for a bed ;
But the blood in my veins boiled to madness—do they think
that a man is a log ?

I tracked him once more—'twas the last time—and I shot
him that night like a dog.

Yes, I did it—I shot him ! but, Father, let them who make
laws for the land

Look to it when they come to judgment for the blood that lies
red on my hand.

If I drew the piece, 'twas they primed it, that left him stretched
cold on the sod ;

And from their bar where I got my sentence I appeal to the
bar of my God
For the justice I never got from them, for the right in their
hands that's unknown ;
Still, at last, sir—I'll say it—I'm sorry I took the law into my
own—
That I stole out that night in the darkness while mad with my
grief and despair,
And drove the black soul from his body, without giving him
time for a prayer.
Well, 'tis told, sir, you have the whole story ; God forgive him
and me for our sins ;
My life is now ending—but, Father, the young ones ! for them
life begins.
You'll look to poor Eibhlin's young orphans ? God bless you !
And now I'm at p'ace
And resigned to the death that to-morrow is staring me
straight in the face.

“ BRIGID ” OF THE *Nation*.

AITRÍSÉ SEÁIN TÓ HÓRÚA.

Δ θίσ τίμιρε να ηγητάρ το συμβούλιον τῶν βαΐρ,
Ἴφ τὸ πολεμός αν ὑδίρ φεανατοεάς,
Το δέαννουις ριοτ ἀδάμι τε αλλυρ το ἐνάμ,
Φυτ εγυρ σπειδα δεαριγα ;
Φιεασαιρ μέ, α ἔραδό ; νειρ μ'αναμ ι ὑτράτ
Σο ραριαταρ λάν-ἔραταμαέ,
Δες καίτεαμ αν τρόλαιρ ριαρ ριλ οφεασά
Ἴδιρ αρρταιρ ιφ ἀριο-αινγεαλλαιο.

Φιεασαιρ μέ, α Έριορτ, α έαρια το έριορδε,
Αν έαριαρις ρεο ιμ' έλιο, εορρωις ι
Ἴφ ομ' θεαρικαιο τειρ ριορ ριοτα αιτριγέ,
Το νεαριαρ Σο εριέ φλαιτιρ μέ ;

Maři iř peacač mé b̄i řeannalač ſiop,
 Órioič-þeařtač ſiop-mallaiſče,
 Iř ná tařaři-ře ńaoiř ńeařtač an třaoiſči
 Aři m' anam le ſiop řeapita ſiom.

Serpeadaiim iř eisim, aitčim ſo řeim
 Aři m' ſiop 'r a haon m'lač calma
 Teac̄t řealao ſe ðeim m' anma pléiō,
 Iř a čoraint o'n maop malluiſče.
 Řeirgiobait Óe 'r a ſeaparo ſo ſeip;
 Im' čapřainz 'ran ſeim ńeannuiſče
 Mo ńeařta aři an ſaořal ceařgač claoi
 Řanžařdeac̄ ńaoč do m'aticeač ūom.

A Óia atá ſuař, ſeac̄t ořm anuař
 Iř ſeipotis mo ſuař anfarid̄,
 Ačt leig me ſo ſuanřař ſártá ro' čuan
 Řleígeal buan-treaḡmač.
 A Čiřearna na m'buad̄, ūeim ořm třuař
 Aři teac̄t do'n uaiř m'arüča
 Iř ná leig miře uait ſeimioč le ſuač
 I ſeipin le ſuař ačapoin.

Iř ſeocaiř ūom laňařt ſeatra ſan daňt,
 Ař tařařt do čaňaři čalma;
 Iř ſuř ſada mé aři třeab̄ač třeaf̄na le ſonn
 I ſeoinne do m'orūmaiř-ařeanta.
 Ni'l inř an ſořan ſaiřring, mo ſom !
 Peacač le tořač iř meařa ſoit
 Ná miře tá bořař ſalb im' ſobap
 Ceangzalite ař an n'ðream malluiſče.

Ni ſia le ſiřoč ſaiřim aři čiřař,
 Ná ſrúčet aři ſaři ſlafřač,
 Ná peaca le ſuřgeam ař m' anam, ſořiřoř !
 Ceangzalite im' črořiře čalcaře.

Ir mór liom a dtíriam pónam 'fan tSliab,
Áct ní fógnann ciac eagsa;
Ir gúr mór iad le léigeara Spára Mic Dé
Ná a ndeárla an raoisal d'ainbrior.

Molaim-re Dia éar a bheaca mé liam,
Ir Muire Úain-tigearna aitcim-re;
Peadar ir Róil, ir na naoimh eile leo,
Ir turra gán gá, a Áctair óil;
Ansmuisígam dób, do Mícheál agur d'eoin,
Gúr peacsuigear dom' Óeoin im' rmaointiú go mór,
Im' gníomharcaib 'r im' gádor labarca.

An t-uabair ari dtáir, an tráinnit ir an tuiáir,
An craoir ir an rún fearsaé,
Fóimad an raoisail ir a leisce go léir
Ní feapann liom féin agus ari bít:
Náe maithis do'n té maithear mar mē
Inr na reacáit bheasairde clona marbháis,
Ir náe dána an gnó do Óuine Óem' fórt
Tágaist ari ciorónin plaitír d'fagáil.

Áct, feacé mar do réan Peadar mac Dé,
An tan lagair an tréad mallraigte é,
Ir nuair d'airtliúg ré i gcrealácaib airbhéil
Gúr glacád 'fan réim bheannuigte é.
Dob' fearsaé do'n traoisal fairsing go léir,
Gúr peacsac b'i ari rírae Magdailín,
Ir dá chuirreacáit é a beata le léigeara,
Go dtuig ríleád na mbraon plaiteara di.

Ari n-Áctair atá inr na plaitír go hár,
Go náosmuisítear trácht t'aimn-re,
Go dtigíod do ríosacáit, do éoil ari an raoiséal,
Mar deinteáir i gcearcí phárratáir:

Ár n-áran laethéamair tadhair. Se d'úinn
 Ír maití Ó úinn ár gcionnsta aindbfir,
 Mar maitmír do éái, ír ná leis rinn i uirláir
 Aict raoir rinn ó bár anaburó.

A mhuire tá lán de chuite na ngráir,
 Tá'n Tighearna, a ghrád, i mhaile teat;
 Ír beannuisce tá tú i bpláitear tair mnáib
 So naomhuiscear trácht t'ainm-re.
 Ír taitneamhach an pháirc toraidh do bhoinn,
 IOSA do roinn eadrainn;
 Anoir agur riath, ír i n-am ár brian,
 So pháidir, a Óna, ag reáramh d'úinn!

SEÁN DE HÓRDA.

THE ANCIENT RACE.

What shall become of the ancient race,
 The noble Gaelic island race ?
 Like cloud on cloud o'er the azure sky,
 When winter's storms are loud and high,
 Their dark ships shadow the ocean's face—
 What shall become of the Gaelic race ?

What shall befall the ancient race
 The poor, unfriended, faithful race ?
 Where ploughman's song made the hamlet ring,
 The hawk and the owlet flap their wing ;
 The village homes, oh, who can trace—
 God of our persecuted race ?

What shall befall the ancient race ?
 Is treason's stigma on their face ?
 Be they cowards or traitors ? Go—
 Ask the shade of England's foe ;
 See the gems her crown that grace ;
 They tell a tale of the ancient race.

They tell a tale of the ancient race—
 Of matchless deeds in danger's face ;
 They speak of Britain's glory fed
 With blood of Gaels, right bravely shed ;
 Of India's spoil and Frank's disgrace—
 Such tale they tell of the ancient race.

Then why cast out the ancient race ?
 Grim want dwelt with the ancient race ;
 And hell-born laws, with prison jaws,
 And greedy lords, with tiger maws,
 Have swallowed—swallow still apace—
 The limbs and blood of the ancient race.

Will no one shield the ancient race ?
 They fly their fathers' burial place ;
 The proud lords with the heavy purse,
 Their fathers' shame—their people's curse--
 Demons in heart, nobles in face,
 They dig a grave for the ancient race !

What shall befall the ancient race ?
 Shall all forsake their dear birth-place,
 Without one struggle strong to keep
 The old soil where their fathers sleep ?
 The dearest land on earth's wide space—
 Why leave it so, O, ancient race ?

What shall befall the ancient race ?
 Light up one hope for the ancient race ;
 Oh, priest of God—sagart a run !
 Lead but the way, we'll go full soon ;
 Is there a danger we'll not face
 To keep old homes for the Irish race ?

They shall not go, the ancient race—
 They must not go, the ancient race !

Come, gallant Gaels, and take your stand—
And form a league to save the land :
The land of faith, the land of grace,
The land of Erin's ancient race !

They must not go, the ancient race !
They shall not go, the ancient race ;
The cry swells loud from shore to shore,
From emerald vale to mountain hoar,
From altar high to market-place—
THEY SHALL NOT GO, the Gaelic race !

REV. M. TORMEY.

DUBLIN CASTLE.

Dublin Castle is in the city of Dublin, and it stands on the South side of the River Liffey. It is called a castle because it has a great many windows and a portico to the principal entrance. If you weren't told it was Dublin Castle you wouldn't think it was Dublin Castle at all. When I saw it first I took it for a militia-barrack or a poorhouse for gaugers. When a man showed me where the Lord Lieutenant lived when he's at home I began to think that all Lords Lieutenant must be very low-sized men, not in the least particular about their lodgings. The Castle, as it is generally called, is built on Cork Hill. Many ignorant people, such as Members of Parliament and Lords, think that Cork Hill is in the city of that name. Those who have learned geography and the use of the globes know that Cork Hill has for many centuries been in the city of Dublin. The Castle surrounds a square called the Upper Castle Yard, in the centre of which there is a beautiful tub for holding flags. There is also a policeman in the Upper Castle Yard, but he is not worth looking at, although his face is generally clean, and he wears a silver Albert chain.

There are soldiers walking up and down at the gate to keep themselves warm. They always carry their guns, because, if they put them out of their hands, Fenians, or newspaper boys, or the policemen might run away with them. This makes the soldiers short-tempered and chew tobacco. There is a statue of Justice over the gateway. This statue fell out of the sky during a thunderstorm, to where it stands, and only that it is red hot the Government would get men to take it down, for it has no business there, and looking at it only makes the people who live in the Castle uncomfortable.

You can go from the Upper Castle Yard to the Lower Castle Yard under an arched gateway. There are policemen in the Lower Yard, but they don't wear Albert chains or pare their nails. The Lower Castle Yard is not a yard in the least, but makes me always think of a street with a broken back. There are a few towers in it. These towers are very strong. A man once told me that if you fired a horse-pistol at one of them all day you would not be able to make a hole in it! A great number of small boys play marbles and ball here. The Lord Lieutenant loves to see innocent children amusing themselves, and he often sends them out presents of nuts and clay pipes to blow soap-bubbles. When there isn't a Cattle Show or a militia regiment to be inspected, or a Knight to be made, he himself often comes out in disguise and blows soap-bubbles. It is always remarked that the Lord Lieutenant's soap-bubbles are the largest and of the most beautiful colours. A man once told me that it is because the Lord Lieutenant puts a lot of soft soap into the water which he uses.

There is nothing connected with the Castle about which there are so many wrong notions as about the Castle Hack. Some are under the belief that it is a man ; others think it to be an attorney ; and there are those who go so far as to assert that it is a member of Parliament. Of all the people who indulge in such extravagances, I venture to say, not one has seen, or even had the curiosity to inquire particularly about

it. Now, I have seen the Hack, and learned all that is to be known concerning it, and am, therefore, well qualified to give correct information and a faithful description of it. I gave a decent man at the Castle half-a-crown, and he showed it to me and supplied me with all the particulars I needed. The Castle Hack is a poor, lean, wretched old horse. He is spavined and broken-winded, and his bones are sharply visible through his faded and withered hide. He is wholly unequal to the performance of any honest work in the fields, and he is one of the meanest and most wretched objects which can offend the sight of a humane and worthy man. Of all the noble attributes possessed by his species, none remain to him ; and of all the useful qualities of his fellows, he retains but one, that of abject servility to the rein, for he has neither the generosity nor the pride, the strength nor the swiftness which makes his race fit to be the companions of men. There is ever in his eye the expression of hunger for the corn-bins of the Castle, and dreads lest he should be worried to death by those of his own race in their rage at seeing so obscene a creature wearing and dishonouring their form. His employment is in keeping with his appearance. It is he who fetches meat for the Castle kennel, and brings the soiled linen of the Castle to the laundry to be cleansed. Although he is docile to his driver, he is spurned and despised. It is not his to swell the pageant, but to feed darkly at the Castle manger, to fear the light, and to crawl and shudder in the noisome ways. Poor brute, if he could only have one month's grazing on a hillside in the sunlight he might pluck up some spirit and lose at once his taste for Castle oats, and his indifference to the nature of the work which he performed.

The oldest part of the Castle now standing is the Back Stairs. The entrance to this celebrated staircase is in the Castle Garden. After going up a few steps a passage is reached, which leads by a kind of bridge over the Lower Castle Yard into the Castle. The steps of the stairs are iron ; for so many people go up and down that if they were

made of any softer substance they would have been worn away long ago. The people who go up this stairs carry bags full of things and wear their hats very low over their faces. They generally have turnips and gum-arabic, and steel pens, and penny packages of stationery in their bags. A man once told me that they sometimes bring the heads of people, and sell them at the Castle. He also said that they often sell their country. Who could believe this ? I had heard so many stories about this Back Stairs that I made up my mind to go and see it for myself. Before setting out I resolved to humour the people in the Castle whatever they might say to me. I got a bag, filled it with artichokes, and, having pulled my hat low over my eyes, went up. When I got to the top I met a man who asked me " if I came about that affair." I said, " Yes," and he led me into a small room where another man was eating the end of a large quill, and reading a large blue paper with writing on it, and having a large stamp in the corner. I sat down.

" Did you come about that affair ? " said he.

" Yes," I answered.

" Well," said he, " did you see him ? "

" I did," I answered.

" What did he say ? " he asked.

" I don't know," said I, feeling just as if he would order me to be shot on the spot.

" Good," he said ; " I see you've been reading the Tichborne case, and have learned caution from it. What have you in the bag ? "

" Artichokes."

" How many ? "

" Twenty-five."

" Were there really so many ? "

" Yes."

" And 'choke him' were the words, were they ? "

" Yes."

" On the night of the 15th ? "

"Yes."

"How much do you want for the artichokes?"

"One hundred pounds."

"Say two."

"Two."

"Gold or notes?"

"Gold."

"Very good! There you are," said he handing me two small bags of sovereigns. "Your information is most important. I shall forward it to the chief to-night. Good afternoon." And off I went with my two hundred sovereigns.

The Castle is the best place in the world for selling artichokes and lies. I would go with another bag of each now only the artichokes are out of season. Can you understand what information I gave? I can't. I hope it wasn't against a Royal Residence or asphalting the streets of the city.

RICHARD DOWLING IN *Zozimus*.

THE LAST REQUEST.

You're going away, a leanbh, over the stormy sea,
And never more I'll see you—Oh, never, a stoir mo chroidhe!
Mo bhron! I'm sick with sorrow—sorrow as black as night:
Mo bhuaachaill goes to-morrow by the blessed morning's light

Oh! once I thought, a leanbh, you'd bear me to the grave,
By the side of your angel sisters, before you crossed the wave:
Down to the green old churchyard, where the trees' dark
shadows fall—

But now, a chara! you're going, you'll not be there at all.

The strangers' hands must lay me down to my silent sleep,
And, Séamus, you'll not know it beyond the rolling deep,

Oh, Dia linn ! Dia linn ! a mhúirnín, why do you go away,
Till you'll see the poor old mother stretched in the churchyard
clay ?

My heart is breaking, a leanbh, but I mustn't tell you so,
For I see by your dark, dark sorrow that you own poor heart
is low.

I thought I'd bear it better, to cheer you on your way ;
But, a chara ! a chara ! you're going, and I'll soon be in the
clay !

God's blessing be with you, Séamus—sure, you'll come back
again,

When your curls of brown are snowy, to rest with your mother
then ;

Down in the green old churchyard where the trees' dark
shadows fall—

A storach ! in the strangers' land you couldn't sleep at all.

WILLIAM KENEALY

UAM CUMHNE AN ATAR TIOBÓIR MÁITÍN.

I gCóipeas tóráid ba tóráid a bheasair,
An meirge Shámona ag fáil ar Úadomh
'S an tmeirib ba ghnáthach láidirí giorrúe mear
Báis óige i nuaorúlre tóréit lás ;
Ráis ír bhlathsean gae láe aca,
Ó éal na ríse gan faergeam ;
Imirt ír ól,
Bhuite 'súr móir,
Mionna gan éoirí ír earcaine
Ír tuille náir meoim liom láthairt air
Gup peolád eadairta
Seóllád anacraic
Dóisíte, ír deatlúar déirce.

Ba minic i láir na ghráidí
 Cuirfeannas éijoí gan rcaidí na maoile air,
 Slíbhe mianá 'n-a théadair 'á ghraoileadh
 A láimhe gan mige 'r a hneadhán
 Ál 'n-a dtiomcheall, féacaird
 I nGáthach go fíor ag béisíodh,
 Gan oibreadh na mbúidh
 Dá scoraint air neodh,
 Ir giobáill 'n-a gscórtairde ríomhaire,
 Ir pluaidis an bhráthair leathála ortha;
 Céip gan aitear
 Gan bhráth de theargáin
 An óil ag ríteallaí na théarca.

Ói duine amháin gur náisiú cíoríde leir
 Fír ír mná óil an tcnáit 'ran truisce reo,
 Do ghoileadh go háirt de bhráth na ngníomhartha
 O'fágadh mílte i ngeálbhinn
 Fé bhráca an éraoir ónibh éadairis
 Sáir-fearr naoiðeanta naomha
 An tArdair Tiobóid
 Do labhair ré leo
 O'atéanír círaoir óil a fheadraíodh
 Ir cheasairc do ríóigste meagairíodh
 A cónairle leanas
 Ó'i cónairle a leara i
 O'fóir air cailm-friocáit Éireann.

Ba shairioí an gráir go dtáinig ríte éisgáinn,
 Stádaíodh de'n ráis, níor ghnáthas bhrisighseanta,
 Ói Meagairíodh mánla shráidíodh gnsor-áil
 Air fárcaíodh i gcoríde gáid éinne
 Círaibhcheadct dírléadct daonraadct
 Ir shláfta ó Chriost i nGaeánealaib
 Ó Coircais an cheoil
 So Doire na reoí

Mí feacatair gleo ná acharann
 De ñearcaib an óil mar cleacatair
 Áct rónnúr acinn
 If treoiri dá ramair
 Ári fíordiste fearantaif Éisír.

Seadh cuijró huijá do hárto, a ñaoine,
 Ári ron an fír ñreagás do ñáit an nro seo,
 Moltaír an ñráctair Cárailcineacé
 So dánas ari tigseacét a lae cùsainn;
 Tá gsan rcior gsan éalumis
 If n-áirde ari lioin na naomh ngeal,
 If a atéanise, fóir
 Ári rrheagád 'ran ngleo
 Cum Meafaradhacé gleoíóte ag leatán-cuir
 1 utalamh Eoghan Móir if Calm-Óginn;
 Tógaró, aitcím,
 Ùuri nglórta, a éagaró,
 "A Comacatais, beannuis ári raotair."

TAS Ó DÓNNÉADÓA.

EXILES, FAR AWAY.

When round the festive Christmas board, or by the Christmas
 hearth,
 That glorious mingled draught is poured—wine, melody, and
 mirth !
 When friends long absent tell, low-toned, their joys and
 sorrows o'er,
 And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once
 more—
 Oh ! in that hour 'twere kindly done, some woman's voice
 would say—
 “Forget not those who're sad to-night—poor exiles, far
 away !”

Alas, for them ! this morning's sun saw many a moist eye
pour

Its gushing love, with longings vain, the waste Atlantic o'er,
And when he turned his lion-eye this evening from the West.
The Indian shores were lined with those who watched his
couchèd crest ;

But not to share his glory, then, or gladden in his ray,
They bent their gaze upon his path—those exiles, far away !

It was—oh ! how the heart will cheat ! because they thought
beyond

His glowing couch lay that Green Isle of which their hearts
were fond ;

And fancy brought old scenes of home into each welling eye,
And through each breast poured many a thought that filled it
like a sigh !

'Twas then—'twas then, all warm with love, they knelt them
down to pray

For Irish homes and kith and kin—poor exiles, far away !

And then the mother blest her son, the lover blest the maid,
And then the soldier was a child, and wept the while he prayed,
And then the student's pallid cheek flushed red as summer
rose,

And patriot souls forgot their grief to weep for Erin's woes ;
And, oh ! but then warm vows were breathed, that come what
might or may,

They'd right the suffering isle they loved—those exiles, far
away !

And some there were around the board, like loving brothers
met,

The few and fond and joyous hearts that never can forget ;
They pledged—"the girls we left at home, God bless them!"
and they gave

"The memory of our absent friends, the tender and the
brave!"

Then up, erect, with nine times nine—hip, hip, hip, hip—
hurrah !

Drank—"Erin ! sláinte gheal go brath !" those exiles far away.

Then, oh ! to hear the sweet old strains of Irish music rise
Like blushing memories of home, beneath far foreign skies,
Beneath the spreading calabash, beneath the trellised vine,
The bright Italian myrtle bower, or like Canadian pine—
Oh ! don't those old familiar tones—now sad, and now so gay—
Speak out your very, very hearts—poor exiles, far away !

But, Heavens ! how many sleep afar, all heedless of these
strains,

Tired wanderers ! who sought repose through Europe's battle
plains—

In strong, fierce, headlong flight they fell—as ships go down
in storms—

They fell—and human whirlwinds swept across their shattered
forms !

No shroud, but glory, wrapt them round ; nor prayer nor
tear had they—

Save the wandering winds and the heavy clouds—poor exiles,
far away !

And might the singer claim a sigh, he, too, could tell how, lost
Upon the stranger's dreary shore, his heart's best hopes were
lost ;

How he, too, pined to hear the tones of friendship greet his ear,
And pined to walk the river side, to youthful musing dear,
And pined, with yearning silent love, amongst his own to
stay—

Alas ! it is so sad to be an exile far away !

Then, oh ! when round the Christmas board, or by the
Christmas hearth,

That glorious mingled draught is poured—wine, melody, and
mirth !

When friends long absent tell, low-toned, their joys and
sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once
more—
In that bright hour, perhaps—perhaps, some woman's voice
would say—
“ Think—think on those who weep to-night, poor exiles, far
away ! ”

MARTIN MACDERMOTT.

magairí láidir.

Seo òaoisib pláinte magairí láidir
Le'n mián spáid a chéice !
Ír ní fuil áit ó'n Rút go Mairg
Nuas fuil ra tráinte céadra;
Má miánaird páirt an fiabhalcain
Biaclais bhráilearús bhríoshmaír
Ír fuatair tráid sacaí fuair-iomlás
Ari cuallaist bhréas na tíre.

Sláinte uí neill, uí Ódomnall cíteib,
Ír ríocét na hÉirene ríosdóa
Ír sacaí a bhfuil beo ra illimhain móir
Óe ríocét an ró-mic Mileadó;
Sacaí a bhfuil i dtalamh aicme Máime,
Slán tré feairc do'n taoisín,
Ír laigean na lann go bhríoshmaír teann
I maoim, i gclainn, 'r i nuaigiala.

Lion an meathair do'n Árroeaghs,
Spáidó ír reasig na nuaime;
Lion an meathair do'n Aclair reasair,
Seo an ceasair rihe;

Ó á éuaicé, tairí éopáin, do'n Achtair Tomaír,
 Ír binn a cónmharú vilif;
 Siúll ír cana do'n Achtair Ceallaig,
 Dia óa teagárc éoróche!

Lion an rcaala, seo úaoisib pláinte!
 Ultairg Óána 'r Muimhniú;
 Sláinte Laisneac, an lucht meathraí,
 Ír Connacht na maighdean rciamaí!
 Lion an éarla leir an rcaala,
 A mbriall go hárth ari Úaoisíb
 Le'ri mian Éire claoír go héigceap!
 A Dia, bí tréan le Saorðealaib.

Sac neac nae ólraib, claoír ír bhrón air,
 Sláinte éoir na héigreann!
 Mile Spáin, rcián 'na Sáraib,
 Rian ír plásga Éisírt!
 'S sac neac nae iarríraib an aige céadra,
 So riabib na riarta as créim air,
 Ír é air miree ó éadl-miree
 I nDoláir bhruid' ír péime!

Mic, im, batcán, rós sac roláctair,
 Óis-fír iomlána Saorðealaí,
 Féarta fíre clainne Mileib
 Ír féarta críordé na féile,
 Pleasib do rámuis pleasib na n-árraib
 Ír uile daimh na n-Déite,
 Pleasib na n-uafal 'r a mol-éuallact,
 Féarta buan Mileíriur.

Téanam Sáilrídear, cora i n-árrde,
 Daib n-Domhnaí, táim-re ari miree!
 Daimhraib Maithimheac,—fá gcuaird—túid rinn
 Seo an t-aoisínear clípte!

Fréas-raf Úna 'r Úmhsír fúsgaé,
Mór a gclú raf' fúnnceao !
Feorásat, Óláintairg, Nealctan cláitceao,
So rafib a fúsgrao einne !

A Óláintairg, Éluair, 'r, a Tairg, ari lusai !
Seo an fuaireasair doibhinn !
A Céatán móir, a Óomhaill óis,
Seo pléid i r brórt, daibh m'fírinne !
Caitréona amh ño bhríosmári teann,
Mór i r meadóib i r h-éibheann ;
Tá Róir ag fúnnceao, cónar 'na timéecall—
Ól ! ól ! i r compáin éleib ro !

A Dognuir óis, a Madochnuir Únáde
A Máibhle binn, 'r, a Siúile,
Le ceol a mbéal éuir ceoirí ari céad,
San bhrón, san éad a nodaoiné !
Seinn d'áinni rteannacán, ríob i r tiomráin—
Seo an cónagsáir fólobaé !
Siúd oírt, a cháimdear ! Tá dhaé lá leat !
Daibh riad ! i r bhréas an brórt ro !

Seo oírt, a Chéim ! i r binn do béal—
Tá an bálcán bhréas bhríosmári,
Do'n báilb beirg séim, do'n bácaé téim,—
M'ánam éleib ! i r bhriscean ro !
Leas an rílóinfe ! ríor fá'n mbórt leir !
Ba ro an fógsáir ríotáigríse
I fíre fém mac fíre uí Néill
Do uí ari Éiginn ag ríosdáu.

Mascarréamh móir, Ó Úmhair na plóis,
Mo fhaol san écois na tréim-fír,
Mac domhúir lúndair, Mac Uíochair na rún
O límf éláitise Éigine ;

Ó Ceallaig cleibh Ó Conchubair tóinean,
 Siocat Uí Fhiacháin an Ruairí Stéibe;
 Ó Duinn an fear, Ó Mórda mear,
 Mo ghaol ari fáu na dEisí-fír!

seán ó neachtain.

SLIABH NA mBAN

Two thousand men for Ireland upon the mountain top !
 With such a harvest Freedom's arm might glean a glorious
 crop—
 A crop of seed to cast abroad, through village, town, and
 home,
 And to the children of the land across th' Atlantic's foam.

Two thousand men for Ireland on splendid Sliabh na mBan !
 Two thousand voices asking Heaven how Ireland may be
 won—
 Won from her sick'ning thraldom, from the serpent's
 thick'ning coil—
 From the poison of its slavering tongue, its trail upon the
 soil.

No puny arm, nor limb, nor lung, could clamber such a
 height—
 A red deer's wild and rocky road, an eagle's kingly flight !
 No craven breast could brave that mount, upon its crest to
 breathe
 A prayer to God—to save, to spare the beauteous land beneath.

Two thousand men for Ireland upon that altar high—
 Its broad base Tipperary ! its canopy the sky !
 Two thousand hearts, ennobled by place, and cause, and all—
 Two thousand Patriots pondering on their country's rise and
 fall.

Yes, raise the pile, and feed the blaze, on every mountain's side,

And, to the blushless recreant's shame, ring out the voice of pride—

A true man's pride, his country's pride, the link that binds in one

The Irishmen of every clime with those on Sliabh na mBan.

Sure some must tend the sacred fire that feeds the nation's life,

And though of high or low degree, in torpid peace or strife,
A gallant soul he still must be, who gives his aiding breath
To rouse the dark'ning slumbry spark from an untimely death.

Then, hail ! brave men of Ireland, upon the mountain top—
With such a harvest Freedom's arm might glean a glorious crop.

Be you of cheer, though foemen sneer, and fearlessly push on,
Till every mountain in the land be manned like Sliabh na mBan !

J. T. CAMPION.

THE WINDING BANKS OF ERNE.

Adieu to Ballyshannon ! where I was bred and born ;
Go where I may, I'll think of you as sure as night and morn ;
The kindly spot, the friendly town where everyone is known,
And not a face in all the place but partly seems my own.
There's not a house or window, there's not a field or hill,
But, east or west, in foreign lands, I'll recollect them still.
I leave my warm heart with you, though my back I'm forced
to turn—

So, adieu to Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne.

No more on pleasant evenings we'll saunter down the Mall,
When the trout is rising to the fly, the salmon to the fall,

The boat comes straining on her net and heavily she creeps,
Cast off, cast off!—she feels the oars, and to her berth she
sweeps;

Now fore and aft keep hauling and gathering up the clue,
Till a silver wave of salmon rolls in among the crew.

Then they may sit, with pipes a-lit, and many a joke and
“yarn”—

Adieu to Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne!

Farewell to you, Kildoney lads, and them that pull an oar,
A lug-sail set, or haul a net from the Point to Mullachmore,
From Killybegs to bold Sliabhleague that ocean-mountain
steep,

Six hundred yards in air aloft, six hundred in the deep.

From Dooran to the Fairy Bridge, and round by Tullin’s
strand,

Level and long, and white with waves, where gull and curlew
stand;

Head out to sea when on your lee the breakers you discern;
Adieu to all the billowy coast and winding banks of Erne!

• • • • •

Farewell to every white cascade from the harbour to Beleek,
And every pool where fins may rest, and ivy-shaded creek;
The sloping fields, the lofty rocks, where ash and holly grow,
The one split yew-tree gazing on the curving flood below;
The Loch that winds through islands under Turaw mountain
green;

And Castle Caldwell’s stretching woods, with tranquil bays
between;

And Breezy Hill, and many a pond among the heath and fern—
For I must say adieu—adieu to the winding banks of Erne!

The thrush will call through Camlin groves the live-long
summer day;

The waters run by mossy cliff, and bank with wild flowers gay,

The girls will bring their work and sing beneath a twisted thorn,
 Or stray with sweethearts down the path among the growing corn ;
 Along the river-side they go, where I have often been—
 Oh, never shall I see again the days that I have seen !
 A thousand chances are to one I never may return—
 Adieu to Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne !

Adieu to evening dances when merry neighbours meet,
 And the fiddle says to boys and girls : “ get up and shake your feet ! ”

To searchus and wise old talk of Erin’s days gone by—
 Who trenched the rath on such a hill, and where the bones may lie

Of saint, or king, or warrior chief ; with tales of fairy power,
 And tender ditties sweetly sung to pass the twilight hour,
 The mournful song of exile is now for me to learn—
 Adieu, my dear companions on the winding banks of Erne !

Now measure from the Commons down to each end of the Port,

Round the Abbey, Moy, and Knather—I wish no one any hurt ;

The Main Street, Back Street, College Lane, the Mall, and Portnasun,

If any foes of mine are there, I pardon every one.

I hope that man and womankind will do the same by me ;
 For my heart is sore and heavy at voyaging the sea.

My loving friends I’ll bear in mind, and often fondly turn,
 To think of Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne.

If ever I’m a monied man, I mean, please God, to cast
 My golden anchor in the place where youthful years were past ;
 Though heads that now are black and brown must meanwhile gather grey ;

New faces rise by every hearth, and old ones drop away—

Yet dearer still that Irish hill than all the world beside ;
 It's home, sweet home, where'er I roam, through lands and
 waters wide.

And if the Lord allows me I surely will return
 To my native Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

AN SCOLÁIRE.

Aoiúinn beatha an peoláiné
 Óis go dtí anam téiginn
 Is folusf thíb, a Údaine,
 Súilab thíb aoiúne i nÉirinn.

San rmaect síos ná riúise air,
 Ná tigsealma dál chreire,
 San éirid cíorfa ag Caibirdil
 San moicéilghe san teirlre.

Moicéilghe ná aodáilreacáit
 Ní éabair uairí éoróce,
 'S ní mó do-thairi air a airfe
 Feair na fáirfe 'fan oróce.

Is mait bifeacá a feirfeach
 Ag teáct coirí an earrfais :
 Is easc is crannais dál feirfeach
 Lán a glaice do peannais !

Do-thairi ré gneáir air tairiplír
 'S air éláirír go mbinne,
 Gneáir eile air énaírtas
 'S air éumann éarach níme.

THE FAIRY CHILD.

The summer sun was sinking
 With a mild light, calm and mellow ;
 It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,
 And his loose locks' of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly
 And his song was sad and tender ;
 And my little boy's eyes while he heard the song,
 Smiled with a sweet soft splendour.

My little boy lay on my bosom
 While his soul the song was quaffing,
 The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
 And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sate alone in my cottage,
 The midnight needle plying ;
 I feared for my child, for the rush's light
 In the socket now was dying !

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
 Like the wind at midnight moaning ;
 I knelt to pray, but rose again,
 For I heard my little boy groaning.

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,
 But that night my child departed—
 They left a weakling in his stead,
 And I am broken-hearted !

Oh ! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
 For his eyes are dim and hollow,
 My little boy is gone—is gone,
 And his mother soon will follow.

The dirge of the dead will be sung for me,
 And the Mass be chanted meetly,
 And I shall sleep with my little boy
 In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

DR. ANSTER.

DÁIBHÓ DE BARRA AR LORG DÉIRCE.

Ag seo mar do chuid Dáibhó de Barra agus ónuit ve cléipeasait Sibhneite ag ionáitd éum déirce d'íarraiad lá ar Aonach Leara Súil. Ónúilt an cléipeas le Dáibhó toirnuigad air eagla aon éoda dá óráid fénim d'fágáil do mheabhair agus do toirnuig so néarcáid le boigrítheoiri do b'fí ór a coinne anonn air an mod ro :

So mbeannuiscear ónuit, a riúr na ruadh i'f a ghaol na' raipeas, a aindipri ciúin taif, agus a chuirfionn maoiríd agus a ghearrfionn bpolais síl. Do bhíteálaír agus do phuinnenteálaír agus do buailear crann oif, a carlin óis, reoc gac n-aon eile dá bhusil ra chuirdealaítam, air feabhar do clóda, agus air taitneamhais do rcéime, agus téigte do min-érotá, i nódcaír so bpreasáid tú le croidhe truaig-méileas agus le haighe déirceamhail agus le rún trócairísh air an aindteipeoiri lag-éropiúdeas ro do rugadh agus do tainis air an raoisair go beo bocht gan riubhal gan éainnt gan rathairc, gan luac feoiriplinge dá éind fénim i n-a feilb agus gan i n-a éumar dul éap doipar a d'íarraiad a éoda ná a cár do éap i n-umail. Leir rín mā cionn Óia ná Muiré ná Mícheál ná éinne ver na trí ceatráraibh leitbhísinn ná pígin i gcuil do doirín no i gcuinne do phóca do-þeirum a fiúr do Óia agus do Muiré nacl jinnír riám déarc ba mò agus nap b'férdirí leat i éap níor feairí ná i éabairt dómha; mar ná gráphálfar ampreas, agus ní ceapnóscaid truiobhlóid aict de fiúr ag guríde air do fion.

Tábharrfaidh mé tuípar ag lóe Dearg agus tuípar ag Sceilg Mhícheál, tuípar ag Árho Maeda agus tuípar ag Oileán na mBeo, tuípar ag Tobar Íávrais agus tuípar ag Tobar Colmáin, tuípar

ag Tobair Eoin Íairte agur turiar ag Tobair Shobnaite, turiar ag Tobair Laiéntin agur turiar ag Tobair Ruaineos, agur níl lá thíos ron ná go n'adarrfáidh mé Corónin Muire agur Corónin Iora, cíng rúnntidaiúla na Saltplaé Muire agur Seiat línreacáil na Maighdine. Agur ír blárrta cneártá deas-éigioideacá deas-aisgeanta deas-éiginriaracá adarrfáidh mé Saibh Réigina cum Dé agur na Maighdine ar ron t'anma agur do leara, agur dá iarrfáidh ari Óra ronuasáor éisgat, a éailín óis.

Ír ionúdá bochtán tar-írealt agur baintrealaísc éalaoríreacá agur dhoic-rcológs recallaoideacá agur cù ghearrí rcainm-mhinnéacá agur cat corr-rcríobáil agur clochán cam pleamain flúisí gmeairtá do éigreafar-fa thíom i n-a coircéimib hoga troma laga ag teacht le beannaéit ó Ruaineois ag iarrfáidh do phisinne. Ír cóna thíom i éabhairt dom de bhuis nár iarrfar riúamh d'éairc agur nár nochtar mo éair agur naéi júnnear críobhcaoiltear ari m'aindeire i lánair aon uobair ná leibhre ná rítreorla ná círtleoirise ná fean-éaille ná malraipe bheac-luirgíse do rcríob an shopta agur do leis do'n amplaí, do buair an aindteire mairi oispealait, agur o'fóisluim-saé ealaída ceirnín, do déanfaidh ólá leit do'n pháta lá bheag ramhráidh cum a hoinnte, agur do leanfaidh an phréacán tréarfa tui páirceann ag iarrfáidh a bainte Óe.

Bioth a fíor agat naéi i rin an rórt o'á n-iarrfainn-re d'éairc ná o'á nochtainn mo éair ná o'á leatráinna aghánaíca mo ériod i n-a fiaónaíre. Aict do tuigearaí thíom nuair do Connac maire agur meiodí, muirinn agur mórðaist, seal-ghné, rcéimí, agur críot na rtéad-aindteire séir-ghile círeat-áilne glan-ghníriúse ná heiteoceaí rí ari ron a círeoidim agur a ghrádaim agur a ghrádha Dé agur a hoinis a bairr-seal agur a lámh fada leabhar ólácaíil glan-éigicinn meaircumta do fineadh le d'éiric cum an donáin bhiúct ro do bhearrfáidh uairí le luair a bfaighdiúr ré do beannaéitai; agur mairí oile o'íarrfáidh ró-mait o'altócaidh, mairí fíu a bfaighdáidh é.

Do lánair an cléiríreacá Shobnaite agur ír é a dhúibhairt:

Nár bheiridh Óra ar an raoisgal go bhráid tú go mbeiridír i mbéanadar do cóna do lóis, ó taoi comh maist rin éisige!

A NATIONAL FLAG.

[From Thomas Francis Meagher's Recruiting speech at Music Hall,
Boston, U.S.A., June 23rd, 1863.]

This day I stood on Bunker Hill, and, casting my eye along the stately shaft, I saw it there, with nothing between it and God's own sun, and I thought as those glorious hues reflected the favouring sunshine that there burst from it memories which would kindle the dullest into heroism. Let no one, however practical he may be, however sensible or sagacious he may be, sneer at a nation's flag. A national flag is the most sacred thing that a nation can possess. Libraries, museums, exchequers, tombs, and statues of great men—all are inferior to it. It is the illuminated diploma to its authority ; it is the imperishable epitomisation of its history. As I cast my eye along the shaft of granite, what did I see there ? I saw Cornwallis deliver up his sword. I saw the British troops evacuating the city of New York. I saw George Washington inaugurated as the first President of the United States. I saw the lofty brow and gaunt frame of Andrew Jackson. I saw the veterans of the Peninsular War reeling before the fire of Tennessee rifles in the swamps of Louisiana. I saw the thunders and lightning of Lake Erie, when Perry commanded them to go forth and sweep the friend of the South and the enemy of the North from its waters. I saw the American sailor pursuing his desolate and heroic way up the interminable stream of the Amazon, disclosing a new world even within the New World, to the industry and avarice of the age. I saw, in the Bay of Smyrna, the hunted prey of Austria rescued beneath the Stars and Stripes. I saw the towers of Mexico and Causeway over which Cortez went. I saw those towers and that causeway glistening in a glory greater than even Cortez brought to Spain. I saw the white bird floating, when the explorers stood upon the shore of the land which

the human eye had never before seen mirrored. These and a throng of other grand incidents passed like a vision over those Stars as I stood beneath them this day. Oh, may that flag never incur another disaster ! May the troops who carry it into action die where they receive the fatal fire rather than yield one inch of the soil over which it has a right to float ! May the troops who carry it into action henceforth have this motto written upon its folds—"Death if you will, victory if God will give it to us, but no defeat and no retreat !" Oh, if this is not worth fighting for, if that flag is not worth fighting for, if the country which it typifies and over which it has the right to expand its folds, if the principles which it symbolises—if these are not worth fighting for—if the country which Mirabeau, with his superb diction, spoke of flowingly even during its infancy, which De Tocqueville recommended with such calm wisdom and accurate philosophy to the acceptance and respect of the statesmen of the Old World, which Burke with the magnificence of his mind pictured in its development, even when there was but the "seminal principle," as he said himself, of its magnitude upon the earth—if this and these are not worth fighting for—infinitely better worth fighting for than all the Kings and Queens, than all the Gibraltars and Seraglios, than all the jungles and pagodas which Irishmen have fought for under European flags, then I stand in the minority. But it is not so. If in a minority I stand to night uttering these words and this invocation, it is in a minority of twenty millions against ten. This, too, I know—that every Irishman this side of Mason and Dixon's line is with me. If there is one who is not let him take the next Galway steamer and go home. And, I believe this—that he will not only have his expenses paid, but something left in his pocket to enable him to praise England when he gets there.

A SHAMROCK FROM THE IRISH SHORE.

On receiving a shamrock in a letter from Ireland, March 17th, 1865.

O, postman ! speed thy tardy gait—
Go quicker round from door to door ;
For thee I watch, for thee I wait,
Like many a weary wanderer more.
Thou bringest news of bale and bliss—
Some life begun, some life well o'er.
He stops—he rings ! O, Heaven ! what's this ?
A shamrock from the Irish shore !

Dear emblem of my native land,
By fresh fond words kept fresh and green ;
The pressure of an unfelt hand—
The kisses of a lip unseen ;
A throb from my dead mother's heart—
My father's smile revived once more.
Oh, youth ! Oh, love ! Oh, hope ! thou art,
Sweet Shamrock from the Irish shore !

Enchanter, with thy wand of power,
Thou makest the past be present still :
The emerald lawn—the lime-leaved bower—
The circling shore—the sunlit hill :
The grass, in winter's wintriest hours,
By dewy daisies dimpled o'er,
Half hiding, 'neath their trembling flowers,
The Shamrock of the Irish shore !

And thus, where'er my footsteps strayed,
By queenly Florence, kingly Rome—
By Padua's long and lone arcade—
By Ischia's fires and Adria's foam—

By Spezzia's fatal waves that kissed
 " My Poet " calmly sailing o'er :
 By all, by each, I mourned and missed
 The Shamrock of the Irish shore !

I saw the palm-tree stand aloof
 Irresolute 'twixt sand and sea ;
 I saw upon the trellised roof,
 Outspread, the wine that was to be.
 A giant-flowered and glorious tree,
 I saw the tall magnolia soar ;
 But there, even there, I longed for thee,
 Poor Shamrock of the Irish shore !

Now on the ramparts of Boulogne
 As lately by the lonely Rance
 At evening as I watched the sun,
 I look !—I dream ! Can this be France ?
 Not Albion's cliffs—how near they be !—
 He seems to love to linger o'er
 But gilds, by a remoter sea
 The Shamrock on the Irish shore !

I'm with him in that wholesome clime—
 That fruitful soil, that verdurous sod—
 Where hearts unstained by vulgar crime
 Have still a simple faith in God,
 Hearts that in pleasure and in pain,
 The more they're trod rebound the more,
 Like thee, when wet with Heaven's own rain,
 O, Shamrock of the Irish shore !

Here on the tawny fields of France,
 Or in the rank, red English clay,
 Thou show'st a stronger form, perchance :
 A bolder front thou may'st display,

More able to resist the scythe
 That cuts so keen, so sharp before :
 But then, thou art no more the blithe
 Bright Shamrock of the Irish shore !

Ah ! me, to think thy scorns, thy slights,
 Thy trampled tears, thy nameless grave
 On Fredericksburgh's ensanguined heights,
 Or by Potomac's purple wave !
 Ah ! me, to think that power malign
 Thus turns thy sweet green sap to gore—
 And what calm rapture might be thine,
 Sweet Shamrock of the Irish shore !

Struggling, and yet for strife unmeet,
 True type of trustful love thou art ;
 Thou liest the whole year at my feet,
 To live but one day at my heart.
 One day a festal pride to lie
 Upon the loved one's heart—what more ?
 Upon the loved one's heart to die,
 O, Shamrock of the Irish shore !

And shall I not return thy love ?
 And shalt thou not, as thou should'st be
 Placed on thy son's proud heart, above
 The red rose or the fleur-de-lis ?
 Yes, from these heights the waters beat,
 I vowed to press thy cheek once more,
 And lie for ever at thy feet,
 O, Shamrock of the Irish shore !

D. F. M'CARTHY.

SEAN-PÓTÁIRE AG CUR CANNTE AR A ÚINNÉAL.
 (Sean-méirceoirí 'na fúidhe oif comhaír cláirí agus bhuineál folamh uisce
 bealtasú ari a agair ó amach.)

An turra tā ann a cládairfe éam, a bhéanáinniúilbheathais, a
 fealltostóirí cealgais, a péarsaile gan maoim gan mairt? An
 é an éadói 'bhusil tú ag magadh fum le do ríruis fada Óuit,
 agus le do béal ghláinnta go bhusil baileadh bhean an bho-
 taille ag éigise amach ari? 'Seo dho dearbháca i f tuira atá
 riomam, a millteoirí. Náic tú an buaċeall stá dho beacuisítse
 volgas, go pleamainn rlioc, go huaiħżeas rojtamail, maoiħ-
 teas aitixreas! Mallact Dē go deo ořt. Mallact a
 utáinig agus a utiocfarð ořt! Ní fuláir ná go bhusil
 cùllgħaridhe magadl agħat fum-ra tarj ēir an għnō tā vēanta
 agħat ořim a tħarradha idher gan tħwasib agus a rerejxha gan
 náirie! Deag-ċara Óam-ra b' iżonnat gan amħar. Do
 ċuġar mo maoiñ agus mo ḫaġsal agus mo flainte Óuit.
 Do ċuġar mo ċail agus mo clu Óuit. Do ċpreiġear għad
 aon ċara eile tħad jaib agħam ari do f'on. Do ċuġar mo
 neajt agus mo meabbar agus m'aigħne Óuit. Do ċuġar
 għrafha mo ċloridhe agus mo clieħbe Óuit. Do bħonnar għad
 ari b'xiu deen tħaġsal mē ořt. Nīl ean-palteinar ná deag-
 ruu ná cpliexx-eaċċ tħad jaib i mien agħam nac fuu ċaċċe
 uain ari do f'on. Do b'feajji luu tħura ná caixrode ná
 flainte, ná maitċear, ná tħreit ari bix eile tħad il-kunċ-ċiex
 nac. Nīl tħad mēid tħad utcuġar Óuit nac amħla idha ba mōri
 do ċiocijaq agus do ċuġid jaġi kieni go mōri. Céa jid tħad
 tħad bħarr riñ agus uile? Tħad mōri, gan bħreag. Tħad an
 cotta caċċe reo agħam agus an rean-ċālibiñ reo go bħusil
 għiwaq mo ċinn agħiex karr amħac ċiex! Tħad na rean-ħbiex
 reo agħam, mā'ri ccaix bħiex tħalliðe do ċuġi ari na għioblaib lobba
 ro għiex fēidu mo ċproċeann buriex o'feicrint fà na pollax
 atħad ořta! Tħad na rean-ħbiex ro agħam fprejxin, agus mēa
 mo tħad ċor agħiex tħalliċ-ċiex amħac! A bħiex
 ixti, ná haġħra dha ċiex ná go bħusil niżżeġ go leor taħbiex
 agħat uam. Fiea ari an tħalliżi bħreag, iżonnja is, alu inn

reó tā ag deirfinis aod mo cionnaigé! Féadé ari an mbéal ro na c'fhiul acht 'n-a cab san cuma san dealb san éris! Na c'fear an tā phur atá agam agur iad go bhrúte mór-eileadh san daé ná comhlaíche na foila ionnta! Féadé ari an láimh ghláonta reo agur i go corrás cheadachas cam! Na c'fear i an láimh aluinn i san meapáil le n-a curio méarí ralaé nári bláir éan-uifce ó'n oirise úd gur fág tú mé faoi'n gclainne. Uc mo cionnraif! If iongantae an éolann i reo ari fad atá agam, agur a éarla if duit re amán ba tuisctha mo bhuideacair marí gheall ari an gcumha atá uirté.

A bithéamhnaig ónibh ó'r amhlaidh atáir ór mo cionnraif amach anois ní ríatharaithe mé de mo curio cainnte ro' éaoibh go dtí go mbéirí mo lán-tráit páirte agam. If maié if curimín liom an éead uair ari éuir tū ari meirice mé. Dári go deimhín go deo na vileann deamhan **dearbhail** a déanfaraidh mé ari an taom d'óigste do b'í oípm agur mé ag d'úiríseácht ari mo codlaoth lá ari na bárlaé. If maié if curimín liom é marí go páisín tinnear agur rian ag rcoiltéad mo cloisinn, agur b'í clabair agur múnlaé an b'óráir triomhaisce ari mo curio éadairis go mba thóidé le héinne gur éilimh tuiice b'í n-a luithe i láir an tighe. If iontú uair ó'n oirise rím ari imír tū an cleas céadra oípm ag baint mo céille agur mo meabhras thíom go dtí gur fág tú im' pleibhíte amuindeac réinte ari éaoibh na ríárdé me, go b'fóiríodh Dia oípm. If curimín liom fheirín an oirise fúsgaibh úd i n-airí rógrád mo ñeirbhriúr bocht Róirín. Mioirbh fada gur éuir tū diaibh iarrteas 'mo ériodh gur tuisgar iarrhaítear fá rcoilpnaíc mo ñreicéibháir do ghearrfaidh agur tóibhair nári tóirbhusigeas é. Do bhrúeasg crioíde mo málcair boíchte ari do ron-ra a b'uidéil bhréin, agur b'í an málcair ba mionla agur ba ceannra, agur ba éilimh tuisge tā páisín ag mac i miám i. 'Sead a ñiaibhail san tróscáire gur truaigéin, if turra do éuir d'fhiacáis oípm a crioíde do bhrúeasg de bárr mo curio curíppreacáta agur meirceamhlaícta go dtí go bhuaij rí bár faoi ñeirpeas, beannacéit ñilir Dé i n-a hanam glan. Ruad eile ñe, a cládairie mallusigé, if turra do éuir go minic fá ghláir inr an bpríofrún doiríde

mé, éum go mbeadh ré d'uamh agus r' onaodh agam beicte ag cuij agus ag cúniteamh go ceann tamall ari an rílaúraíodh do b'í cuijta agat timcheall mo mhuiñeáil. Ír iománaid uairí ari iarríar feacramhaint leat, acht b'í tú ríó-láiríodh d'am. Nári éisear bhris an phortáin i láthair an Achar Antoini,—beannacht Dé ari a ceann liath-úán!—aict ní túirse connais mé do chab duibh agus valaodh na virise ag éiríse aníor ar do shóile ná cuipur fá órlaoisídeacáit mé guri bhrifeasg mo mhionna ariúrt? 'Seadh muiр!' Ír aoiúinn mar éisear an raoisai liom ó foin! Do cuijreád mé ar m'obair lase. Do cuij t'ú mé ag taistíteal na tíre im' bheallán díomádonn órlaois-éisneáidh d'ona. Cao é mar fágair fír ní peitíordis mé anoir? Ní theocair é rin 'imprint! Leibhíde leisceamhail agus lomairte feirfeisteas an áiríodh atá ionnam. Ní féidir mo leictéir do phreasac pótairíe ná do meiriceoirí meacáta o'fágsaíl fa tír. Bionn na daoine ag feirfeád agus ag ríteallád magairí fum agus mé ag pláimhais agus ag baillleireacáit ari fud an báile móir do dtí go scuireas fum fén ra' bploasaig!

Aict a buntéilín táirí go bfuil valaodh o'anála mar bhealásal iflinn ag mairgealct an tionsaithe ionnam, táim bheag náct cuijreacáid tñáiríte tñáiríte cuijta ó beicte dom' ríos-bhualaodh riор go talamh agat, agus le congnamh Dé agus Muire tá deirfeád páiríte agam do'n tuairif ro. Béarfraidh mé iarríacáit eile fá t'ú do chéigean. Béir mé jéití leat go fóill! Má tá fén go bfuil buairíte agat ofm go dtí ro ní mar rin a bhearf an ríceál feasta. Ír goiúrte cabair Dé ná an doríar! Raícaró me an nónimio ro ari lóig an Achar Antoini ariúrt. Feair ceannra geanamhail go bfuil tñuairis aige do'n phreasacáid las, 'reas é. Ní d'óidí go n-eiteo' ré mé faoi n-a bheannacht do chabairit d'am, agus gian ionnam acht ghuairiacán. Sé a cuijreas ari bhealac mo leara mé. Cípeo' mé ari a buntéil Shláintea, agus nári feició mé do macramhail de shaothrúe mí-náirfeacáid ariúrt an fáid a'r beo mo ceann! Slán agat!

(Imchríseann ré go tapairí.)

AN BUACAILLÍN BUNTÉ (i mbánba).

THE RETURNED PICTURE.

[Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa, while her husband was imprisoned at Portland in 1866, sent him a likeness of herself and her baby, born a week after Rossa's conviction and accordingly never seen by him. The picture was returned accompanied by a note from the Governor to the effect that the Regulations did not allow such things to prisoners.]

Refused admission ! Baby, Baby,
 Don't you feel a little pain ?
 See, your picture with your mother's
 From the prison back again.
 They are cruel, cruel jailers—
 They are heartless, heartless men.

Ah, you laugh, my little Flax-Hair !
 But my eyes are full of tears ;
 And my heart is sorely troubled
 With old voices in my ears :
 With the lingering disappointment
 That is shadowing my years !

Was it much to ask them, Baby—
 These rough menials of the Queen—
 Was it much to ask to give him
 This poor picture, form, and mien
 Of the wife he loved, the little son
 He never yet had seen ?

Ah, they're cruel, cruel jailers ;
 They are heartless, heartless men ;
 To bar the last poor comfort from
 Your father's prison pen ;
 To shut our picture from the gates,
 And send it home again !

MRS. O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

MARTYRED

November 23rd, 1867.

There are three graves in England newly dug ;

In England there are three men less to-day—
Allen, O'Brien, Larkin—their brief sun has set,
To rise in God's clear day.

I saw them, the unconquerable Three,

Mount the black gallows for their country's faith,
As with the high, heroic scorn of life they kissed
The frozen lips of death.

Earth reeled in darkness, as, one after one,

Knitted like steel, passed up the sloping stair,
And in their eyes and in their faces shone
The hope that shames despair.

Below, the turbulent, fierce multitude

Glared at the martyrs wildly ; but they stood,
Willing for Ireland and her trampled cause
To shed their heart's last blood.

The thick November fog came up and rolled

A livid light round each defiant head ;
Ah, not at Marathon or Bannockburn,
Have braver soldiers bled !

The thin, pale face of Allen, O'Brien's gaze,

And Larkin, fainting from the press of doom,
Seemed like the Trinity of Ireland's trust,
In that foul morning's gloom.

'Twas over, and they fell ; one little pause,

And the sun, battling with the mist, broke out,
And with a glory, to November new,
He hemmed them round about.

Even the passionate pallor of the crowd
 Crimsoned into a pity, as the Three,
 Smitten by the Empire's sword of rope,
 Passed to Eternity.

And there rose wailings from the living mass
 Of Irish voices, trebly multiplied ;
 But through the torrent of the funeral cry
 There swept a certain pride.

For who, of ours, compassionating them,
 With tears o'erburthening his aching eyes,
 Could stop the pulses of his heart that leaped
 At that brave sacrifice ?

The worst was done, that vengeance could achieve,
 Or centuries of hatred fashion forth ;
 And England glared down from the scaffold rail,
 The Hangman of the Earth.

Three strangled corpses at her blood-stained feet,
 Our darlings, they had laid down life's worst load.
 Three corpses at her feet, and in the air,
 Ours, and the Wrath of God !

So the vile tragedy, from act to act
 Accumulating infamy, was done ;
 The Revolution perished on the tree,
 The Empire's arm had won.

O, fellow toilers, in this blinding night,
 Of desperate and utter ignorance,
 Trust me, the people's cause cannot so die,
 Their flag has still a chance.

For fortune has our bleeding hostages,
 The red print of their blood will bloom at length ;
 Forget not the Apostle who exclaimed :
 Weakness is future strength.

Ireland can spare a hundred thousand more
 Like them, and shrine their ashes in her tears,
 And still keep eyes upon her destiny
 Through multiplying years.

Sooner or later from the catacombs
 Of that cursed prison, where they sleep to-day,
 A nation, in the dazzling mail of might,
 Will lift their sacred clay.

And write their names upon the temple front
 Of our Pain-purchased Freedom, as of men,
 Who, could they rise from out their narrow beds,
 Would die for us again.

Therefore, keep hope, whilst unavailing tears
 Make women's cheeks and strong men's eyelids wet,
 By the All-seeing and Eternal Lord
 The cause shall triumph yet.

JOHN F. O'DONNELL.

BEAN NA CLEITE CAOILE.

Níor éagair liom ceapáit, beart, ná bhrácaí aoiúnnír.
 Leabhar ná ceadct, ná rann 'na Óileib Óilius;
 Níor caiteadó mé 'n fad go teacáit im' feirbíreacá,
 Ín im' neacataipe ceapás ag Bean na Cleite Caoile!

Oo caitear-ra real ré naic ari leirig laoicé,
 1 scáidireamh feapáit if pláit if círeidimh fóra.
 Áirgeadó seal im' glaic gán doilbh-niú ari bici,
 Cé doilbh mo meair ag Bean na Cleite Caoile.

If é lagaird mo meair, oo meacáit, oo meirb m'intinn
 Naic maireann na pláta lean an círeideamh síreacá,
 Oo caíad ná ranna gcáinad treibh a ríngear
 'S oo bainfreadó an fáil oo Bean na Cleite Caoile!

Ir feargach nár cleacatar teacáit i ndeirleasó coimhearscair
 Ág ceagácht 'r ag cairmhit caillige ceirnise cinnite;
 Ná 'n t-aicéann aon i bhrád ó bheirt an fíor-círt,
 So ndeaca fé rmaict ag Bean na Cleite Caoile.

Cé fada mé 's taíteal tréab ir tişte taoireac,
 Ir go bheaca gád neadáit ir aét ari fuid na píosacáta
 Niop b'feargach mé ari cleagrais fíora feill-ghníomach
 So "preatairí an gáid" tá ag Bean na Cleite Caoile.

Aicéim an Mac do ceap na cérípe roille,.
 Plaitear, fainigse feirann ir deilb daoine
 So ngeabair m'anam pearta 'na feilb tilip,
 Ir mé rcairímant fé bhar le Bean na Cleite Caoile.

SEÁN UA TUAMA.

THE PRIESTS OF IRELAND.

[The time has arrived when the interests of our country require from us, as priests and as Irishmen, a public pronouncement on the vital question of Home Rule. . . . We suggest the holding of an aggregate meeting in Dublin, of the representatives of all interested in this great question—and they are the entire people, without distinction of creed or class—for the purpose of placing, by constitutional means, on a broad and definite basis, the nation's demand for the restoration of its plundered rights.—*Extract from the Declaration of the Bishop and Priests of the Diocese of Cloyne, made on Sept. 15th, 1873.*]

You have waited, Priests of Ireland, until the hour was late;
 You have stood with folded arms until 'twas asked—Why do they wait?

By the fever and the famine you have seen your flocks grow thin,

Till the whisper hissed through Ireland that your silence was a sin.

You have looked with tearless eyes on fleets of exile-laden ships,

And the hands that stretched toward Ireland brought no tremor to your lips;

In the sacred cause of freedom you have seen your people band,
 And they looked to you for sympathy : you never stirred a hand ;
 But you stood upon the altar, with their blood within your veins,
 And you bade the pale-faced people to be patient in their chains !
 Ah, you told them—it was cruel—but you said they were not true
 To the holy faith of Patrick, if they were not ruled by you ;
 Yes, you told them from the altar—they, the vanguard of the Faith—
 With your eyes like flint against them—that their banding was a death—
 Was a death to something holy : till the heart-wrung people cried
 That their priests had turned against them—that they had no more a pride—
 That the English gold had bought you—yes, they said it—but they lied !

Yea, they lied, they sinned, not knowing you—they had not gauged your love :
 Heaven bless you, Priests of Ireland, for the wisdom from above,
 For the strength that made you, loving them, crush back the tears that rose
 When your country's heart was quiv'ring 'neath the statesman's muffled blows :
 You saw clearer far than they did, and you grieved for Ireland's pain ;
 But you did not rouse the people—and your silence was their gain ;
 For too often has the peasant dared to dash his naked arm 'Gainst the sabre of the soldier : but you shielded him from harm,

And your face was set against him—though your heart was
with his hand

When it flung aside the plough to snatch a pike for fatherland!

O, God bless you, Priests of Ireland! you were waiting with a will,
You were waiting with a purpose when you bade your flocks
be still;

And you preached from off your altars not alone the Word
Sublime,

But your silence preached to Irishmen :—" Be patient, bide
your time ! "

And they heard you, and obeyed, as well as outraged men
could do :

Only some who loved poor Ireland, but who erred in doubting
you,

Doubting you, who could not tell them why you spake the
strange behest—

You, who saw the day was coming when the moral strength
was best—

You, whose hearts were sore with looking on your country's
quick decay—

You, whose chapel seats were empty and your people fled
away—

You, who marked amid the fields where once the peasant
cabin stood—

You, who saw your kith and kindred swell the emigration
flood—

You, the *sagart* in the famine, and the helper in the frost—

You, whose shadow was a sunshine when all other hope was
lost—

Yes, they doubted—and you knew it, but you never said a word,
Only preached, " Be still ; be patient ! " and, thank God,
your voice was heard.

Now, the day foreseen is breaking—it has dawned upon the land,
And the priests still preach in Ireland : do they bid their
flocks disband ?

Do they tell them still to suffer and be silent ? No ! their words
Flash from Dublin Bay to Connacht, brighter than the gleam
of swords !

Flash from Donegal to Kerry, and from Waterford to Clare,
And the nationhood awaking thrills the sorrow-laden air.

Well they judged their time—they waited till the bar was
glowing white

Then they flung it on the anvil, striking down with earnest
might ;

And the burning sparks that scatter lose no lustre on the way,
Till five million hearts in Ireland and ten millions far away
Feel the first good blow, and answer ; and they will not rest
with one :

Now the first is struck, the anvil shows the labor well begun ;
Swing them in with lusty sinew, and the work will soon be done !
Let them sound from hoary Cashel ; Kerry, Meath, and Ross
stand forth ;

Let them ring from Cloyne and Tuam and the Primate of the
North ;

Ask not class or creed : let “Ireland !” be the talismanic word ;
Let the blessed sound of unity from North to South be heard ;
Carve the words : “No creed distinctions !” on O’Connell’s
granite tomb,

And his dust will feel their meaning and rekindle in the gloom.
Priest to priest, to sound the summons—and the answer, man
to man ;

With the people round the standard, and the prelates in the van.
Let the hearts of Ireland’s hoping keep this golden rule of
Cloyne

Till the Orange fades from Derry and the shadow from the
Boyne.

Let the words be carried outward till the farthest lands they
reach !

“ After Christ, their country’s freedom do the Irish prelates
preach ! ”

HOLD THE HARVEST.

Now, are you men, or are you kine, ye tillers of the soil ?
Would you be free, or evermore the rich man's cattle toil ?
The shadow on the dial hangs, that points the fatal hour—
Now, *hold your own !* or branded slaves, for ever cringe and cower.

The serpent's curse upon you lies—ye writhe within the dust,
Ye fill your mouths with beggars' swill, ye grovel for a crust ;
Your lords have set their blood-stained heels upon your shameful heads,
Yet, they are kind—they leave you still their ditches for your beds !

Oh, by the God who made us all—the seignior and the serf—
Rise up ! and swear this day to hold your own green Irish turf !
Rise up ! and plant your feet as men where now you crawl as slaves,
And make your harvest fields your camps, or make of them your graves.

The birds of prey are hovering 'round, the vultures wheel and swoop—
They come, the coronetted *ghouls* ! with drum-beat and with troop—
They come, to fatten on your flesh, your children's and your wives' ;
Ye die but once—hold fast your lands, and, if ye can, your lives.

Let go the trembling emigrant—not such as he ye need ;
Let go the lucre-loving wretch that flies his land for greed ;
Let not one coward stay to clog your manhood's waking power ;
Let not one sordid churl pollute the nation's natal hour.

Yes, let them go!—the caitiff rout, that shirk the struggle
now—

The light that crowns your victory shall scorch each recreant
brow,

And, in the annals of your race, black parallels in shame,
Shall stand, by traitors' and by spies', the base deserter's
name.

Three hundred years your crops have sprung, by murdered
corpses fed—

Your butchered sires, your famished sires, for ghastly com-
post spread;

Their bones have fertilised your fields, their blood has fallen
like rain;

They died that ye might eat and live—God! have they died
in vain?

The yellow corn starts blithely up; beneath it lies a grave—
Your father died in “Forty-eight”—his life for yours he
gave—

He died, that you, his son, might learn there is no helper nigh
Except for him who, save in fight, has sworn he will not die.

The hour has struck, Fate holds the dice, we stand with bated
breath;

Now who shall have our harvest fair?—’tis Life that plays
with Death;

Now who shall have our Motherland?—’tis Right that plays
with Might;

The peasants' arms were weak indeed in such unequal fight!

But God is on the peasants' side, the God that loves the poor,
His angels stand with flaming swords on every mountain
moor,

They guard the poor man's flocks and herds, they guard his
ripening grain,

The robber sinks beneath their curse beside his ill-got gain.

O, pallid serfs ! whose groans and prayers have wearied
Heaven full long,
Look up ! there is a law above, beyond all legal wrong ;
Rise up ! the answer to your prayers shall come, tornado
borne,
And ye shall hold your homesteads dear, and ye shall reap
the corn !

But your own hands upraised to guard shall draw the answer
down,
And bold and stern the deeds must be that oath and prayer
shall crown ;
God only fights for them who fight—now hush the useless
moan,
And set your faces as a flint and swear to Hold Your Own !

FANNY PARNELL.

‘ARAOR IS MÉ IM’ ÁONAR.

Áraoir ír mé im’ áonar coir taoibhé an gaoithair
Ba thíos duille gáis-gláir’ im’ luisge,
Lem’ éaoibh gur fúid rpéirbhéan ba éí-úinne réir gúib
Ná caoi éruit, gunt éanlait ír píob ;
Tá comhdeacáit b’i caoé-giolla céar mé ’r do mhuil
Le raißeadaib, tá leáir-éur tíméim’ éaoibh Úeir go earrinn,
Do claoiro mé gan fáereamh le vioßrair do’n péilteann
Do b’aoisne rcéim agus gnaoi.

Litir ír caora b’i ag comheargáir ’r ag pléiríreacáit
Go fioéimar ’na réim-leacain gúinn,
1 Seip gáin a déiridh ion, doib’ fióir-ðear a béal tana,
A bhráite, ’r a claoi-juor gan teiméal ;
A caoin-mama gáaria gan claochád ari a cli,
A píob ír a haol-éorr mar gáir ari an tuinn,
Ba ériunnreacáit taif néamhdaé ciusg buirde carta péarlae
A dlaor-folt go caol-tíois ari b’ir.

Na tūiugreac mē im' ðaoif-ffrilear puaif̄ f̄mūinear tréim'
nēaltauib

Ari cūrraib̄ an traoisai cleasraīs claoim,
An tréat mūrcelar do lēimear le fūin-ffearc do'n pēitseann
1 lāib̄ cōille b'aerleac s̄an tem̄eal :

Bi ionnraib̄ o ñéabur 1 ngeasaīs s̄ac̄ crainn,
Bi ionnraib̄ ba nēam̄ðāc̄ ari s̄ac̄ aon ñap̄i aḡ luisé,
Bi ionnraib̄ o'n ñréapla go ñtaðarfarad mac ſéamuis
S̄an cūntar̄ f̄i p̄eim c̄iit̄ 'na p̄ioðāct̄.

A fūin ðil mo éléib̄, t'ainm taðair̄ ðom leor̄' f̄aor̄-c̄oil,
Iñ mūrcail ðom f̄aer̄eam̄ s̄an moill ;
An tu lānó no ñéanur̄ 'nari um̄lais̄ an laoc̄ mear̄
An t-uball vi s̄an pléir̄ tarī s̄ac̄ mnaoī ;
Inniñ ðom an tu ñéilein c̄us̄ leir̄-f̄em̄or̄ na Tráoi,
No plúr̄ na mban ñéir̄dor̄ p̄ario s̄éir̄-ffearc do ñaoir̄ ;
An tu Minéarib̄a no an cūlfionn do tréis̄ Taire,
Lé'ri tūrnuib̄ na céadta s̄an ñriß.

Iñ bñadac̄ b̄lasta bñapac̄ umal o'ffreagair̄ an bñit̄ mē,
Iñ ñubair̄ : Iñ mē Éire s̄an tim̄
Cúsat̄-ra le f̄ealtauib̄ ari cūntar̄ mo laoc̄ mear̄
Do tūrnuib̄ le tréim̄re tarī tuinn.
Iñ fñbāc̄ c̄ioefraī ñéaplā 'na p̄eim c̄iit̄ arī
'S s̄ac̄ p̄riionnra o'fuiñ Éib̄ir̄ 'na f̄aor̄-bailltīb̄ f̄íteac̄',
Úiord̄ bñinne iñ eléiri c̄ear̄ 'na nðút̄cār̄ s̄an éicliorr̄
Iñ bñra an ñéapla s̄an ñriß.

Iñ fñgac̄ bñið s̄aeðealā 'na nðúñ-ñriðāib̄ aoiða
Le congnam̄ an Éin-ñllic̄ s̄an moill,
So fionn fleasrac̄ f̄eartac̄ mear̄-c̄lúireac̄ cait̄réimeac̄,
'S o'ð āp̄riionnra c̄ear̄ geillfrīō s̄ac̄ j̄i.
Bñið mñcaðō 'súr̄ traois̄ 'ca arī bñaplaib̄ an f̄ill,
Slioc̄t̄ lñuit̄air̄ na gclaoon-þeal̄t̄ na gñilleann do ñriort̄,
Oá tðúrnuib̄ tarī tréan-þuirī ní ñubac̄ liom a f̄ealtau,
S̄an lionnta, s̄an f̄eart̄, s̄an fion.

TAÓS S̄AEÐEALĀC̄ O SÚNTEAÐAÍN

CUI BONO ?

If all the wrath of England ran
To fill the land with ruin-fires,
If all her bloodiest hounds began
To tear us as they tore our sires :

If every cabin felt the flame,
And all the fields were waste and red,
Till silence o'er our highways came—
Such silence as will bless the dead :

If blood were spilled in thunder-showers,
Where'er the hunted came to bay
And all the grass and all the flowers
Were stained and sickened day by day :

If once again the maidens cried
To all the hills to hide their heads,
And babes and mothers side by side
Lay butchered in their bloody beds :

If all the love that lit the land,
When priests knew well how hunger kills,
Flashed out again, when bruised and banned,
The priests were with us on the hills :

If in the lonely mountain cave
We heard how Jude and Macchabee
Cried God's great curse to smite the slave
Who e'er forgot God made him free :

If all the tears our fathers shed
Came back to us, and all the groans ;
And wives and sons and daughters dead
Lay, with no priest to bless their bones :

All, all were vain to quench the fires
 That burn within our veins to-day ;
 So help us, God, that helped our sires,
 We cannot give the land away !

REV. J. J. MURPHY (FIONN BARRA.)

THE EXILE OF THE GAEL.

[Read at the 150th Anniversary of the Irish Charitable Society, Boston,
 March 17th, 1887.]

It is sweet to rejoice for a day—
 For a day that is reached at last !
 It is well for wanderers in new lands,
 Slow climbers towards a lofty mountain pass,
 Yearning with hearts and eyes strained ever upward,
 To pause and rest on the summit—
 To stand between two limitless outlooks—
 Behind them, a winding path through familiar pains and
 ventures ;
 Before them, the streams unbridged and the vales untravelled.

What shall they do nobler than mark their passage
 With kindly hearts, mayhap, for kindred to follow ?
 What shall they do wiser than pile a cairn
 With stones from the wayside, that their tracks and names
 Be not blown from the hills like sand, and their story be lost
 for ever ?

“ Hither,” the cairn shall tell, “ Hither they came and
 rested ! ”

Whither ? ” the searcher shall ask with questioning
 eyes on their future.

Hither and Whither ! O Maker of Nations ! Hither and
Whither the sea speaks,

Heaving ; the forest speaks, dying ; the Summer whispers,
Like a sentry giving up the watchword, to the muffled Winter
Hither and Whither ! the Earth calls wheeling to the Sun ;
And like ships on the deep at night, the stars interflash the
signal.

Hither and Whither, the exiles' cairn on the hill speaks—
Yea, as loudly as the sea and the earth and the stars.
The heart is earth's exile : the soul is heaven's ;
And God has made no higher mystery for stars.

Hither—from home ! sobs the torn flower on the river :
Wails the river itself as it enters the bitter ocean ;
Moans the iron in the furnace at the premonition of melting ;
Cries the scattered grain in Spring at the passage of the
harrow.

In the iceberg is frozen the rain's dream of exile from the
fields ;
The shower falls sighing for the opaline hills of cloud ;
And the clouds on the bare mountains weep their daughter-
love for the sea.

Exile is God's alchemy ! Nations He forms like metals - -
Mixing their strength and their tenderness ;
Tempering pride with shame and victory with affliction ;
Meting their courage, their faith, and their fortitude—
Timing their genesis to the world's needs !

“ What have ye brought to our Nation-building, Sons of the
Gael ?

What is your burden or guerdon from old Inisfail ?
Here build we higher and deeper than men ever built before ;
And we raise no Shinar tower, but a temple for evermore.

What have ye brought from Erin your hapless land could spare ?
 Her tears, defeats, and miseries ? Are these, indeed, your share ?
 Are the mother's *canine* and the *bean sidhe*'s cry your music
 for our song ?

Have ye joined our feast with a withered wreath and a
 memory of wrong ?

With a broken sword and treason-flag from your Banba of
 the seas ?

O, where in our House of Triumph shall hang such gifts as
 these ? ”

O, soul, wing forth ! what answer across the main is heard ?
 From burdened ships and exiled lips—write down, write down
 the word !

“ No treason we bring from Erin—nor bring we shame nor
 guilt !

The sword we hold may be broken, but we have not dropped
 the hilt !

The wreath we bear to Columbia is twisted of thorns, not
 bays ;

And the songs we sing are saddened by thoughts of desolate
 days.

But the hearts we bring for Freedom are washed in the surge
 of tears ;

And we claim our right by a People's fight outliving a thousand
 years ! ”

“ What bring ye else to the Building ?

“ O, willing hands to toil
 Strong natures tuned to the harvest-song, and bound to the
 kindly soil ;

Bold pioneers for the wilderness, defenders in the field—
 The sons of a race of soldiers who never learned to yield.

Young hearts with duty brimming—as faith makes sweet the
 due ;

Their truth to me their witness they cannot be false to you ! ”

" What send ye else, old Mother, to raise our mighty wall,
For we must build against Kings and Wrongs a fortress never
to fall ? "

" I send you in cradle and bosom, wise brain and eloquent
tongue,

Whose crowns shall engild my crowning, whose songs for me
shall be sung.

O, flowers unblown, from lonely fields, my daughters with
hearts aglow,

With pulses warm with sympathies, with bosoms pure as
snow—

I smile through tears as the clouds unroll—my widening river
that runs !

My lost ones grown in radiant growth—proud mothers of
free-born sons !

My seed of sacrifice ripens apace ! The Tyrant's cure is
disease :

My strength that was dead like forest is spread beyond the
distant seas ! "

" It is well, aye well, old Erin ! The sons you give to me
Are symbolled long in flag and song—your Sunburst on the
Sea !

All mine by the chrism of Freedom, still yours by their love's
belief ;

And truest to me shall the tenderest be in a suffering mother's
grief.

Their loss is the change of the wave to the cloud, of the dew
to the river and main ;

Their hope shall persist through the sea, and the mist, and
thy streams shall be filled again.

As the smolt of the salmon go down to the sea, and as surely
come back to the river,

Their love shall be yours while your sorrow endures, for God
guardeth His Right for ever !

THE REVEL OF THE WEE FOLK.

(AN OLD WOMAN'S STORY).

Come closer still, a teanb, let me whisper in your ear,
 There is something I would tell you, and I want none else to
 hear :

They were back last night, a cuirte, they were full a thousand
 strong ;

I watched them on the green beyond, so busy all night long.

There were some from Aughawinny ; there were some from
 Knockabrin ;

They were there, too, from Knockalla, from Cnuacán and
 from Bunlinn ;

And the princely ones from Aileac brought some bards their
 Court among,

And from Síuanán little dancers and wee pipers came along.

And a hundred fairy millers brought a flat stone from the
 shore,

And they set their mill upon it over there fornenst the door ;
 Then a hundred little waggoners brought each his store of corn,
 And every little waggon held its load of meal at morn.

But, uč, a teanb óilir, sure 'twas I was ill content
 To be there alone among them, though a merry night we
 spent,

For so sick was I and weary that I scarce could heed the play
 Of the wee red jovial revellers, so merry-voiced and gay.

It was wearing on to morning when the milling all was done,
 And the millers and the waggoners were joining in the fun,
 When above the din and music a "discordant note" was
 heard,

'Twas the crowing of the bantam out behind there in the yard

Well, a chotóe, such helter-skelter I had never seen before,
 Such running here, and running there, confusion and uproar ;
 And in less time than I tell it, I was back in bed again,
 With the voices of "the wee folk" making music in my brain.

CÁLTAN MACGARBAIS.

MÁCTNAMH AN DUINE DOILSEASAIŚ.

Oírdeé dom go doilisg duairic,
 Coir fáilfíse na dtónn tchréan,
 Ás leáir-rtmaoinearaí, ír ás lúad,
 Ár éoraiib cnuada an traoisail.

Bí an rae 'r na héalta ruar,
 Niop élor fuaim tuinne na trádá
 Ír ní raiib gal ann do'n gaoit
 Do eipicfaid bárr eipinn ná bláit.

Do ghuairfeas amach liom féin
 San aithe 'gam ari rason mo riubair
 Dófar cille guri théarfc me
 'San gconair péird ór mo chionn.

Do rítar mé 'ran níorlár gean
 'Napí gnáit almfanna ír aoiúeacáit
 Dá nráil do'n lobair agur do'n las
 An tráit do máir luét an tigé.

Bí fóraib fíari ari a taoib
 Ír eian ó cuirfead i gclóid
 Ári a riutdeacáid raoite 'r clíar
 Ír taiftealaís trualta an róis.

Suirid mé riord le mactnamh lán
 Do leigear mo láim fém' ghuadá
 Guri tuit fíara diana théar
 Om' théarcáid ari an bhealr anuas.

Δυνθαίτ μέ ανηροιν φέ διά
Αγυρ μέ ας οαοι γο ευπαδ:
Το βί αιμρεαρ ανν 'να ραιθ
Αν τις ρο γο ροιλό ρυθαδ.

Ιφ ανν ρο βί ελισ ιφ ελιαρ,
Ορέατα θιαθαέτα θά λειγεαθ.
Σοριαθε σεαταλ αγυρ θεοι
Ας μολαό μόρθαέτα Θέ.

Φοτριαέ φολαό γαν άιρο
Αν τ-άριυρ ρο ιφ άρρα τάιρ
Ιφ ιομόα εαργαλ αγυρ γαος
Το υναιλ φέ μαολαιύ ρο μάιρ.

Ιφ ιομόα φεαρχαίνν αγυρ φιαέτ
Ιφ ρτυιρην έυαιν ρο έυιρην διοτ,
Ο τιοθλαικεαό τύ αρ θτάιρ
Το Ριζ να ηθύλ μαρ τιγεαρ.

Α μάιρ παομέτα να μβεανη ηγιαρ,
Το β' θρηνάιρ ρο'ν τίρ φεο τηάτ;
Τιομβάιρ θιαν λιον ρο φεμιορ
Αγυρ ευρ ρο παομ αρ φάν.

Ιφ υαιγνεαέ αταοιρ ανοιρ,
Ηι'λ ιονατ σοριαθε νά θεο,
Δέτ φεμέασαό να γεανη γεατ
Ι η-ιονασ να φαλμ ρογαι!

Διόνεάν ας εαργαρ άρ ρο ρτυαις
Πεανητόσ ριασ ιο' υηλάρ υηρ
Ταρανη θαοι να ριονναέ φεανη
Ιφ φρόναν να η-εαρ ιο' ελιοι.

Μαρ ά ηγιασθαό αν φιιρεος μόσ
Το ειλειρ ας θαναό να θτηάτ
Ηι'λ τεανη ας σορρυιθε ανοιρ
Δέτ τεανη γέλιοσαιρ να γεάς.

Δεά νο βροιμπτεάς γαν θιαύ
 Όο βιαμ-τιορ γαν τεαβα θλάτ,
 Όο τεαρμομη γαν ιούθαιτ ετέιρ
 Ήλα αιφιεανν νο Όια νά πάθ.

Ο'ιμτίσ νο ιυατιν αγυρ νο μιαζαιν
 Ιρ νο έναλλαέτ φέ έιαν έράιρ;
 Οέ! ή ίονναιν ανοιρ φέο' ιαδαθ
 Δέτ εαριάν εμιαότα ενάμ.

Οέ! ανφορλανν ιρ ανυαιτ,
 Απέρριοτ ανυαιρ ιρ αιντοιήσε;
 Βόιμπεαρτ ιαμάτ ιρ εμεαέαθ εμιατό,
 Ο'έάς γο ιυαιγνεάς τύ ταρι ταοι!

Νο βιορ-ρά φέμιν γονα ρεαλ,
 Βόιμπορ! νο ελαοέλορο μο έιδό;
 Τάμις τόιρ αν τραοξαίν ιμ' αγαιό,
 Ιρ ή'λ φειρόη ορην δέτ ήρδον.

Ο'ιμτίσ μο ιυαδαιτ αγυρ μο λύτ,
 Ραδαριε μο βύτ, αγυρ μο τρεοιη,
 Ατάιρ μο έάιρτε 'γυρ μο έλανν
 'Γαν γειττ γεο γε ηανν αγ τρεοξαύ!

Ατά ηυαιρκεαρ αρ μο θρεαδ,
 Τά μο έριοτδε 'να έριοταλ ενό;
 Τά θρδιηρεαδ ορην αν ηάρ
 Ήλ θεαρθ ι'βάιτε φέ η-α έσταιη.

seán o coilleáin.

ONLY A DYIN' CROW.

" 'Tis only a thievin' crow," he said, as he pointed to where it lay,

Shot-shattered and torn, with wings outspread on the rich brown fresh-ploughed clay;

" Sure you needn't be sad 'cause a wounded crow has fluttered down here to die"—

But a sorrowful look clouds the old man's brow as he huskily makes reply—

" Yis, 'tis only wan that you've shot, me boy, of a thievin' thrive, as you say ;

But the fluttherin' fall that to you gave joy lies sore on my heart to-day ;

For that dyin' bird is the link of a chain which binds me to times long past ;

An' I grieve to see his red life-blood drain, an' th' ould wings stilled at last.

" Ah, many a year has now gone past since wance on a March morn bright

I riz the *feerins**, an' *hunkeens*† cast, an' whistled in sperits light,

While close at me heels kem the noisy crows pickin' worms from the fresh brown clay,

As I ploughed up the sods in straight, close rows in the field where we stand to-day.

* Feerin.—The first or middle sod in a ridge. Probably a corruption of *pípinne*, as upon this sod all the others depend with regard to running in a straight or *true* line. A ploughman always says to "raise a feerin," and to "cast a hunkeen."

† Hunkeen.—The last, or closing sod of a ridge, ploughed from the furrow.

" An' wan foolish bird—I suppose he was young—got wedged
 in a slow-fallin' sod ;
 The aichoes aroun' with his frightened cries rung, as he
 struggled in undher the clod ;
 But his hoarse cawin' stopped as I kem to his aid, an' he
 c'ased in his fluttherin' strife—
 Thinks I, the poor craithur is sorely afraid I'm comin' to rob
 him of life !

" But he looked in me face wid a confident eye, as I lifted the
 sod where he lay,
 An' his harsh voice was glad as he soared far on high : thank
 you kindly, his caws seemed to say.
 An' I'd aisly know him again, I said, as he sailed thro' the
 clear air away,
 For tho' black was his body from tail-tip to head, his wings
 wor a whitish grey.

" An' e'er since that March morn long years ago he looked
 upon me as his friend,
 An' I found him to be a daicent good crow, that never to
 maneness would bend ;
 An' when in the rich fields for miles all around the 'shares
 turned up stubble or lay,
 To follow my plough he thought himself bound, so he hopped
 at me heels every day.

" So both of us kem to be comrades in toil in the same fields
 our daily work lay,
 An' we gethered our livin' from out the same soil, thro' many
 a long wairy day ;
 An' I larned all the ways of that curious ould crow, from the
 mornin' me hand set him free ;
 An' he studied too, as I've raison to know ; for he found out
 a lot about me.

" At laste—ah, the memory gladdens me now—when I walked
 with my Kate down yon lane,
 Ould Grey Wings sat perched on that big elm bough glancin'
 knowin'ly down on us twain ;
 An' when I was happy with her as my bride he joyously cawed
 from on high,
 As we rambled together in love side by side, in the summer
 eves long since gone by.

" An' our sunny-haired boy—Heaven rest him, I pray—who
 grew up so clane, strong, and tall,
 I mind how he kem to th' fields wan warm day with tay for
 the haymakers all ;
 An' he wandered away to that tree there below, where he
 stretched his young limbs in the shade ;
 On a bough o'er his head sat that ould grey-winged crow
 lookin' sober, an' solemn, an' staid.

" An' the cunnin' ould fella soon saw that the boy was
 munchin' some fresh griddle-bread,
 So he dropped from his perch with a loud caw of joy, an'
 hopped on th' ground 'ithout dread ;
 An' my boy laughed in glee as he threw the sweet crumbs to
 the crow hoppin' round where he lay—
 Ah, that pickcher full oft to my heavy heart comes an' I feel
 how I'm lonesome to-day.

" Mo bhuachaillin bán ! —you've heard how he fell in the
 land o' the west far away,
 When Ireland's brave sons faced the fierce shot and shell on
 Fredricksburg's terrible day,
 They tould me he charged, as he rushed long ago when he
 hurled on his own native plain ;
 But he died near the guns, with his face to the foe, in that
 land far away o'er the main.

" An' the mother—God rest her—the news broke her heart,
 they say throubles come not alone ;
 For death, that spares none, rudely pushed us apart, an'
 claimed my loved wife as his own—
 Let who will explain—I could swear that that crow, wept wid
 me in me sorrowful days,
 For he moped roun' the place wid his head hangin' low, an'
 solemn an' sad wor his ways.

" But it's all over now an' me friend's goin' fast, the rough
 baik is crimson wid gore ;
 The hoarse voice is hushed an' his flights are all past—he'll
 sail o'er the green fields no more.
 The brown clay is soakin' his red ebbin' blood the knowin'
 ould eyes are growin' dim ;
 Their last look reprovin' seems sayin' I should a-watched wid
 more care over him.

" An' now, boy, you know why I'm sorry to-day, tho' 'twas
 only an ould dyin' crow—
 Can you wonder I'm sad when there dead on the clay lies the
 comrade of times long ago ?
 An' I shame not to mourn for the sad bloody fate of my
 feathered friend honest and true,
 The last link is snapped an' I've not long to wait till I sleep
 the cowld lonesome sleep too."

PATRICK ARCHER.

MY INVER BAY.

Och ! Inver Bay of a harvest day,
 And the sun goin' down the sky ;
 When with many's a laugh the boats put off,
 And many's the merry cry !

To Cork's own Cove though one may rove,
 He will not find, *mo chroidhe*,
 A rarer bay, a fairer bay,
 A sweeter bay nor thee.
 For the Kaiser's rod and his realms so broad,
 I wouldn't swap, not I,
 My Inver Bay of a harvest day,
 And the sun goin' down the sky.

A purtier boat there's not afloat
 Than Pathrick Rose's "Nan,"
 A boulder crew, nor boys more true
 Is not in wide Irelan'—.

A long, long pull, a strhong, strhong pull,
 And one right hearty cheer,
 Our "Nan" so brave she tops the wave,
 And our comrade-boats we clear ;
 We lead the throng, we sthrike a song,
 We rise it loud and high,
 On Inver Bay of a harvest day,
 And the sun goin' down the sky.

Till we reach away where the herrin's play
 There's neither slack nor slow ;
 As quick as thought our nets are shot,
 On the thafts then we lie low,
 And many's the stave rolls o'er the wave,
 And many the yarn is told—
 The sea all white with silver bright,
 The air all filled with gold—
 A scene more grand, God's good right hand
 It ne'er reached from on high,
 Than Inver Bay of a harvest day,
 And the sun goin' down the sky.

O'er far Norway it's give me sway,
 With a palace wide and broad,
 With silks, and wine, and jewels fine,
 And hundreds at my nod—



ETHNA CARBERY AND SEUMAS MACMANUS.

In robes all gay with golden spray
 It's dress me you might do ;
 But I'd loathe your wine, your jewels fine,
 Your gold, and your kingdom, too ;
 For a ragged coat, in Pathrick's boat,
 It's I'd lament and sigh,
 And for Inver Bay of a harvest day,
 With the sun goin' down the sky.

Our bravest sons, our stoutest ones,
 Have rushed across the sae,
 And, God, He knows, each wind that blows
 Is waftin' more away !
 It's sore distress does them hard press,
 They dhrop their heads and go—
 Och, Sorrow's Queen, it's you has seen
 Their hearts big swelled with woe !
 Though gold they make, their hearts they break,
 And they oft sit down and cry
 For Inver Bay of a harvest day,
 And the sun goin' down the sky.

Och ! Inver Bay of a harvest day,
 And the sun goin' down the sky ;
 When with many's the laugh the boats put off,
 And many's the merry cry.
 To Cork's own Cove though one may rove,
 He will not find, *mo chroidhe*,
 A rarer bay, a fairer bay,
 A sweeter bay nor thee.
 For the Kaiser's rod and his realms so broad,
 I wouldn't swap, not I,
 My Inver Bay of a harvest day,
 And the sun goin' down the sky.

EIRE FÉ ÚRAT UAINNE AG CAOINEADÓ A CLOINNE
Ó CHÓIR NA NDEOR!

Mile go leirte bliadán, a Óis! If rathas an pé! if móír an amhráin é. Níor b'iongnaid tá mbeinn cromca, coirca, caitte, liat. Déct, féadó an tairi róim atá. Tá mo shiuas dualaic éomh flúiríreac fáinneac é mar bhoí rathas; agus tá mo fhean-chroíreac éomh mireannait meannmaic, darb liom, if marb b'í pé riath. Níl na feoda slé ag taistneamh óm' Úrláthair fé marb b'ír, ámhaic! fuaduitiseadó mo feoudar-ra go mion minic, a chéirte cléib. Na feoda liacáinra do bain liom-ra atáid ag lonnaíradh ari b'rollaic if ari b'atáir na naimh ariof, agus taim-re annuig ariof gian liuid umam aict an bhrat uaine do leis an Tíseartha annuig oípm agus an raoisgal i n-a óige. Déct taim rártar leis an mbhrat ro: b'í feoda go leor ari trácht, agus ca b'fior d'éinne ná go mbeadó ariur?

Bhoí a fíor, leir, agair ná fuilim-re ag raipe ó'n dtíráis reo ó叱oráe an traoisail. B'í cùram agus oileamhaint agus órduisair cloinne oípm-ra leir. Cothuigear, éomhairliigear, o'órduisair mo clann féin nuair ba fuaireac le pád na pióshanta if mó comhaict ari doimhín inndiu. Ba beag le pád iad nuair filear-ra na theora ari feorainn Dúin na nGall an lá ríar Colm Cille liom. Ba beag le pád iad ari fead mile go leirte bliadán i n-a óisidh fan nuair a b'í mo clann ra ag taisteacha na hEorpa le lán mo chola. Óairis mo clann ra leo i n-a ríuasaitib éar tuairi anonn. Chriostuigearadair na milte, na thearbh-milte. Coirnuigearadair easlaif agus ríacta Óis. Óibhriugearadair aineolair agus aindseire pómra. Scaireadair leisgeann fé marb ríscirtear rótar na ghléine no dhúct na ríreib. O'fágadair mainistreacá agus ríscirbeanna agus iarrfmaráde i n-a n-óisair, a thearbhriugearann do'n traoisgal go rathadair ann trácht. Déct b'íodar fém' riataid féin an taca fan. B'íad a mbriathra mo b'riathra

fén. Úis a mheára mo bheára fén. Úis a utaréite mo tréite fén. Ní labhamair aghairt ar éinne acht oíráinn fén!

Á! acht bior-ra ró-bog, ró-leasúdar, ró-baoiséigearmhae ar fad. Ceapar nár mórte óm mo clann do gcaitheamh uaim, cé sin é láimis na Dánair agusin sin gcuimhneadar an túnchais reo airí agusin airí eile ór cónairt mo fhláth. Cuir bhráin bólínne dairgeadach le n-a hír fad, ámáitach. Mairfe, nár b' é Bhráin an deasg-mac, agusin nár b' é riúd an deasg-faoisgal nuair t'fágairt doibhre na gceall ar deasg-leasach, agusin nuair a bior fothairt i fáilte riomh an gcoigríche, ba éuma ead ar go dtáinig ré. Agusin b'olc an tioigal ar éiríod aca é. Tángairt go mairífeadh nuair ba bheas é mo éinne leo. Táosairt mo chúram oírtéa fén. Mairluisgeadair, mairbhusgeadair, óibríseadair mo clann! Ba duibhronaí an uaim agam i aghairt ó imeachta locha Suillius ar uairílis illaist agusin iad aghairt fíor a bhrad i gceim. Agusin b'uaiginnise fóir mé ar bhrálaí na Sionann ag feácaint ar na Sérdeannais fiadairne ag gceinneadh tóim go macairíbh daingean i hÉirinn. Ó, na mílte cloinne liom do chroíl go túnchraictas ar fuiti na hÉirinn agusin gan de chuidílce le fagairt oírtéa fén ná ar a bhród i mbriu acht an oileád i mbar atá ar fhiocéid na nDánair annró ar bhrdaitibh ghlé na laoi! Mo chreac agusin mo chéad míle chreac!

Agusin cá meadra fán fén ná na mílte míle de rois a mo chloinne do geolaíod Cóbh Coircais amach i longaibh éagairiuair agusin droicéalcíde, agusin na ceadta céad u'áirítear leasach éum riubhair fír ghláirí gheala nimhe toisc tian-ghláid do bheit seas a oílmhí? Océan! mo chéad oceán! i fír iad do leonach, i fír iad do baircaid, i fír iad do mairluisgead, i fír iad do báitach, i fír iad do mairbhusgead, i fír iad do cailleach go duibhronaí anuiseir; i fír iad a gcnáma tá ag feoibh ari fuiti na cnuinne, ari leascain ríleibh agusin i n-fochtair fáilliúise, go ndeanfaidh Dia tróscaire ari a n-anamnaibh uile! Agusin mair bhrí ari gáidh tionsair aca geolaíod bainfiliois an iarrácta an cuan iarréadach i gcoigrí-láir an chreac; agusin tuigaidh aithnigh iarrácta

apí Cóir na nDeoip a nír ro te bárrí a turair, u'fionn iñ mo chéaraoidh-re do bhréasgusúchád mar iñ gnáct, iñ tóca. Tuisceadh baile Óamhainisna Sarana apí Cóir Chorcaighe fé mar tuiscedh baile Rioch Sarana apí Óinn Laochaire tamall riomhe rinn. Ag ro mar éuirtear Faill agur Galltaicear i n-ionad Gaeilgeal agur a geanáin. Áir an scuma ro mealltar pinn; mar reo, leir, iñ eadó do mhuiscítear pinn dá bhréasgarach é!

Agur i n-a aintheoin reo, i n-aintheoin an chreachta, i n-aintheoin an éitig, i n-aintheoin mo dhúibhróin-re agur m'aintheire, féadach na mílte cloinne liom inndiu agur inndé, agur anuairiú agur atáisgád anuairiú, féadach ag teicéad uaim béal an chuaim amach iad gan rtaonad gan ror. Féadach ag imcheacht iad riapí riapí, agur ag rír-imcheacht; curio aca cum an donair, cé nád móide gur eol d'óibh é; curio aca cum tíortha na cinníne acht amán a dtíri ghlap féin do éur apí bhealaí a leapa; curio aca, iñ baoislaí, cum sícmhíde agur daonine náibh óeim éagsúdiri lúamh oírt-ra do éur i ngéitheann apí ron na Saranaí, mo míle bhrón!

A clann, a clann, cad éinse go ndeimeann ríb ro? Cad éinse buri matáir thír féin do tréiseann do réir mar eiríseann ríb ruair? Cad éinse raoítar buri rean do réanad? Cad éinse ainnmeadáa buri rínpreachaí agur buri n-dúchaisge do reaoileadó ap ceal? Cad éinse buri gcuil do tábairt ap fuaimeasear agur buri n-agaird do tábairt ap Óibluitheadach an traoisail? Níl gábháil ná cinnídean ná fóiréigean d'burí n-dúibhirt inndiu. Fanair, a clann, i bhoíair buri matáir, mar ron: tá gábháil inndiu agur Séar-Gábháil le raoítar gád duine agairb coir baile. Fan, a clann, á, fan! Ciaorúidh le céile, curiosigh le céile, cabhrúisigh le céile! Tábair cùl láimhe le gád rásair Galltaiceair dá oteangmóscaidh oírlaib! Deimíod fan, á, deim! agur seallamh thíb, le congnamh an Aon-Ímic, go mbír ó an piac oírlaib féin agur a pian ap rean-Éirinn.

sceilg na sceol.

THE RISING OF THE MOON.

Oh ! then tell me, Sean O'Farrell,
 Tell me why you hurry so ?
 " Hush, mo buacáin, hush and listen,"
 And his cheeks were all aglow.
 " I bear orders from the Captain,
 Get you ready quick and soon
 For the pikes must be together
 By the rising of the moon."

Oh ! then tell me, Sean O'Farrell,
 Where the gathering is to be ?
 " In the old spot by the river
 Right well known to you and me.
 One word more—for signal token,
 Whistle up the marching tune,
 With your pike upon your shoulder,
 By the rising of the moon."

Out from many a mud-wall cabin
 Eyes were watching through the night ;
 Many a manly chest was throbbing
 For the blessed warning light.
 Murmurs passed along the valleys
 Like the Banshee's lonely croon,
 And a thousand blades were flashing
 At the rising of the moon.

There beside the singing river
 That dark mass of men were seen ;
 Far above the shining weapons
 Hung their own beloved green.
 " Death to every foe and traitor !
 Forward ! strike the marching tune,
 And hurrah, my boys, for freedom !
 'Tis the rising of the moon."

Well they fought for poor old Ireland,
And full bitter was their fate—
Oh ! what glorious pride and sorrow
Fill the name of 'Ninety-eight !—
Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating
Hearts in manhood's burning noon,
Who would follow in their footsteps
At the rising of the moon !

J. KEEGAN CASEY.

CATS AT SCHOOL.

Through the damp and blustery nightfall, under the dripping woods, splashing through the road mud, tramp two boys and two men. Each of the boys carries a cat under his arm. Each of the men carries hot anger in his heart, and is giving voice to it with a wealth of emphasis which is entirely picturesque and convincing. The boys have been so late in returning from school that the men, who are their respective fathers, have gone to the school-house to seek them.

"It's the frightfullest tomfoolery ever I heard of in all me born days," says one indignant head of a family, "to make the gossoons bring cats to school. It's a shame—that's what it is!"

"Yes, and it's a frightfuller shame to slap them if they go without a cat," says the other outraged parent. "It's no schoolin' to give children. The master that says it is isn't fit for a school. The man is cracked. That's what I say."

And the whole parish is more or less of the same opinion.

There is much excitement over this cat trouble at the local school, and feeling is running high. An unbiased enquirer after truth meets an indignant parent on the road next day and asks him about it.

"It's a fret!" says the parent, "that's what it is. The master made a law on Monday that every gossoon in the school was to bring a cat with him on Friday. And every gossoon that didn't bring a cat was slapped, except Neddy Downey's Pat, and he'd have got the switch, too, only he could prove an *alibi* that they had no cat."

"And," asks the unbiassed enquirer aforesaid, "what did the master want with the cats?"

"An objeck lesson—that's what he wanted. It's a new invention, I thank you."

"How does it work?"

"Oh, like a coal of fire in a haycock. That's nice schoolin', isn't it?"

"But can you explain how this object lesson is taught?"

"Of course I can. The gossoons ketch their cats and, by hook or crook, get them to the school. The master asks them if they have their cats, and after slappin' any boy that hasn't one, he says, 'go on, now, with your object lesson.' Then every gossoon holds his cat in one hand as well as he can and draws him down on a slate with the other. What do you think of that?"

It sounded queer, and yet it was the simple truth. Further enquiry brought out the fact that there had been a most sanguinary cat-fight during school hours. "It was shockin'." That is what most people said when telling of it, and a craving for the details took possession of me. I found them, and here they are, truthfully set down.

When the object lesson was finished the cats were enclosed in the school turf-house. Their nerves were all raw from education, and new experiences, and were too highly strung for social intercourse. They disagreed about one thing and another until, on general principles, they were all mad through and through and lusting for battle. So they fought.

When the fight began every cat of them went into action, and the howls and shrieks and screeches which arose from that congested district can never be adequately described

in human language. All the work of the school came to a standstill for the master was powerless to keep order. When he opened the door of the turf-house the air was thick with fur, and terror and acrimony; and all his efforts to cool down the hectic circumstances were unavailing. The situation was aflame and the conflagration was impressive. The cats were submerged in the rupture of mutual assassination, and were deaf to "haha's" and "be-offs" and "catch's" and threats of every description. All the amenities garnered by countless generations of domesticity had fallen away from them, and they were whirling through the vibrating atmosphere in the desperate savagery of feline nature in its primordial state.

The combat ended only when the fighters were out of breath. When they recovered themselves the call of civilisation brought them back out of the abyss, and they felt ashamed. They fled in all directions in remorse, and the school broke up into a cat-hunt. The boys were hurriedly despatched to head off the fugitives, and round them up. But they were only partially successful. Many cats broke away, and are likely going yet.

Well, let them go. What remains? The problem of primary education in Ireland. That is what remains. This cat crisis, this uprising against the innovation of the object lesson, this pottering with vital issues—what of it all, my brothers? Where is it to end, and when? When are the children to have justice! Here is a question for us to ponder? We fought for our farms until we succeeded in rooting ourselves upon them. The land is a great thing, but it is not everything. Mind and character are greater things. Manhood and a sense of citizenship are greater things. Knowledge and culture are greater things. Let us fight for them, too.

WILLIAM BULFIN.

CIRCEOÍMADÓR FEASTA!

AN CRAOLÍBHÍN ADÓBHÍNN.

Eileocaimír feasta, tá'n lá geal ag teacáit,

Ír ní bheimid rámacht marí atáimír

Ag fómáitile san bhriú no tucht Déarla san ériodé,

Aict Déarlfhamadóir agairí ari an námaid.

A cládairí an Déarla, luig ríor go deo!

Tá an ríor-rríoradh beo i gna daoimíb;

Mil mearr ari do fóirt, ari do élear ná do fóirt

Ag ógánaib cneasta na tíre.

Bí an Déarla marí fómáit ari an rréip inír gae cláid,

Aghur dail ré na hÉireannais ríora,

Aict tá ríb annro go bhríosmairí'r go beo,

So dtógsfarír ríb ceo duib na tíre.

Inír an Árdo-teangeairí bí ag báro agur raoi

Cuirim rómáib-ré na naoi mile fáilte,

Rom' mór agur beas roim' ós agur rean,

Rom' feast agur bean agur páirte.

Tá cláirfeadé na hÉireann le fada rámhón

Aghur tonnadh, oéón! ari a téadairib,

An cláirfeadé do bí 'na lútgáire do'n ériodé,

Aitá rí gan bhriú, ír i réabha.

Aict rígéitfirír rí ceol ann gna rréamhcaib go fóir,

Veró guth inír gae téir do bí bhríste

Imeoícarír Óróis-ríon, roillreocairí an grian

Ari fíoríscitib na bfiann a bí rísmorta.

Do fuairf an focal ó éan ari an gcuain

Aghur duibairt ré nae buan ír nae riophuridé

An rclábhuridé aict o' fág ari rean-mácair rámhád

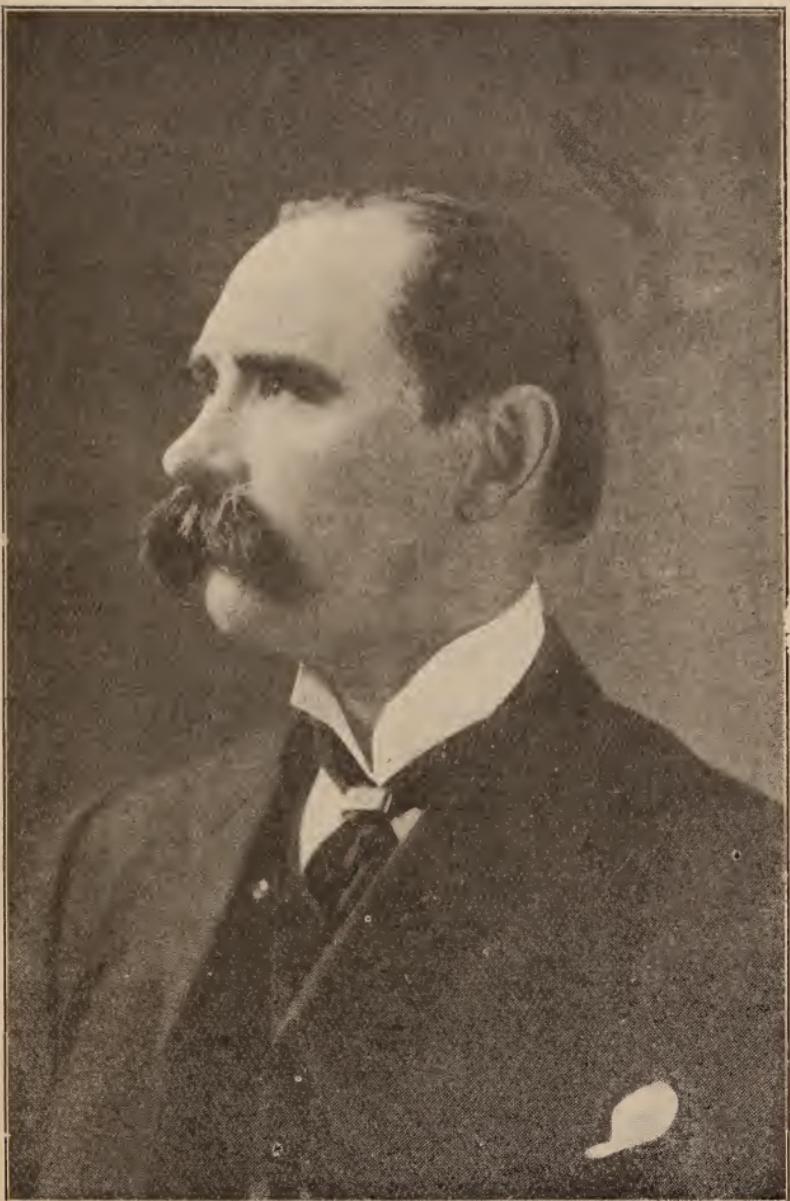
Ír go bhríogmír a bhrílimír d'íarrai.

Ag feastoidis an trléine do éualairí mé rígéal

So gcuirfídearí an Gaeðeal i n-áirde,

Lucht Déarla rámacht ceo ír rámacht go deo,

Aitair ronar ír rós ari ari gcairdi.



DR. DOUGLAS HYDE.
(Δη Σπασιθίν Δοιθίνη.)

Cá hfuil na daoine de muintirí lii níos
 nád seanchas a béal leis an t-Údairia?
 De fhiúet na piogh mór Clann Chonaill, Clann Eoghan
 'S Seanríotó vú i Laisginn 'na Iarla?
 Ó Conchúair do vú i nÉireann 'na piogh,
 Ár éiríseadh ari teanga a mátar?
 Ár éaireadh tioth an dialláid dá n-orduim.
 Le dul gian aon truim fá an tráthar!
 Ár dóscaimaois teanga na hÉireann le bhród,
 Ár rónar, ár reoír is ár bhréairia,
 Is cuirfír ri ghuair agus béalraír ri buair
 Ár sláraíonnais éruair an Údairia.
 Ní bhringír ri bár, aict beiró ri ag fár
 Is n-a críomha bhréaghs craoibhamail áluinn,
 Agus ríapaird an ríéal ó béal go béal,
 So mbeirid raoipre 'sur réan le fágáil ann.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Who fears to speak of 'Ninety-eight ?
 Who blushes at the name ?
 When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
 Who hangs his head for shame ?
 He's all a knave, or half a slave,
 Who slighted his country thus :
 But a *true* man, like you, man,
 Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
 The faithful and the few—
 Some lie far off beyond the wave,
 Some sleep in Ireland, too ;
 All—all are gone—but still lives on
 The fame of those who died ;
 All true men, like you, men,
 Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
 Their weary hearts have laid,
 And by the stranger's heedless hands
 Their lonely graves were made.
 But, though their clay be far away
 Beyond the Atlantic foam—
 In true men, like you, men,
 Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth ;
 Among their own they rest ;
 And the same land that gave them birth
 Has caught them to her breast.
 And we will pray that from their clay
 Full many a race may start
 Of true men, like you, men,
 To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
 To right their native land ;
 They kindled there a living blaze
 That nothing can withstand.
 Alas ! that Might can vanquish Right—
They fell and passed away ;
 But true men, like you, men,
 Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be
 For us a guiding light,
 To cheer our strife for liberty,
 And teach us to unite.
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
 Though sad as their's your fate ;
 And true men, be you, men,
 Like those of 'Ninety-eight.

THE DUBLIN POLICE.

April 25th, 1789.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

Advantage had been taken of some disturbances in 1784 to enslave the Capital by a police. A watch of old men at fourpence per night was naturally ineffectual. They had not youth, nor strength, nor pay ; their imperfection should have been removed by choosing proper persons, and paying them reasonably. The present system does more—it pays them too much. It appears by the report that for actual protection we pay £9,500 per annum ; but, added to that, you pay £10,500 for patronage, that is, for corruption. Instead of £10,000 which the old watch would have cost in two years and a half, the present plan has stood the city in £51,000. Let any man lay his hand to his heart, and when he considers how this sum is produced—that it is extracted from the little means of comfortable support that are left to the labourer and tradesman, let him say if such an extraction is not a grievous exaction upon this city. But it is not merely the expense that the city complains of ; you had your floor covered last session with petitions from the citizens of the most reputable description ; you heard their case ; you heard it moved at your bar ; often heard uncontroverted evidence that, instead of protection, they had derived only insolence and exaction from this system, and then, what did you do ? You turned your face another way and you did nothing. When the enormity and the shamefulness of this petty system of tyranny and oppression stared you in the face, what did you do ? You turned your face another way, and you did nothing ; still, however, the rankness of the measure had forced itself again upon you. You ordered a committee—and when was that committee ordered ? When the Viceroy was in his humiliation—at the time that he was canonised on the records of both houses. As he declined, economy began to appear ; as he recovers, economy declines. What kind of measure is it that he is now forcing us to support ?

It is an act for enslaving the population ; it is not like the carnal profusion that arises from a general wastefulness of administration ; it is not the dole that is thrown to those who are paid for calling " question " ; nor to those whose talents are shown in observing in what corner of the house a gasping orator may want the critical aid of a " hear him ! "—those ventriloquists of the treasury bench. It is not the pay that allures a mechanic from his shop, and stations him in our gallery to make speeches for one side and suppress them for another—to extol his feeders, and vilify the characters who feel for, and speak for the rights of their country. No, Sir, this bill enacts a permanent system, on a principle that makes it immortal ; it enacts a grievance into a battery—and gives the command of it to some unhappy wretch who must defend the post or starve. Let me ask, is there a man in this house that does not know that by the police board, with a very little aid from another of the same description, a certain majority of the Aldermen are gagged. . . . I feel for the unhappy situation of a worthy man, who must be desperate to be honest ; who, instead of uttering the sentiments of a great and enlightened body of constituents, must sit mute and frozen to his seat, till the Secretary, or the prompter to the Secretary (if his ignorance should require a prompter) shall give him the signal to move. I should feel still more for him, if I did not feel so much for those constituents whose dignity, whose rights, whose wrongs, whose complaints are all sunk and lost in his personal calamity. It is these wrongs that are now forced upon your attention, and stare you in the face once again.

Read the report of your committee. Is there an item that would not rouse the indignation of any man that hears it ? £150 for looking-glasses for those midnight Adonises to admire themselves ; Wilton carpets for those delicate gentlemen to walk upon ; hundreds of pounds for gilt paper and sealing wax ; a library, not of spelling books, but of geography, of morality, of tactics. They would not have

ventured on such bare-faced, insolent dissipation of the money of the city if they did not expect as barefaced a protection in another place. Whether they were right or wrong in the honourable opinion they conceived of us must be this night decided ; we cannot evade it—you cannot blink it. As to the objections, I am sorry they have been made by gentlemen at the other side ; they would act a part of more spirit by saying boldly—this is a job of government ; we do not wish to have the city of Dublin unbound or ungagged —than by offering unfounded objections that require only to be stated to appear ridiculous. One gentleman says the report is garbled. On what evidence does he say so ? None ; the only answer such an observation deserves is that it is as unjust as it is illiberal. But, says another honourable member [the Attorney-General] we have not the evidence on which the report was founded. And how does he prove this charge ? Why, by producing the minutes in his hand ! Give me leave, Sir, to say that we are not treating that committee in a decent or Parliamentary way ; they are not to be talked to as a gang of invaders, making an attack on a fortress of corruption that we are resolved to defend ; they acted under our order—they are yet subject to our authority. If you want a special report send them back—they will make it ; if you want their minutes, call for them ; but do not hope, if you are determined to screen an odious set of delinquents—if you are determined to stifle the complaints of the city—do not expect that such arguments can impose on its understanding ; the charge has been proved upon them. If you acquit them you must do it in defiance of proof, in face of the fact and of your own conviction ; your resolution in their favour will be a ridiculous outrage on demonstration, not unlike the verdict of a Welsh jury that said to the judge—“ My Lord, we find the man that stole the horse, not guilty.”

I must now notice a new ground that has been, I fear rather indiscreetly, taken by a learned gentleman [Mr. Sergeant Toler] that it is not safe to come to any harsh

resolution against the police. I desire to know if the honourable gentleman spoke the sentiments of administration, when he sought to intimidate the house from doing their duty to the public? The learned gentleman would have us silent, not because they are innocent, but because they are formidable. Does the learned member perceive that he is unluckily putting the conduct of administration on the most odious ground he could possibly find? I will agree with the honourable member that his argument is as tenable as those of others, but scarcely as discreet. I ask, do gentlemen sincerely wish to let their conduct stand on so despicable a defence? If they do, they hope to have it believed by the people that they acted under the influence of a panic, equally mean and incredible, rather than of an unpardonable connivance at unconstitutional patronage and unbounded rapacity, of which the nation has had so many examples. But, why do I fatigue you or myself with this subject? Is it to tire the public eye with a miserable and disgusting picture? Is it with the hope of making proselytes to my opinion? No, Sir, but the desertion of public duty, or the trampling on public rights, I recoil from with that indignation and abhorrence which you ought to feel—and as to converting, I am not so vain. With nothing to rely upon but truth and justice, I feel the imbecility of my allies. I may refute gentlemen's arguments; I may expose their positions, but I cannot hope to weaken their motives. The motives to giving countenance to rapacity and extortion, the motives that can induce us to deliver up the metropolis to be enslaved by an unfeeling administration, or plundered by a legalised banditti, are impregnable to exposure or refutation. They may be counterpoised, but I am too poor to balance the weight of arguments that depend, not on reason, but arithmetic. I speak at least to redeem myself from the imputation of concurring in principles that I detest; and that, however they may triumph for a season, cannot fail, at length, of meeting the reprobation they deserve.

"MAC RAICÍN" TE SEATRÚN CÉITINN.

A Ólomé muinntearfha :—" IS IONTUINGTÉ NÁC FUIIL
AÉT AOIDHEALCÉT NO ÓSTÓIREACHT AR AN SAOÍS AÍ
ASGAINN."

Agus i meafairim, ná ríeir rín, gúrlab ionann dál do gac
aon ré noul do'n domhan ro, agus do'n céitceaphnaé alilt
ainneolaé ar iarréar Mumhan do éuaird : Luings éogaird uair-
paird éadála ar fairsing, agus do cuipeasá i dtír : Sacraib
iad ; agus an céad baile i n-a dtábla i dtír iad, tancadh
luét an baile do théanamh lúcthsára riomha, agus ná mhuireis
leo ná dtigstíb féin cum órta do éabhairt óróib ; órba
luét órta do coimeád an méid do b'í ag áitiusgád 'fan
mhuile rín ; agus ba hiongnád leir an gceitceaphnaé iad ag
a cuipeasá féin, agus gan airne ag aon duine óróib aisi.
Do éuaird féin agus ríong de'n muinntir do b'í marlaon
leir i dtig duine aca ar órta ; agus do b'iondar muinntearf an
tighe go ró-mairt leir ar feasá fealctímaine ; ionnuig gúrl
fáim leir an gceitceaphnaé an t-inéall mar a phuis ré féin, ar
glaine an áruair i n-a dtábla é, agus ar feasá ar leabharan
agus a b'ró agus a dtigse. Siúdeadh, ar mbeis óró féin agus
ná círcéadait ag gábháil a gceada, do gairim an t-órtóir
an feair cúntair do b'í aige ag a phás leir : Make reckoning.
1. Dénim cúntar. Leir rín támis feair an cíntair, agus do
gáib ag feannasá an gceitceaphnaís if ná muinntir do b'í
mairle leir, no gúrl b'éigim óróib uile violuróideacéit ionlán
do éabhairt uata i ngsáe uile níodh dár éaitceadair 'fan dtig
an feair if b'iondar ann, ionnuig go phábadair folam ag imteacéit
óróib. Agus támis de rín, cion a phuis de fórláir agus de
mheanmain oíche, le linn gac fearsaireacáta ná b'fuaimeadair
i dtig an órta, go phuis ré de órláir oíche tigé b'eis folam
ag imteacéit. Do b'iongnád, mórl-mor, leir an gceitceaphnaé,
craead an phás' rí feannasá é féin agus cás ; ór níor cleacéit
ré biaú ná deoé do ceannasé phiam riomh rín. Agus ar
utearf go hÉirinn do, do gábhádar a cláirde ag riarrfhiúise

तुაरार्गाथाला ना सारपां वे. “ दो जाईं रेत्रेआन अस इन्हिंत
रेत्रीं दोइं, असुर अदुखाईंत त्रां, नाच फाच रे खाम तालां
दो ब'फेअरीं बिअ॒ असुर व्हो॒, तेवे असुर लेआ, असुर वा
जौल्भिरे दाओिने. “ असुर लो॒ट अ॒ विं, ” अ॒ रेत्रेआन, “ नि
लिंग्निं दोम उर्हे, अ॒ट अ॒ तान विं ना व्हेपराठे अ॒ चेलेआथ्रां
दो॒न उर्हुंग दो वेवि दो॒ दोइ॒, तिं त्रुं दुलिंग्ने॒ दो॒
व्हेम्नाई॒ दो॒ न्गो॒र्हेर॒ Mac Raicin अनुआर, असुर लाम्हिं-
एन्न झो नेआराओंतां ना व्हेपराठे असुर फेअन्नान्न असुर
फो॒गान्न िद॒. ” झो फाटाए, िर ि अ॒ एरिं उ॒ ना सारपां अ॒
दोमान; ना हो॒र्तो॒यु॒द्धे, अ॒ दिअबाल अ॒ यांशाल िर अ॒ एलान;
अ॒ चेतेरिनाए, ना दाओिने॒ ि झेओ॒तेम्ने; असुर Mac Raicin,
अ॒ वार. ओ॒र, अ॒माई िर वामेआन्न फेरि अ॒ कुंताई॒ दिल
दो॒न व्हेपराठे मार अ॒ चैले वामेआन्न फेरि कुंताई॒ ना न-
ो॒र्तो॒यु॒द्धे उ॒. 1. अ॒ वार, कुंताई॒ दाओ॒र-दालाए॒ दे रुना दाओिनिं
अ॒ व्हेलिरेर॒ अ॒ व्हेअ॒ नो अ॒ तो॒र दे तो॒रताई॒ ना न-ो॒र्तो॒यु॒द्धे दो
लुलिंदेमाई॒.

WAR ODE TO OSCAR, THE SON OF OISIN, IN THE FRONT OF THE BATTLE OF GABHRA

(Translated from the original Irish by Miss Charlotte Brooke).

Rise, might of Erin ! rise !
O ! Oscar of the generous soul !
Now, on the foe's astonished eyes,
Let thy proud ensigns wave dismay !
Now let the thunder of thy battle roll,
And bear the palm of strength and victory away !

Son of the sire, whose stroke is fate,
Be thou in might supreme !
Let conquest on thy arm await,
In each conflicting hour.
Slight let the force of adverse numbers seem
Till, o'er their prostrate ranks, thy shouting squadrons pour !

O hear the voice of lofty song !—

Obey the Bard !—

Stop—stop MacGaraidh ! check his pride,

And rush resistless on each regal foe !

Thin their proud ranks, and give the smoking tide

Of hostile blood to flow.

Mark where Mac Cormaic pours along !—

Rush on—retard

His haughty progress !—let thy might

Rise in the deathful fight,

O'er thy prime foe supreme,

And let the stream

Of valour flow,

Until thy brandished sword

Shall humble every haughty foe,

And justice be restored.

Son of the King of spotless fame,

Whose actions fill the world !

Like his, thy story and thy name

Shall fire heroic song.

And with the prowess of this day, thy lofty strain prolong !

Shall tell how oft, in Gabhra's plain,

Thy dreadful spear was hurled ;

How high it heaped the field with slain,

How wide its carnage spread,

Till, gorged upon the human feast, the glutted ravens fed.

Resistless as the spirit of the night,

In storms and terrors drest,

Withering the force of every hostile breast,

Rush on the ranks of fight !—

Youth of fierce deeds, and noble soul

Rend—scatter wide the foe !—

Swift forward rush—and lay the waving pride

Of yon high ensigns low !

Thine be the battle !—thine the sway !

On—on to Cairbre hew thy conquering way,

And let thy deathful arm dash safety from his side !

As the proud wave on whose broad back
 The storm its burthen heaves,
 Drives on the scattered wreck,
 Its ruins leaves ;
 So let thy sweeping progress roll,
 Fierce, resistless, rapid, strong,
 Pour, like the billow of the flood, o'erwhelming might along !

From king to king, let death thy steps await,
 Thou messenger of fate,
 Whose awful mandate thou art chosen to bear ;
 Take no vain truce, no respite yield,
 Till thine be the contested field ;
 O thou, of championed fame the royal heir !

Pierce the proud squadrons of the foe,
 And o'er their slaughtered heaps triumphant rise !
 Oh, in fierce charms, and lovely might arrayed !
 Bright, in the front of battle, wave thy blade !
 Oh, let thy fury rise upon my voice !
 Rush on and, glorying in thy strength, rejoice !

Mark where yon bloody ensign flies !
 Rush !—seize it !—lay its haughty triumphs low !

Wide around thy carnage spread !
 Heavy be the heaps of dead !

Roll on thy rapid might,
 Thou roaring stream of prowess in the fight !

What, though Fionn be distant far,
 Art thou not thyself a war ?

Victory shall be all thy own,
 And this day's glory thine and thine alone !
 Be thou the foremost of thy race in fame !
 So shall the bard exalt thy deathless name !
 So shall thy sword supreme o'er numbers rise,
 And vanquished Tamor's groans ascend the skies.

Though unequal be the fight,
Though unnumbered be the foe,

No thought on fear or on defeat bestow,
For conquest waits to crown thy cause, and thy successful
might !

Rush, therefore, on amid the battle's rage,
Where fierce contending kings engage,
And powerless lay thy proud opponents low !

O lovely warrior ! Form of grace,
Be not dismayed !

Friend of the Bards ! think on thy valiant race !
O thou whom none in vain implore ;

Whose soul by fear was never swayed,
Now let the battle round thy ensigns roar !

Wide the vengeful ruin spread !
Heap the groaning field with dead !
Furious be thy guiding sword,
Death with every stroke descend !

Thou to whose fame earth can no match afford ;
That fame which shall through time as through the world
extend !

Shower thy might upon the foe !
Lay their pride, in Gabhra, low !

Thine be the sway of this contested field !
To thee for aid the Fianna fly ;

On that brave arm thy country's hopes rely,
From every foe thy native land to shield.

Aspect of beauty ! pride of praise !
Summit of heroic fame !

O theme of Erin ! youth of matchless deeds !
Think on thy wrongs ! now, now let vengeance raise

Thy valiant arm !—and let destruction flame,
Till low beneath thy sword each chief of Ulster lies !

O prince of numerous hosts, and bounding steeds !
Raise thy red shield, with tenfold force endued !

Forsake not the famed path thy fathers have pursued,
But let, with theirs, thy equal honours rise !

Hark!—Anguish groans!—the battle deeds
Before thy spear!—its flight is death!—
 Now, o'er the heath,
 The foe recedes!
And wide the hostile crimson flows!—
See how it dyes thy deathful blade!—
See, in dismay, each routed squadron flies!
Now!—now thy havoc thins the ranks of fight,
 And scatters o'er the field thy foes!—
O still be thy increasing force displayed!
Slack not the noble ardour of thy might!
Pursue—pursue with death their flight!—
 Rise, arm of Erin!—Rise!

—*Reliques of Irish Poetry.*

OUR OLDEN TONGUE.

From dim tradition's far-off opal fountains,
 Where clouds and shadows loom
Deep in the silence of the tall, grey mountain's
 Primeval gloom,
Thy silvery stream flows down with music bounding—
 O ancient tongue!
With love and tears, and laughter softly sounding,
 As wild birds' liquid song.

From winds and waters, in their choral mingling,
 Thy honeyed words were born;
From that strong pulse through nature's bosom tingling,
 In Earth's first morn—
The quivering boughs, in forests green and olden,
 With murmurs low,
Rang out such accents, beautiful and golden,
 Beneath the dawn's white glow.

Around, in mighty characters unfolded,
Thy fame we yet discern ;

The ivied shrine, in grace and grandeur moulded,
The cromlech stern,
The tall, slim tower of aspect weird and hoary,
With dream and rann,
Full-crested in its lone and silent glory
Fronting the naked sun.

Thou bring'st bright visions, bardic strains enchanting,
Attuned in lordly halls ;

The clash of spears, the banners gaily flaunting
On palace walls.

White-bearded sages, warrior knights victorious—
A goodly throng—

In panoramic pomp of ages glorious,
Before us pass along.

O'er wide blue plains we see the red deer bounding,
In flickering light and sun ;

And on his track, with deep-toned bay resounding,
The wolf hound dun.

Old mountains dim, dark forest, rock and river,
Those days are o'er ;

But shades and echoes people ye for ever,
And shall, till time is o'er !

O tongue of all our greatness—all our sorrow—
Shalt thou, then, fail and fade ?

And leave the full hearts mute that ne'er can borrow
From stranger aid—

Fit utterance for those thoughts whose stormy clangour
Swell deep within
The memories of our love, and hate, and anger,
Which nought from us can win.



"EVA" OF "THE NATION."

Not so ! Thou hast not stemmed the floods of ages,
 Nor braved a conqueror's sway,
 Thou hast not writ upon the world's wide pages
 To pass away.
 Deep, deep thy root where never human power
 May reach to spoil,
 And soon in wealth of vernal leaf and flower
 Thou'l deck the olden soil.

"EVA" OF "THE NATION."

FÁILTE ROMHÁN PÁDORAISS SÁIRSEÁL.

Bíodh Sáip San Síruaism i gcláir na n-óruaist
 'n-a fílainte ó luadair do luat a téacáit.
 Scáit na cuallaicte' rcait na tuatá,
 Scáit gacé ríuairíne ír uaim na n-éacáit.
 Ráibh Seal Únuacaé Áiríofláit Síruasgáé
 Sáiríceap ríuair do ríuairíneac léar
 Sáimhsear ríuamhá áluinn uafal
 Pádorais ríuairíne ó éuan na réad.

Séadra ríillib' agus ríotána fíona
 A mbrionnaist do caoin ba éinéid oom' leoman
 Éide clogadair oifídeairc aoiúinn
 Le tonnáibrat ríillireac léora 'r ríóill.
 Boírbealé lioimhá i gcoisair ná rípíocraist
 Ag corcairí na gcoimhíscéad tré gac síeo
 Ír sormháit síniomhaé tógaírtac úrloisgeanmhar
 Do tréarcairt a náimhde i dtír na dtreón.

Ár dtreón ag teáet ír seal le céadtaib'
 Flait na féile ír féarftaé fionn
 Do tonnáibar lannáac leabhair leigheanta
 Lármair leádmair éacataé úp;
 Fiúr na bfeinicear, iúr na péiltean
 Dóir na péicir an Saeréap ríusgáé
 Scóir na cléipe ír ceol na héisge
 Spórt na mbéit ír ríleip na dtreún.

Ír tliúraí é taitneamhá é meanmhaí a dhíreád
 Seanaímain sléigseal bhearrac é bhríeas
 Lonnriac rathairnead é cabhráití a chomhnaí
 Cárthannáid téarcaid raoifhda rám.
 Ír lír na dtíreáinfeair eisín na gcearaíochád
 Rún na héisge ír péarla páil
 Dún na nodaonnaíct iománs na ndeáraí
 Cúirt na céille 'r eisín na nodaí.

Dáim ír dhragáin glic' báramain bísceasín
 Calmcoim raoite 'r mílte dhréam,
 Fáirfeadh fearaícom agamhne ír dhraoite
 Ír gárra fíoróidé na dtísearac é dteann.
 Ír dána thíomháir bionnáimháir buirídeanmáir
 Rábaíc júnincead do bhoí gáé am
 Ó rámhais ariú de dhéarcáib a níosuidé rím
 Ári mbláit coif taoide i gceannáid na gceann.

TÁOIS MAC PHÉADAIR UI SHÚILLEABHÁIN.

THE MAN WHO TROD ON SLEEPING GRASS.

In a field by Cahircionlish
 I stood on sleeping grass,
 No cry I made to Heaven
 From my dumb lips would pass.

Three days, three nights I slumbered,
 And till I woke again
 Those I have loved have sought me,
 And sorrowed all in vain.

My neighbours still upbraid me,
 And murmur as I pass,
 "There goes a man enchanted,
 He trod on fairy grass."

My little ones around me,
 They claim my old caress,
 I push them roughly from me
 With hands that cannot bless.

My wife upon my shoulder
 A bitter tear lets fall,
 I turn away in anger
 And love her not at all.

For like a man surrounded
 In some sun-haunted lane,
 By countless wings that follow
 A grey and stinging chain.

Around my head for ever
 I hear small voices speak
 In tongues I cannot follow,
 I know not what they seek.

I raise my hands to find them
 When autumn winds go by,
 And see between my fingers,
 A broken summer fly.

I raise my hands to hold them
 When winter days are near,
 And clasp a falling snowflake
 That breaks into a tear.

And ever follows laughter
 That echoes through my heart,
 From some delights forgotten
 Where once I had a part.

What love comes, half-remembered
 In half-forgotten bliss ?
 Who lay upon my bosom,
 And had no human kiss ?

Where is the land I loved in ?

What music did I sing
That left my ears enchanted
Inside the fairy ring ?

I see my neighbours shudder,
And whisper as I pass :

" Three nights the fairies stole him,
He trod on sleeping grass."

DORA SIGERSON.
(Mrs. Clement Shorter.)

A TEMPERANCE ORATION.

(Delivered at one of Fr. Mathew's great Temperance Meetings in Cork City.)

Yer reverence, ladies and gintlemen, de dickens a wan ov me knows how to make a speech at all ; so ye all must excuse me, if ye plaise ; but it would be a mane ting in me to be after denyin' de goodness of God ; and sure 'tis I was de boy dat see de two sides of de shillin'—de bad an' de good. I've nottin' to boasht of in de way of hoight ; an' doe I say it dat shouldn't say it, dere were few boys of my inches dat would bate me in hurley or futball—doe dat isn't neider here nor dere—but, small as I am, I could put a gallon of porter out o' sight wid de best of um ; an' as for whishkey, why, 'twas like mudder's milk to me—I'd lap id up as de cat laps crame. Of coorse, dere aren't people standin' in de middle of de road wid pints of porter in dere hands, sayin' " Good man, will you be pleased to drink a drop diss hot day, or diss cowld mornin' ?—for whedder 'tis hot or cowld 'tis all de same—one drinks to be cowld, an' anoder drinks to be hot—and 'tis moightly cowld 'tis in de end. No, yer reverence, an' ladies an' gintlemen, little ye gets for nottin' in diss wurruld—an' fait' 'tis myself had such a drute upon me, dat 'twas jest as if I swallowed a lime-burner's wig. I hadn't aise or pace so long as I wasn't turnin' de bottom of a pint or a naggin to de ceilin'—an' so long as I had a fardin' I melted it in drink Dere are many here dat knows

me, an' knows dat I was a good hand at airnin' money ; but if wan tinks of nottin' but drinkin' de dickens a good 'twould be to him if he had de Bank of Ireland to call his own, an' de banker houldin on be de rapin-hook up in de moon, like Daniel O'Rorke. So you see, ladies, de poor wife soon hadn't a fardin' to bless herself wid, an' de childre, de craytures, often wint to bed cowld, an' me galavantin' an' gladiatorin' about de town, drinkin here an' drinkin' dere until wan ud tink I'd busht, savin' yer presence ; for de dickens a wan of me knows fare I put id all—I was like a punchin on two legs. Yer reverence, I'm puzzled entoirely to understand why wan doesn't take half nor quarter de tay dat wan does ov porter or punch ; but, if de tay we had here diss evenin' was punch, an' I in de ould times, 'tisn't de taycup but de big jug dat id be my share diss blessed night. Well, of coorse, diss kind of ting couldn't go on widout bringin' me, an' de poor wife an' childre, to sup sorrow. I first drank my own clothes in de pawn—den I drank my wife's cloak off uv hur back—den I drank hur flinnen petticoat an' hur gound—den I drank de cups an' de saucers out uv de cubbard—den I drank de plates an' dishes off uv de dresser—den I drank de pot an' de kittle off uv de fire—den I drank de bedclothes from de bed, and de bed itself from under myself an' de wife—until, de Lord bless us ! dere wasn't a mortal haport dat wasn't turned into gallons uv porter, an' glasses uv whishkey, an' dandies uv punsh ! Well, what brought me to my sinses at last was de cowld flure, an' de empy stomach, an' de poor childre, cryin'. "Daddy, daddy, daddy, we're hungry." I rimimber, de last night of my blaguardin', dere wasn't a bit to ate, or a sup to taisht, for de poor little tings ; an' I towld um to go to bed, an' to hould dere whisht, an' not bodder me.

"Daddy, daddy, we are hungry," says de biggisht fellow, "an' our mudder didn't ait a bit all day, an' she gave all she had to Katty and Billy."

"Daddy, daddy," ses de littlest of de boys—dat's Billy—"I can't go to shleep I'm so cowld."

"God forgive yer onnatcherel fauder"! ses I, "for 'tis he is de purty boy intoirely! wid his drinkin' an' his variations." "Hould yer whisht," ses I, "an' I'll make ye comfortable; an' wid dat, savin yer presence, ladies, I takes me trousers—'tis no laffin' matter, I tell ye!—an' I goes over to de craytures, an' I sticks wan uv de childre in wan uv de legs, an' anoder of de childre in de oder leg, an' I buttons de waishband around dere necks, an' I tells dem fur de life uv dem not to dare as much as sneeze for de rest of de night—an' dey didn't, poor childre. But be cockcrow in de mornin', Billy, who was a moighty airy burd, cries out: "Daddy, daddy!"

"What's de matter?" ses I.

"I want to get up, daddy," ses he.

"Well, get up, an' bad scran to you," ses I.

"I can't," ses de young shaver.

"Why can't you, ye cantankerous cur?" ses I.

"Me an' Tommy is in de breeches," ses he.

"Get out uv it," ses I.

"Daddy, we're buttoned up," ses de little fellow as smart as ye plaise.

So I got up an' unbuttoned de craytures; an' I ses to meself dat 'twas a burnin' shame dat de childre of a Christian, lave alone a haydin, should be buttoned up in breeches instead of lyin' in a dacent bed. So I slipped on de breeches on me own shanks, an' off I goes to his reverence, an' I takes de pledge, an' 'twas de crown-piece dat yer reverence, God bless you! slipped into de heel uv my fisht dat set me up agin in de wurruld.

Ladies an' ginglemin, me story is towld, an' all I have to say is diss, dat I've losht de taste for whishkey an' porter, an' fur dandies uv punsh, too. An' dough I don't be standin' trates or takin' trates, still an' all, if a frind comes de way he's as welcome as de flowers of May, an' glory be to de Lord, an' tanks to his reverence, dere's a clane place to receive him, an' a good leg of mutton an' trimmins on de table, an' a céao mite pânte into de bargain. Dat is what I calls de two sides uv de shillin'—de bad side an' de good.

SPEECH AGAINST THE ACT OF UNION
BY LORD PLUNKETT.

Sir, I make no apology for troubling you at this late hour, exhausted though I am, in mind and body, and suffering, though you must be, under a similar pressure. This is a subject which must arouse the slumbering and almost re-animate the dead. It is a question whether Ireland shall cease to be free. It is a question involving our dearest interests, and for ever.

I congratulate the house on the manly temper with which this measure has been discussed : I congratulate them on the victory which I already see they have obtained ; a victory which I anticipate from the bold and generous sentiments which have been expressed on this side of the house, and which I see confirmed in the doleful and discomfited visages of the miserable group whom I see before me. Sir, I congratulate you on the candid avowal of the noble lord who has just sat down. He has exposed this project in its naked hideousness and deformity. He has told us that the necessity of sacrificing our independence flows from the nature of our connexion. It is now avowed that this measure does not flow from any temporary cause ; that it is not produced in consequence of any late rebellion, or accidental disturbance in the country ; that its necessity does not arise from the danger of modern political innovations, or from recent attempts of wicked men to separate this country from Great Britain. No ; we are informed by the noble lord that the condition of our slavery is engrafted on the principle of our connexion, and that, by the decrees of fate, Ireland has been doomed a dependent colony from her cradle.

But, Sir, the noble lord does not seem to repose very implicit confidence in his own arguments, and he amuses you by saying that in adopting this address you do not pledge yourselves to a support of the measure in any future

stage. Beware of this delusion. If you adopt this address you sacrifice your Constitution. You concede the principle, and any future inquiries can only be as to the terms. For them you need entertain no solicitude ; on the terms you can never disagree. Give up your independence, and Great Britain will grant you whatever terms you desire. Give her the key, and she will confide everything to its protection. There are no advantages you can ask which she will not grant, exactly for the same reason that the unprincipled spendthrift will subscribe, without reading it, the bond which he has no intention of ever discharging. I say, therefore, that if you ever mean to make a stand for the liberties of Ireland, now, and now only, is the moment for doing it.

The freedom of discussion which has taken place on this side of the house has, it seems, given offence to gentlemen on the treasury bench. They are men of nice and punctillious honour, and they will not endure that anything should be said which implies a reflection on their untainted and virgin integrity. They threatened to take down the words of an honourable gentleman who spoke before me, because they conveyed an insinuation ; and I promised them on that occasion that, if the fancy for taking down words continued, I would indulge them in it to the top of their bent. Sir, I am determined to keep my word with them, and I now will not insinuate, but I will directly assert that, base and wicked as is the object proposed, the means used to effect it have been more flagitious and abominable.

Do you choose to take down my words ? Do you dare me to the proof ?

I had been induced to think that we had at the head of the executive government of this country a plain, honest soldier, unaccustomed to, and disdaining the intrigues of politics, and who, as an additional evidence of the directness and purity of his views, had chosen for his secretary a simple and modest youth, *puer ingenus vultus ingenuique pudoris*, whose inexperience was the voucher of his innocence, and yet I will be bold to say that during the viceroyalty of this

unspotted veteran, and during the administration of this unassuming stripling—within these last six years, a system of black corruption has been carried on within the walls of the Castle which would disgrace the annals of the worst period of the history of either country.

Do you choose to take down my words ?

I need call no witness to your bar to prove them. I see two right honourable gentlemen sitting within your walls, who had long and faithfully served the crown, and who have been dismissed because they dared to express a sentiment in favour of the freedom of their country. I see another honourable gentleman who has been forced to resign his place as Commissioner of the Revenue because he refused to co-operate in this dirty job of a dirty administration.

Do you dare to deny this ?

I say that at this moment the threat of dismissal from office is suspended over the heads of the members who now sit around me, in order to influence their votes on the question of this night, involving everything that can be sacred or dear to man.

Do you desire to take down my words ? Utter the desire, and I will prove the truth of them at your bar.

The example of the Prime Minister of England, inimitable in its vices, may deceive the noble lord. The Minister of England has his faults. He abandoned in his latter years the principle of reform, by professing which he had attained the early confidence of the people of England, and in the whole of his political conduct he has shown himself haughty and intractable ; but it must be admitted he is endowed by nature with a towering and transcendent intellect, and that the vastness of his resources keeps pace with the magnificence and unboundedness of his projects. I thank God that it is much more easy for him to transfer his apostacy and his insolence than his comprehension and his sagacity ; and I feel the safety of my country in the wretched feebleness of her enemy. I cannot fear that the Constitution which has been founded by the wisdom of sages, and cemented by the

blood of patriots and of heroes, is to be smitten to its centre by such a green and sapless twig as this.

Sir, I, in the most express terms, deny the competency of Parliament to do this act. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the Constitution. I tell you that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this act, it will be a nullity, and no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it. I make the assertion deliberately—I repeat it, and I call on any man who hears me to take down my words. You have not been elected for this purpose. You are appointed to make laws, and not legislatures. You are appointed to act under the Constitution, not to alter it. You are appointed to exercise the functions of legislators, not to transfer them. And if you do so your act is a dissolution of the Government. You resolve society into its original elements, and no man in the land is bound to obey you.

I state doctrines which are not merely in the immutable laws of justice and truth. I state not merely the opinions of the ablest men who have written on the science of government, but I state the practice of our Constitution as settled at the era of the resolution, and I state the doctrine under which the House of Hanover derives its title to the throne. Has the King a right to transfer his crown? Is he competent to annex it to the crown of Spain or any other country? No—but he may abdicate it, and every man who knows the Constitution knows the consequence; the right reverts to the next in succession—if they all abdicate, it reverts to the people. The man who questions this doctrine must in the same breath arraign the Sovereign on the throne as an usurper. Are you competent to transfer your legislative rights to the French Council of five hundred? Are you competent to transfer them to the British Parliament? I answer, No. When you transfer you abdicate, and the great original trust reverts to the people from whom it issued. Yourselves you may extinguish, but Parliament you cannot extinguish. It is enthroned in the hearts of the people. It is enshrined

in the sanctuary of the Constitution. It is immortal as the island which it protects. As well might the frantic suicide hope that the act which destroys his miserable body should extinguish his eternal soul. Again, I therefore warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the Constitution : it is above your power.

And, Sir, we are told that we should discuss this question with calmness and composure. I am called on to surrender my birthright and my honour, and I am told I should be calm and I should be composed. National pride ! Independence of our country ! These, we are told by the Minister, are only vulgar topics fitted for the meridian of the mob, but unworthy to be mentioned to such an enlightened assembly as this. They are trinkets and gewgaws fit to catch the fancy of childish and unthinking people like you, Sir, or like your predecessor in that chair, but utterly unworthy the consideration of this house, or of the matured understanding of the noble lord who condescends to instruct it ! Gracious God ! We see a Pery re-ascending from the tomb, and raising his awful voice to warn us against the surrender of our freedom, and we see that the proud and virtuous feelings which warmed the breast of that aged and venerable man are only calculated to excite the contempt of this young philosopher, who has been transplanted from the nursery to the cabinet to outrage the feelings and understanding of the country.

Yet, Sir, I thank administration for this measure. They are, without intending it, putting an end to our dissensions—through this black cloud they have collected over us I see the light breaking in upon this unfortunate country. They have composed our dissensions—not by fomenting the embers of a lingering and subdued rebellion—not by hallooing the Catholic against the Protestant and the Protestant against the Catholic—not by committing the north against the south—not by inconsistent appeals to local or to party

prejudices; no—but by the avowal of this atrocious conspiracy against the liberties of Ireland, they have subdued every petty and subordinate distinction. They have united every rank and description of men by the pressure of this grand and momentous subject; and I tell them that they will see every honest and independent man in Ireland rally round her Constitution, and merge every other consideration in his opposition to this ungenerous and odious measure. For my own part, I will resist it to the last gasp of my existence and with the last drop of my blood, and when I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching, I will, like the father of Hannibal, take my children to the altar and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom.

MARBHNA COÍGHAIN RUAIRO ÚI NÉILL.

Do caill Éire a céile rípe,
Seareadó hreath a haonéiginn tionsa,
Do bhriseadó rtíseir iuit na críche,
Ír tā rí d'éairiac tadhac claoirote.

Ír ní hé a héagnaid ari aon éor ghníomh-re
Aict, mo érleácthsuin, mar tadhais rí raoiríp,
An téigríorad le'ír tadhac milté,
Do tadhac Conn Céadcaitac tadhac.

'S naidhínig i dtéann earrí anaoiře;
Tus rí fuat dá mac ba thír,
Ír tus rí reapc, dair leat, do dhalúis
Náir ónail ó neart ceart na críche.

Ír ní fuil feair dár éar do'n mhaorí rao,
D'fuil Éibhlí, Éirgeamhunn, no Írisil,
Dá dhalúiré éairí real dá dívean
Náir tadhais rípe an téigríorad miltéac.

Ní hé éagnaid na dtadhac róin éaloimim,
Ír gán aict pléirí gán éireáct a maoiðearáth,
Ír gur leiri do gád éinneas críonna
A nuaíarna fó Éirinn de gníomharcáin.

Meara tuom fénim éag an t-rafadairí,
Laoch réitheadé le'ír m-eachasach maoine;
Rus seinn ari éigim ó níseáin,
Céasan illa neill, rím aen éreacé daomine.

Bhratán Údinne eo na Daoile,
Mairghe Suca i'f Sruine na Maoile,
Oisge aonúla Teanáraír taoisighil,
Le'ír mian na Sacraíais malluigthe thíbirt.

Siofra mar uan uair ari mine,
A éinis céadortha gán aon céim claoine,
A gceann gán aon locht mar nuaire,]
A ménin nári éagráinail te Maoire.

Siofra dár Óual buaðairt do gcaorlaod
'S a dtabhairt anuas ari éuantaib tíre:
De Óearcais a éasa i'f é do cím-re
So bhuil na Gaeál, mo léan! fá Óaoiúre.

I'f so bhuil na Sacraíais neartímar 'ran tír seo,
I'f náe mairpeann neac de clannaib Milesia
Náe fuil ari lár ari gcaéil na críche
Aéct iarthar i'f Dia dá gcoimhdeacáit.

Craeadé aor téad so léir an tí rím,—
Do éuir do bár gac fáil-fuil i n-íre:
A n-eac a n-óir a rróil a riota
A gcuimh a gceol i'f a n-ól fionn.

I nínpis fáil do dálfeair caoine,
Gnílfidh mná 'ra dtlát-fuileadh gcaorlaite,
I'f beró fá léan na céadta laoicíra
I'f beró Conn Rúisír i bpráicín cíorðuibh,

Buan 'r gán gcuil na gaoithe,
Treasba na gcuasé go luac gaoitír;
Laéct na mbuair do éuairó i n-dírcé,
An fiocht 'r an feor 'n-a Óeoitó gur críonnaibh

IN MEMORIAM.

(Lines on the tragic death of the Rev. James Kelly, Rector of St. Agnes' Church, Paterson, N.J., who, in a storm on the morning of the 17th December, 1908, was swept overboard from the Arabic, in crossing the Atlantic, to spend the Christmas with his friends in Sligo—by a former school companion).

I.

Oh ! cruel, murmur'ring, hollow-sounding sea !
How can'st thou dare to lift thy chafing wave,
And sobbing low, in feinted sympathy,
Presume to chant a dirge around his grave,
Who plucked from out my bleeding breast,
And stole upon thy stormy crest
The jewel of my soul.

Couldst thou not vent upon the rocks and shore
That potent power, whose kindled rage can make
The heavens re-echo to its angry roar,
And the solid earth's eternal basis shake,
And leave to me my cherished friend
Whom heaven in kindness deigned to send
As my solace and my guide ?

The thousand lordly ships that reefless roam
Neglected and unmanned along thy lonely plain,
Or that weltering struggle thro' thy splashing foam
May in thy cold, and drenching grasp remain
—With the cities of a world gone by,
The scenes and halls of revelry
Thy waves triumphant hide.

But, why my life of all it prized despoil ?
 Why quench the light that lit my dreary ways ?
 Why wreck the work of years of ardent toil,
 And blight the hopes that cheered my lonely days ?

By an act of ruthless sport for thee,
 But fraught with life-long grief for me,
 Bereavement and despair.

Together were we reared, together grew,
 By similar tastes attracted and allied ;
 And like two apples gilt with rosy hue
 We grew, the one into the other's side ;
 But thy rude hand hath made us part,
 And my riven and forlorn heart
 Droops bleeding from the wound.

As even now, o'er Herod's jealous slaughter,
 Poor Rachel weeps, and will not be consoled,
 So my grieving heart heaves, moaning like thy water
 And will never rest—till thou his shroud unfold,
 And bending o'er his watery bier,
 I pour the soothing tribute of a tear
 On his cold and silent brow.

II.

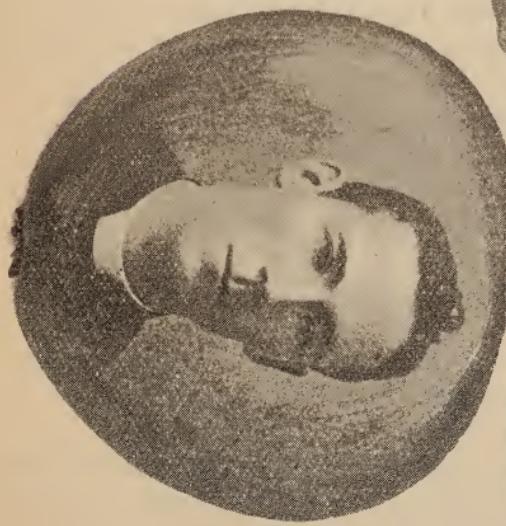
All day within my aching heart it seems,
 As if the hope, he lives, should conquer in a strife ;
 And at night he wanders thro' my feverish dreams,
 In all the forms I knew him during life—
 Now as a youth, now as a boy
 Redolent of hope and joy,
 Now in his manhood's prime.

Again I see his blithe and jaunty air,
 Swinging his satchel on his way to school ;
 His ruddy face and raven curling hair,
 Bathed in the Autumn breezes fresh and cool,
 As from Fort-Hill's brow his kite he soars,
 Or on Lough Gill he plies his oars,
 Or meets the flying ball.

REV. JAMES KELLY.



REV. DR. HURLEY.



Then by two lowly, far-divided hills,
In Columbia's land, and Erin's sainted isle,
We feed two flocks, 'long lilyed meads and rills,
Waiting and watching till pass'd that "little while,"

Our Master Shepherd we should see,
Who from all care should set us free,
And take us to Himself.

Anon. I see him pace the trembling deck,
Washed now and then by thy white seething foam ;
Of thy dread intent how little does he reck,
As his wingèd thoughts are fixed on those at home,
Who, gazing on their wintry fire,
Count the lonely hours expire,
Till he'll bless them with his sight !

In a moment of Cimmerian darkness, caught
Quite unawares, the noble Arabic is right
On her beam-ends, by thy wanton wildness brought ;
And when she rises, hears with sadness and affright
Thy sportive breakers laugh and shout,
Dandling him in their arms about,
As they bear her Trust away.

Awhile upon thy crested wave he rides,
And stretches forth his helpless arms for aid ;
Then slowly down thy yielding slope he glides
Into a fretting, seething watery glade ;
A moment to and fro is tossed,
And then, alas ! is quickly lost
To my tear bedimmèd eyes.

But soon, afar, methinks I see him rise,
Calmly reclining on thy rolling billow ;
Drowsy death hath quenched the lustre in his eyes
And laid him nerveless on his watery pillow ;
Then softly is he drawn into thy deep,
And rocked into a wakeless sleep
Within thy cold embrace.

III.

Ah ! the day comes aye when the silver chord is broke,
 When the golden fillet shrinks upon the brow,
 When the pitcher at the fountain's crushed by hazard stroke,
 And the dust returns to its mother earth below ;

When the Spirit loosed ascends above,
 Borne on the wings of ardent love,
 To the God who gave her life.

The hope was mine that when our day was done
 We arm in arm should slowly journey home ;
 And gazing calmly on the setting sun
 Oft wistful speak of the Empyrean Dome,
 Whence issues that celestial light
 Which ne'er shall be obscured by night
 Or setting know no more.

But now before the noon tide of our day
 Behold thee summoned sudden from my side ;
 And I (if Heaven decrees that I should stay
 To guard and watch my flock till eventide)
 When my evening star's pale glimmering light
 Shall warn me of the approach of night,
 Must grope alone my way.

TIMOTHY HURLEY, D.D.

HENRY GRATTAN AGAINST THE UNION.

May 26th, 1800.

I ask whether the attempt to pack the Irish Parliament, as was notoriously practised in '89 and '90 by the then minister of the crown in Ireland, might not have sunk the credit of British government ? I ask whether the profligate avowal of that profligate practice by a profligate minister of the crown

might not have sunk the credit of British government? I ask not whether the introduction of the question of Parliamentary Reform could have sunk the credit of British government; but I do ask whether the introduction of the apostasy from that question might not have helped to sink the credit of British government? I ask whether the introduction of the Catholic question in Great Britain in '92; whether the opposition given to the Catholic franchise by the Irish Government in '92; whether the assent given to the petition for that franchise by the English Ministry in '93; whether the abuse and Billingsgate accompanying that assent, and uttered by the Irish Ministry at that time; whether the adoption of the pretensions of the Catholics by the English Ministry at the close of '94; whether the rejection of these pretensions, and the recall of a Lord Lieutenant, because, with the Ministry's knowledge and acquiescence he honoured those pretensions; whether the selection of persons for distinguished trust, who had distinguished themselves by a perpetual abuse of the Irish, and who were notoriously hostile, and who since have acknowledged their hostility by a conspiracy against the Parliamentary constitution of their country; I ask, I say, whether such conduct, so incoherent, so irritating, so violent, so temporising, so corrupt, might not have very much aided the efforts of France in sinking the character of British government? I ask those questions, and I do say, if ever the causes of the late rebellion shall be dispassionately discussed, the great, originating, and fundamental cause will be found in the aversion of His Majesty's ministry to the independency of the Irish Parliament, and their efforts to subvert the same.

We follow the Minister. In defence of his plan of Union, he tells us the number of Irish representatives in the British Parliament is of little consequence. This doctrine is new, namely, that between two nations the comparative influence is of no moment. According to this it would be of no moment what should be the number of the British Parliament. No,

says the Minister ; the alteration is to be limited to the Irish Parliament ; the number and fabric of the British is to remain entire, unaltered, and unalterable. What now becomes of the argument of mutual and reciprocal change ? Or what does the new argument avow, but what we maintained and the court denied, that the Union was, with respect to Ireland, a merger of her Parliament in the legislature of the other, without creating any material alteration therein, save as far as it advanced the influence of the crown, direct or indirect.

This union of Parliaments, this proscription of people, he follows by a declaration, wherein he misrepresents their sentiments as he had before traduced their reputation. After a calm and mature consideration the people have pronounced their judgment in favour of a Union ; of which assertion not a single syllable has any existence in fact, or in the appearance of fact, and I appeal to the petitions of twenty-one counties, publicly convened, and to the other petitions of the other counties, numerously signed, and to those of the great towns and cities. To affirm that the judgment of a nation is erroneous may mortify, but to affirm that her judgment *against* is *for* ; to assert that she has said *ay* when she has pronounced *no* ; to affect to refer a great question to the people ; finding the sense of the people like that of the Parliament, against the question, to force the question ; to affirm the sense of the people to be *for* the question ; to affirm that the question is persisted in because the sense of the people is for it ; to make the falsification of her sentiments the foundation of her ruin and the ground for the Union ; to affirm that her Parliament, constitution, liberty, honour, property, are taken away by her own authority ; there is, in such artifice, an effrontery, a hardihood, an insensibility, that can best be answered by sensations of astonishment and disgust, excited on this occasion by the British Minister, whether he speaks in gross and total ignorance of the truth, or in shameless and supreme contempt for it.

The Constitution may be *for a time* so lost ; the character of the country cannot be lost. The ministers of the crown will, or may perhaps at length find that it is not so easy to put down for ever an ancient and respectable nation, by abilities, however great, and by power and by corruption, however irresistible ; liberty may repair her golden beams, and with redoubled heat animate the country ; the cry of loyalty will not long continue against the principles of liberty ; loyalty is a noble, a judicious, and a capacious principle ; but in these countries loyalty, distinct from liberty, is corruption, not loyalty.

The cry of the connection will not, in the end, avail against the principles of liberty.. Connection is a wise and a profound policy ; but connection without an Irish Parliament is connection without its own principle, without analogy of condition, without the pride of honour that should attend it ; is innovation, is peril, is subjugation—not connection.

The cry of disaffection will not, in the end, avail against the principles of liberty.

Identification is a solid and imperial maxim, necessary for the preservation of freedom, necessary for that of empire ; but, without union of hearts—with a separate government, and without a separate Parliament, identification is extinction, is dishonour, is conquest—not identification.

Yet I do not give up the country : I see her in a swoon ; but she is not dead : though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty.

“ Thou art not conquered ; beauty’s ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death’s pale flag is not advanced there.”

While a plank of the vessel sticks together, I will not leave her. Let the courtier present his flimsy sail, and carry the light barque of his faith with every new breath of wind : I will remain anchored here with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall.

AN GLAISÍN.

Díoltas, dair Coisiall mo lioin rthe 'r mo rtóirí,

Ir ní claoiðfead le gnótaibh nár éaitisear,

Ir vingfead im' rhóca ríor píora cum óla,

Ir lionfard te rtóirfeadet ir d'airtí.

Scaoilfead im' rcóimais 'n-a lion-ruit san teora

píon agur beoir agur bhrandais,

Ir, a ériodh, naé e 'n rróirt é má bhim-re ari bóníluis

Tom rtíraoilead marí súrtá ari fuird laethaise.

Nuaip éiríom go tig an tábhairne ir glaoðaim ari éarpt

Ir éarcas do bionn tain díob ag teaet píor:

Ir éigean le dáract ná píeabaim mo cانا

Nuaip pílearcain an cláir ir mé ag feadgáil.

Bionn raoðari an bair ojta, "Pray do you call, sir,"

Ir píeabaim san gáipe fá 'n-ealaðain,

Ir tréan tig an mánisírtip go réitoteac im' dámh-re,

Ir réim tig im' laethair ir beannuisear.

Ir fíraoðimari le cinnreál do glaoðaim buirdéal píona,

Mi'l píeanað go dtíseann ríð ir gloine;

Ir críobhac 'r ir píaoileac 'r ir fíraoðrac do lionaim,

Sac réibe 'ca díogaim go binnneall.

Bionn éantair 'n-a lion-ruit ari éaol-bearrraith rínte,

Dá ngléar dom éum bíd agur cuítaró,

Dá píeacain cia díob ran do píeabead leim' innínn.

Ir cia bhearrfað dom píora de'n ériurta.

Nuaip éiríom go tig órtá bionn píobairiðe gleoró 'só'

Ais pínccead 'r ag fíosrað ag fártuigim: .

Ir cinnreál sac níomeat dá innínt le mórtar

So níolfainn dá n-ólfainn mo énaigín.

Sin críoc ari mo rceol duit go mbíonn ag mnáoi an órtá

Mo bhríte mo bhróga 'r mo éairín

'S, a ériodh, naé e 'n rróirt é nuaip píaoileann ri an róu mé,

San tuinnte ari mo dámh aet mé im' glaigin.

Seán ua Tuamá.

THE HORSEMAN OF DUNRONE.

“ Rise up ! rise up ! O’Brennan Ruao, as quickly as you may,
 Or else you lie in fetters bound before the break of day ;
 Rise up ! rise up ! the red coats now are marching from Athy,
 And the Captain of the bloody horde has sworn that you must
 die.”

He leaped unto the window, but the warning voice was gone ;
 His hand upon his carbine laid, his garments hurried on :
 He kissed his sleeping mother’s brow, and hastened out with
 speed,

And soon was riding o’er the plain upon his gallant steed.

“ On, on, brave horse ! your mission now is life or death to me
 To-night to bid a long farewell my true love I must see.
 To-morrow ! then, ye Saxon dogs ! come seize me if ye dare !
 My faith ! but ye shall rue the day ye marched into Kildare ! ”

He rode away, he rode away, o’er grassy bawn and moor,
 And ne’er checked rein until he stood before his true love’s
 door ;

A gentle tap and whisper, and the door was opened wide,
 And Brigid Óán O’Heffernan was clinging to his side.

Oh ! tremblingly she listened to the tale he had to tell,
 And on his brave and manly heart her tears in torrents fell ;
 He thought to soothe the heavy grief—but all his words were
 vain,

For he felt, himself, the shadow of a coming cloud of pain.

“ They’ve tracked me now, a cùlpa ! they are thirsting for
 my life,

But to-morrow I shall meet them breast to breast in deadly
 strife,

And the eagle on the battle-field will pick a dainty fare
 In the fat and pampered tyrants of the county of Kildare.

“ And won’t your eyes flash brightly when our conq’ring
 bands are seen

With their weapons all a-shining, and old Erin’s flag of green !

Then hush ! and dry those tears away—'tis time that we
should part"—

He flung his arms around her, and he pressed her to his heart.

There's a tramping and a clanking—'tis the march of the
dragoon—

And a score of helmets gleaming in the full blaze of the moon ;
“ They're here ! they're here ! quick, darling, quick ! you're
lost if you are seen ! ”

A leap into the saddle, and he sweeps across the green.

He rode away, he rode away, and gallantly his steed
Showed the mettle which is ever found the true man's friend
at need ;

O'er field and ditch and road and stream, o'er bog and sluggish
fen,

Till he gained the guarded trysting of the brave United Men.

What a shout of manly greeting met the weary rider there,
As he leaped into the centre of the heroes of Kildare !

“ The chase was hot to-night, my boys—the quarry's still
at bay ;

But the bloodhounds on another track will curse the rising
day.”

II.

The morning sun was peeping softly through the dawning
cloud,

And its rays were flowing brightly on a dark and massy crowd ;
It fell upon a forest of bright pikes in warlike sheen,

That were glinting on the hill-top 'neath the flag of gold and
green.

And up the dewy heather bands of men were marching on,
All pouring like a thousand streams to where that banner
shone,

And riding here and riding there, with hanging bridle rein,
Frieze-coated horsemen guarded all the *tócaí* to the plain.

Anon, a group with laughter hoarse were sharpening their blades

And others tying in their hats the flashing green cockades ;
But one among that multitude stood silently alone :

'Twas Patrick Ruao O'Brennan, the young horseman of Dunrone.

" O'Brennan ! "—'twas his kinsman spoke, O'Ryan, stout and true—

" No time it is for thinking when there's heavy work to do.
'Twas my voice that gave you warning of the wily Saxon foe,
And now I bear you tidings it is well that you should know.

" Last night I lay in ambush, and saw a sight that well
Might raise the deepest envy of the demons down in hell ;
Boy ! listen till your heart's blood boils and blazes with
revenge—

You've a mother and a brother and a sweetheart to avenge.

" Your mother and your brother in the burning thatch were flung,

And by her glossy yellow hair your Brigid ÓS was hung ;
Your name was last upon her lips, when, through her torn vest,
The sword of cursed Captain Gore was sheathed in her breast.

" God ! have I not the same sight seen—the same red woes
withstood—

When I found my hearthstone clotted with my murdered
parents' blood ?

When I found my wife and children swinging naked on a tree,"
But the listener's face was whiter than the snow upon the lea.

And for a moment seemed he just as if the life were fled,
And his eyes glared in their sockets with the cold stare of
the dead ;

The bridle fell down from his grasp—he gave a hearty groan—
Then again his frame grew steady and as silent as a stone.

He flung himself upon the sod, he looked up in the air—
A cross from out his bosom drew, now heaving broad and bare ;
A tear fell on the holy sign—his comrade's hand he took—
“ Sleeps she in holy earth ? ” he cried, with stern, unbending
look.

“ Yes, yes—at dawning of the light I placed her in her grave,
Beside the old brown Abbey wall o'erlooking Barrow's wave.”
“ Thank God !—and now, my murdered kin, my outraged,
butchered love,
I swear to have red blood for blood, by Him who reigns above.

“ I swear to hunt your murderers by night and open day
Until their blood smokes in the air as thick as ocean spray.”
He kissed the cross, then backed his horse, his carbine slinging
free :
“ For vengeance and old Ireland ! true hearts, now follow
me.”

J. KEEGAN CASEY.

THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

I crossed the Thomond Bridge to the Clare side of the river, and located as well as I could the encampment of Sarsfield's cavalry on that memorable Sunday evening in the August of 1690. I laid my bicycle against a wall, and leaning against the doorway of a roofless cabin, I called back the past into the present. It is one of the privileges of rambling. There are 38,000 English, Dutch, and Anglo-Irish besiegers on the southern bank of the river, and they are confident of a speedy victory. Dutch William himself arrived at Caherconlish yesterday and spent the day marking out positions for his siege artillery. There is a leaden war-cloud over Limerick, and it appears to be only a question of hours when the storm will burst upon the beleaguered city and sweep its resistance away. There are scarcely 10,000 men to guard the defences,

and a great part of the war stores, arms and ammunition has been carted off to Galway by those carpet soldiers—Tyrconnell and Lauzun—who left the Irish lines confident that the walls could be battered down “with roasted apples.” But Sarsfield and Berwick and De Boisseleau have decided to remain and defend the city, and the citizens—to their undying glory—have decided to stand by them, come what may. Even now they are out in their numbers—men and women of every rank and age, with their children, helping De Boisseleau’s engineers to strengthen the defences. But there is a siege train coming to the English from Dublin, with guns strong enough to lay the city in ruins, and, worse than all, there is a pontoon bridge coming which, if placed in position, will allow William’s forces to cross the Shannon and take the city in the rere. Guns, caissons, bridges, and stores are all together in the hills to the southward marching steadily to join the besiegers.

It is of this that Sarsfield has been thinking all day and all yesterday, consulting with De Boisseleau, consulting with a few of his officers, consulting also with a certain Rapparee leader who has ridden in from the mountains, keeping his thoughts to himself mostly, this noble Sarsfield, but planning and preparing one of the most effective and splendid cavalry raids recorded in history. He has given certain orders now, and five hundred chosen riders are standing, bridle in hand, awaiting the word to mount. It is dark and late when the Chief swings himself on horseback and sends his commands quietly down the line. There is no bugle call, no roll of drum, no hoarsely shouted order flung from mouth to mouth by the squadron leaders. A half-whispered phrase in Irish—for Sarsfield and his troopers are Irish speakers—a low thunder of hoofs, and then, as silently as may be, they take themselves off into the darkness. They ford the Shannon at Ballvelly, and the dawn of Monday morning finds them on the march through Tipperary. Beside the General rides a guide whose fame is to “go down to posterity.” He is



Yours sincerely
William Sulphur

the daring Rapparee horseman, known as "Galloping O'Hogan," who has the secret of every ravine in the Silver-mines and every glen of the Keepers, who knows every ford and $\tau\sigma\epsilon\alpha\pi$ and $\nu\sigma\iota\sigma\beta\pi$ by heart, and who will conduct the Irish horsemen into the midst of the English convoy before a hoof-stroke is heard and before a blow is struck.

Silently as possible out of the mountain passes, where a halt had been made to reconnoitre, silently as possible over the plains, quietly, steadily, surely, by wood and stream and hill, through the soft darkness, the dauntless cavalcade is riding into history. The watchword of the English was learned hours ago, as the darkness fell. By a strange coincidence it is Sarsfield. At three o'clock on Tuesday morning the great deed is done. The drowsy English sentry challenges and demands the countersign from the horsemen advancing over the picket line. It comes in a ringing voice, and accompanied by a sabre cut. "Sarsfield is the word, and Sarsfield is the man!" Five hundred chargers leap in amongst the sleepers, and five hundred thirsty sabres are at work amongst the panic-stricken soldiery who come hurrying from their tents. Through the camp and back again, and once more from end to end sweep the riders of Limerick, and that is enough. The gunners are cut down, or flying, and the siege-train is at Sarsfield's mercy. He has the guns filled with powder and their snouts buried in the ground. The pontoons are heaped upon the overturned carriages and caissons, a train is fired, and the earth and sky for miles around are reddened with the flash with which the mass goes upward in scrap iron. The thunder of the explosion bellowed into the English trenches before Limerick and brought William from his slumbers. Too late. The sentry reports that just now the sky was ablaze like the noonday; and William knows that the big guns and bridges, and his tons of powder and ball have been scooped up and destroyed. Five hundred men were despatched from William's camp last night to join the convoy, for some rumour

that Sarsfield was abroad had been brought in. Two more bodies of horse are now sent forth to cut off the Irish cavalry on its return gallop. But the Rapparees are scouting along the hills, and O'Hogan himself is still with the squadron of the victors. There are joyous cheers along the Shannon when evening comes, for all Limerick is out to welcome the heroes. The Irish guns beyond the river fronting the English batteries give tongue in a salute, and the very echo in the staunch old city is roused by the cannonade and the cheering as the troopers from Ballyneety come trotting in.

It was a glorious raid. What would you not have given to take part in it !

WILLIAM BULFIN.

RICHARD LALOR SHIEL ON REPEAL OF THE UNION.

(From his Speech in the Court of Queen's Bench, in Ireland, in the course of the Trial of O'Connell.)

I will not dwell, Mr. Sheriff, on the miseries of my country ; I am disgusted with the wretchedness the Union has produced, and I do not dare to trust myself with the contemplation of the accumulation of sorrow that must overwhelm the land if the Union be not repealed. . . . That Union, Sir, was a violation of our national and inherent rights : a flagrant injustice. The representatives whom we had elected for the short period of eight years had no authority to dispose of their country for ever. It cannot be pretended that any direct or express authority to that effect was given to them, and the nature of their delegation excludes all idea of their having any such by implication. They were the servants of the nation, empowered to consult for its good ; not its masters to traffic and dispose of it at their fantasy or for their profit. I deny that the nation itself had a right to barter its independence, or to commit political suicide ; but when

our servants destroyed our existence as a nation, they added to the baseness of assassination all the guilt of high treason. The reasoning upon which those opinions are founded is sufficiently obvious. They require no sanction from the authority of any name; neither do I pretend to give them any weight by declaring them to be conscientiously my own; but if you want authority to induce the conviction that the Union had injustice for its principle, and a crime for its basis, I appeal to that of the present Attorney-General, Mr. Saurin, who in his place in the Irish Parliament pledged his character as a lawyer and a statesman that the Union must be a violation of every moral principle, and that it was a mere question of prudence whether it should not be resisted by force. I also appeal to the opinions of the late Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, Mr. George Ponsonby; of the present Solicitor-General, Mr. Bushe, and of that splendid lawyer, Mr. Plunkett. The Union was, therefore, a manifest injustice; and it continues to be unjust even at this day; it was a crime, and must be still criminal, unless it shall be ludicrously stated that crime, like wine, improves by old age, and that time mollifies injustice into innocence. You may smile at the supposition, but in sober sadness you must be convinced that we daily suffer injustice; that every succeeding day only adds another sin to the catalogue of British vice; and that if the Union continues it will only make the crime hereditary and injustice perpetual.

We have been robbed, my countrymen, most foully robbed, of our birthright, of our independence; may it not be permitted us mournfully to ask how this consummation of evil was perfected. For it was not in any disastrous battle that our liberties were struck down; no foreign invader had despoiled the land; we have not forfeited our country by any crimes; neither did we lose it by any domestic insurrection. No, the rebellion was completely put down before the Union was accomplished; the Irish militia and the Irish yeomanry had put it down. How, then, have we become enslaved?

Alas ! England, that ought to have been to us a sister and a friend . . . England, for whom we had fought and bled—England, whom we have protected, and whom we do protect—England, at a period when, out of the 100,000 seamen in her service, 70,000 were Irish, England stole upon us like a thief in the night, and robbed us of the precious gem of our liberty ; she stole from us “ that which in nought enriched her, and left us poor indeed.” Reflect then, my friends, on the means employed to effect this disastrous measure. I do not speak of the meaner instruments of bribery and corruption. We all know that everything was put to sale—nothing profane or sacred was omitted in the Union mart. Offices in the revenue, commands in the army and navy, the sacred ermine of justice, and the holy altars of God were all profaned and polluted as the reward of Union services. By a vote in favour of the Union ignorance, incapacity, and profligacy obtained certain promotion ; and our ill-fated but beloved country was degraded to her utmost limits before she was transfixed in slavery. But I do not intend to detain you in the contemplation of those vulgar means of Parliamentary success—they are within the daily routine of official management ; neither will I direct your attention to the recollection of that avowed fact, which is now part of history, that the rebellion itself was fomented and encouraged in order to facilitate the Union. Even the rebellion was an accidental and a secondary cause—the real cause of the Union lay deeper, but it is quite obvious—it is to be found at once in the religious dissensions which the enemies of Ireland have created, and continued, and seek to perpetuate amongst themselves, by telling us off, and separating us into wretched sections and miserable subdivisions ; they separated the Protestant from the Catholic, and the Presbyterian from both ; they revived every antiquated cause of domestic animosity, and invented new pretexts of rancour ; but, above all, my countrymen, they belied and calumniated us to each other, and they continued

to repeat their assertions until we came to believe them ; they succeeded in creating all the madness of party and religious distinctions, and whilst we were lost in the stupor of insanity they plundered us of our country, and left us to recover at our leisure from the horrid delusion into which we had been so artfully conducted.

Such, then, were the means by which the Union was effectuated. It has stripped us of commerce and wealth—it has degraded us, and deprived us not only of our station as a nation, but even of the name of our country—we are governed by foreigners—foreigners make our laws—for were the hundred members who nominally represent Ireland in what is called the Imperial Parliament—were they really our representatives, what influence could they, although unbought and unanimous, have over the combined English and Scotch members ? . . . No, Mr. Sheriff, we are not represented ; we have no effectual share in the legislation ; the thing is a mere mockery. Neither is the Imperial Parliament competent to legislate for us ; it is too unwieldy a machine to legislate for England alone ; but with respect to Ireland it has all the additional inconveniences that arise from want of interest and total ignorance. . . . It is useless to detain you longer in detailing the miseries that the Union has produced, or in pointing out the necessity that exists for its repeal. I have never yet met any man who did not deplore this fatal measure which has despoiled his country ; nor do I believe there is a single individual in the island who could be found even to pretend approbation of that measure. I would be glad to see the face of the man, or rather of the beast, who could dare to say he thought the Union wise or good—for the being who could say so must be devoid of all the feelings that distinguish humanity.

CAITRÉIMI PHÁDRAIS SÁIRSEAL.

[Oáidírú is uas bhuatais ect, don laipla Liucan i. an Sáipréalaach, an uairiú do éinig ré an phuairc ari Sallair agus do phéab ré an éanóin móri do thí acaí d'á éabairt ó Baile Átha Cliath do Ghábáil Luimnís; i mbairle an Phaoitíse, gceonrae luimnís do júnneadh an gniomh ro le'li fóirpeadó mórlán d'uairibh Gaeáeal. A.D. 1690.]

A pí na cnuinne do pín ipe if gacé níodh mhithe atá déanta
 Phuarcail fóirla a ghuairc an gheo ro if phuairc a phóirne i
 ngrád a céile
 Ó cuairc rípe i n-uathach oide if gan luacé uibh a náir-
 spéaraibh
 Cipeanfarad fém le cainteán phéad ari phrangairibh raoora pháid-
 éigre.

Mi cúnír aitfiribh ór liom reagsta na bpronn reacan o'fáit-
 phéasain
 'S an énú choíseam a clú o'fórcait ní fiú an obair fáil-
 céadairibh
 An té tuisleap do-ghéad a ionad i ngréar file if feapp
 féinte
 'S an té na cí mórclaim ní hē a iontac if méan liom i gcaé
 d'éileamh.

Fair bfeair n-anbhrann o'far d'ári n-anacal mál if caiteáile
 cairbheasach
 Táorcasach tráubrach laomha lonna-ghairt laochea lúchtáir láin-
 tréiteadaí
 Urra éiríodha bhrutómair beoibh éuirbear deoiriach fá ghéilleadh
 An t-iaipla ó Liucan, Dia d'á éanádaí, tuisce if iontac láin-
 éadta.

Lá d'ári t'siondil áitriú Noloint láin d'á nglan-phórdh bpháit-
 ghéasach
 Níodh na cí carpáit go mbí ari reacmal a gceanninn-cáipte ag
 fáit-cleáiríeis
 Amair tuig-ran ceapadó an éunnair ari na dhronsgairbh d'áin-
 ghéara
 Do t'agairt ionlait aitóme if ionmhair le haighaird Luimnís
 o'áir-céasair.

An tain do tionscais bearrfa an bhfuil a neart a chuiribh i n-aistíneáire

Timéolt iarrfheachtaí Shionna ip Muimhneach uile fá mheala
Níor fág báumba ná bád úna ná bán-bonn uábhráit-
Síleáitibh

I mbáite an Faoisísh gan a gcaitheadh mar gáil comhla i mbáil
rppéire.

Do fáil nád claoifeadh clú na gceibe fáigfead filte i
bhráipeairseas

Tuairim aitne ar náir na failte fuaile an reabac pláim-
éactas

Sé céad roghnáil mite ip noéad aoir nád onna tait-éireadct
Bliadana an Choinche o'fiaidh gan Dóime pian, ip a inriann
nád ériodh.

NATURE STUDY.

Let me tell you how I met a great deal of the Springtime upon an upland road of Leix the other day. It came heralded by the beating of cans and pans and kettles, and cries of "Get before them! run quicker!" The tumult which smote the drowsy silence through which I was cycling at the time came nearer, and presently several persons of both sexes scrambled over a wall led by a swarm of bees on the wing.

"Stop them!" someone shouted to me, and in a neighbourly spirit I dismounted. I waved my hat and threshed the air with my arms for some moments in vain. It is not an easy matter to bring about a change all at once in the plans of travelling bees. That swarm was drifting westwards towards Connacht or America, or Hy Brasil, and was too intent on its own affairs to notice me.

"Ah, why don't you shout at them?" said the elder member of the pursuers, who was evidently the woman of the house when at home and accustomed to call people to account. "Run on, the whole of you," she continued,

between quickly drawn breaths, as she came to a halt near my bicycle. "Here, Nora, take this kettle from me. I'm done up. Put another stone in it, *a chuisle*, and rattle it well. Run for your life now, and don't let them out of your sight."

With undiminished clangour the hunt rolled onward, keeping to the road for about a hundred yards, after which it swerved over a wall and tailed out diagonally over the fields into the distance.

"Fine swarm, ma'am," I ventured, as I prepared to start again on my interrupted journey.

"Oh, 'deed an' it is!" she said, "an' I'm afraid that sight or light of it I'll never see again."

I agreed with her secretly, but had not the moral courage to say so. I said instead, that, after all, the bees might not fly very far. She was unconsoled, and reverting to my ineffective intervention in the proceedings she remarked:

"Ah, if you only had the sense to give a good shout at them it might have stopped them. But sure I suppose that isn't the right thing to say, and in any case I am thankful to you."

I endeavoured to explain to her that according to scientific newspaper writers and other experts of the present day it is a useless waste of energy to shout, or rattle stones in a kettle, or fire shots, or make any other kind of din for the purpose of bringing down a flight of swarmed bees. I told her that such methods were unscientific. She seated herself on a flag by the road side and held science up to scorn.

"What do those fellows in the papers know about bees anyway?" she demanded.

"They have studied bees, of course," I said.

"Hah!" she exclaimed. "I suppose that's more of what they call nature study!" and she laughed in large contempt.

I began to see that it did not lie with me to bridge over the gulf which yawned between her views regarding bees and the

views of the experts, so I resolved to leave her to her fate. At the same time I thought it right to say a word in a general way in favour of scientific research.

" You see, ma'am," I began suavely, " it is this way : when I spoke of men studying bees, I meant that they watched the bees closely, you understand ? "

" Oh, 'deed, an' I do," she said.

" Watched them closely," I continued ; " watched all that they did ; watched their life habits, their ——"

" Oh, that's the real ding dong," she broke in, laughing.

" I beg your pardon," I remarked politely, but frigidly.

" No, I beg yours," she replied. " No offence meant. But watchin' life habits, as you call them, is nature study all over. Sure they have it up at the school. Didn't you hear about it ? "

I shook my head, and prepared to go. There didn't appear to be any good in prolonging the interview.

" Well," she went on, after a hurried look in the direction of the vanished bee hunt, " I'll tell it to you."

" If it is anything about cats, ma'am," I interposed, " don't trouble, please, for I've heard about them." I was alluding to a certain story* that was told to me some two and a half years ago, and has followed me across the world and back, and been haunting me ever since.

" No, then," she said reassuringly, " it isn't about cats. It's about frogs—that's what it is."

She was evidently prejudiced and unsympathetic, but this is what she told me, condensed into as few words as possible. The children of the neighbourhood, her Rosy and Johnny among them, were encouraged to take up nature study, and under the auspices of the mistress at the school they got a shovelful of frog spawn and put it into a jar, a glass jar ; and they also acquired some caterpillars and put them to lodge in a tin. The jar in due course became alive with little

* See "Cats at School," page 285.

frogs the size of pincini, and the caterpillars went on eating cabbage leaves and waiting for more. Rosy and Johnny took the jar out into the bawn the other evening to have a session of nature study, and in the middle of it one of the neighbour's children came that way with the tidings that he had found a rabbit's nest, so away the three of them went on new research work, and while they were gone Nansheen kept vigil at the frog jar. Nansheen is a duck, a kind of pet, and wise and mischievous, and a thief. This wise, mischievous and dishonest duck was described as waddling and genuflecting all round the jar for a minute, looking at it sideways and saying things to herself about it. The mother of Rosy and Johnny was wetting the tea at the moment, and could only look on. Or perhaps she could have intervened, but did not choose to do so, not being sympathetic to nature study on general principles. In any case Nansheen went into a course of nature study on her own account, and was textually described to me as standing on her tippy toes and putting her bill into the mouth of the jar. She took out a few of the object lessons and swallowed them, and promptly went back for more. She was excited by this time, and in her pursuit of additional knowledge capsized the jar and spilled the whole frog colony out on the bawn. She did not run away or become frightened. She merely quack-quacked in a greedy, gluttonous tone of voice, and went on studying nature at first hand. When Rosy and Johnny came back there was what was described as *melia murther*. Nansheen was sitting by the overthrown jar scarcely able to move, loaded up with nature study to the neck, gorged with frogs, saving your presence. And the hens had been with the caterpillars, and massacred everyone of them. And that is what they called following the life habits of things, or nature study. And furthermore—it was a queer world.

I shocked the mother of Rosy and Johnny by telling her that her children were on the road to a wisdom older than

her own, and that the schoolmistress was working in the right direction.

" May be you're an inspector ? " she queried.

" No, nor even one of the scholars," I said ; " but I can tell you this :—Long ago, long before our grandparents were born, long and long before the old castles were built, the people of Ireland had no necessity to go to school to learn about nature, for they lived close to it in very truth—knew all the birds and bird calls, and every living thing on the earth, and in the water and on the wing."

" And what good did it do them ? "

" It made them wise and happy—so wise and happy that learned people in every land are now admiring the things they did and said."

After that we spoke of schools and teaching and of the future before boys and girls. It was the old story—the old argument between the civilisation that is based upon greed and the civilisation that was based upon the wisdom of the elder world. She said at length that maybe all I had told her might be true, but that only God could judge ; after which she turned to search the distance for tidings of the bee-hunters. I left her unconvinced, but no longer contemptuous. And thinking over it all, as I cycled down the hills, I was glad there had been *melia murther* when Rosy and Johnny found that their jar had met with disaster. It seemed to tell of a kindled enthusiasm about the things near their daily lives.

My hand to every school teacher in Ireland who is trying to interest Irish children in their own country, in its language and story, in its field and river and wood life—in everything which will turn their thoughts towards her and enlist in her service the brightness of their intelligence and the riches of their love.

CHE BUONO.

THE SONG OF ROISIN DUBH.

Oh, raise the song of Roisin Dubh—the song she fain would hear,
The song for Irish bard to sing, high-swelling, fierce and clear ;
The song to make her pulses leap and make her sad eyes blaze,
And kindle on her cheek anew the glow of other days,
And throne upon her lip the smile of pride and joy serene
To greet the men who break her chains and lead her forth a queen.

Sing oh ! the song of effort high,
 Of valour and of truth,
 Of sun-blaze in the morning sky,
 Of self-renewing youth.

No tuneful wail of plaintive lute, no pleading note of love,
No shepherd's reed for Roisin now, no voice of cooing dove :
The war-pipe shrieking on the gale from hostings far and near,
The slogan pealing on the hills were sweeter to her ear.
A strain of rugged, manly might were meeter to her need,
A strain to foster manly strength in thought and word and deed.

Sing oh ! the note of ringing strife—
 The tocsin of the free.
Sing oh ! to save a nation's life
 In battles still to be.

The foe whose mailed hand smote her mouth in rage of baffled lust,
 Whose heel has crushed her snowy neck so long against the dust,
 Whose sword and scourge have splashed her blood the crawling ages o'er,
 Who robbed her of her queenly rights, her gems and golden store,
 Would woo her now with honeyed guile and gilded beggar's dole,
 And steal the honour from her heart and bargain for her soul.

Sing oh ! the serpent in her path,
 In words to scorch and burn,
 Sing oh ! the song of scornful wrath
 The tempter's bribe to spurn.

Oh ! raise the song of Roisin Dubh in Roisin's ancient tongue
 Till all have caught its ringing strains, the aged and the young ;
 Till liar sleek and canting fraud are banished from her sight,
 Till every traitor knave is robed in shame as black as night,
 Till fiery hope has reached her clans o'er all the oceans wide
 And brought them thronging to her call and ranged them by her side.

Sing oh ! her faith in banded Right,
 And oh ! the die to cast,
 Sing triumph in the future fight,
 Her greatest AND HER LAST.

CÓIMHLÍTE MÁIT TÓ'N DUINE ÓS.

A leinb atá i dtúnír do faoisait,
Mo teagáire go eisinni bheilteat
An té a dtáinig a éall te haoir
Cuirte ré gaeil níod 'n-a céad.

Na rannraití maróte baorí,
Na an tseam n-a mbid aca,
Sul a dtiocfaid an ionadu ne u'aorí
Bíodh aitne ari Chriost agat.

Na cait do faoisál níomhaom,
Ír ná leis an truisce tair ceal
Óili an trílat an uair eisíadáin ri
Ír d'eocair a gníomh 'n-a gao.

To' óige oícait do meabhair
Ír uairis an foighinn teat,
Óili an gtoir náct tuisgeann an ceann
Ír cuma é ann no ari.

Seoibhí mar a cleacáit ari dtúnír
Ní mar a seo roghnúim teat,
Bhé gtoir do chuisfír go eisinni
San labhair le Ríg na bfeart.

An gtoir náct fumtear le gaoir
Ír náct goille do'n émordé ná an éab
Ní'l gan acht ag imteacáit le gaoir
Mar imteigear ó'n ngrádair bheag físeamh.

Bairis gulan-eolair go eisinni,
Ír eisinnis gaeil níod 'n-a céad:
An gtoir a bogann an eisordé
Ír é taitneann le Ríg na bfeart,

FATHER TOM BURKE
ON THE
GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.

Delivered in Boston, September 22nd, 1872.

Men of Ireland—men of Irish blood—men of Irish race, I, an Irish priest, am come here to speak to you of the genius and the character of the Irish people. I am come to speak to you of the history of our nation and our honourable race. I am not ashamed of the history of my country. I say, taking all for all, that it is the grandest country and the most glorious race to which the genius of history can bear record. There are two elements that constitute the character and the genius of every people. These two elements are the religion of the people and their government. I need not tell you that, of all the influences that can be brought to bear upon any man, or upon any nation, the most powerful is the influence of their religion. If that religion be from God it will make a God-like people. If that religion be from Heaven, it will make a heavenly people. If that religion be noble, it will make a noble people. Side by side with their religion comes the form or system of government under which they live. If that government be just and fair, mild and beneficent, it will make a noble people. If that government be the government of the people—governing themselves as glorious America does to-day—it will make every man in the land a lover of his government, a lover of the country, and a lover of the institutions under which he lives. But if that government be a foreign government—the government of a foreign race—it will make an alienated people. If that government be an unjust and tyrannical government, it will make a rebellious and revolutionary people. . . .

What is the first grand feature of the Irish genius and the Irish character? It is this: that, having once received

the Catholic faith from St. Patrick, Ireland has clung to it with a fidelity surpassing all other peoples. . . . They struggled for that faith during three hundred years against all the power of the North—unconquered and unconquerable—when the Danes endeavoured to wrest from Ireland her Christian faith, and to force her back into the darkness of Pagan infidelity. They have struggled for that faith during three hundred years of English tyranny and English penal law. They have suffered for that faith loss of property, loss of friends, loss of nationality, loss of life. But Ireland, glorious Ireland, has never relinquished the faith which she received—and she is as Catholic to-day as in the day when she bowed her virgin head before St. Patrick to receive from him the regenerating waters of baptism. This, I say, is the first beautiful light in the character and genius of the people of Ireland. . . .

The next great point in the genius and character of the Irish people is the bravery and valour and courage that have been tried upon a thousand fields ; and, glory to you, O Ireland ! Irish courage has never been found wanting ; never ! They fought for a thousand years on their own soil. The cause was a good one ; the fortune of the cause was bad. They were defeated and overpowered upon a hundred, yea, a thousand fields ; but never—from the day on which Ireland's sword sprang from its scabbard to meet the first marauding Dane, down to the day that the last Irish soldier perished on Vinegar Hill—never has Ireland been dishonoured or defeated by the cowardice of her children. Why ? Whence comes this light of our people ? I answer that it comes from this ; that Ireland, as a nation, and Irishmen, as a people, have never yet drawn the sword in a bad, a treacherous, or a dishonourable cause. We have fought on a thousand fields, at home and abroad ; we have been, from time to time, obliged to shed our blood in a cause with which we had no sympathy ; but Irishmen have never freely drawn the sword, except in the sacred cause of God, of the altar

of God, and of sacred liberty--the best inheritance of man. Search the annals of the military history of Ireland. Did we fall back before the Dane, when for three centuries—three hundred years—he poured in army upon army on Irish soil? . . . Did we ever give up the contest, or sheath the sword, or say the cause was lost? Never! England yielded, and admitted the Dane as a conqueror. France yielded, and admitted the Dane as a ruler and a king amongst her people. But Ireland never—never for one instant yielded; and upon that magnificent Good Friday morning at Clontarf, she drew the sword with united hand, swept the Dane into his own sea, and rid her soil of him for ever. Ah, my friends, Irishmen, for three hundred years, were fighting in the cause of their God, of their religion, and of their national liberty.

Then came the invasion of the English. For four hundred years our people fought an unsuccessful fight; and divided as they were, broken into a thousand factions, how could they succeed when success is promised only to union as a preliminary and a necessary condition? They failed in defending and asserting the nationality of Ireland. At the end of four hundred years, England declared that the war was no longer against Ireland's nationality, but against Ireland's Catholic religion. And England declared that the Irish people must consent, not only to be slaves, but to be Protestant slaves. Once more the sword of Ireland came forth from its scabbard; and this time in the hands of the nation. We have fought for three hundred years; and only a few years ago, after the experience of all that long and bitter struggle, the Government and people of England were obliged to acknowledge that the people of Ireland were too strong for them. They were conquerors on the question of religion; and Gladstone declared that the Protestant Church was no longer the Church of Ireland. Whence came this light—this magnificent glory that sheds itself over the character and the genius of my people? I see an Irishman to-day in the streets of an American city; I see him a poor honest

labourer ; I see him, perhaps, clothed in rags ; I see him, perhaps, with a little too much drink in, and forgetful of himself ; but, wherever I see a true Irishman, down upon my very knees I go to him, as the representative of a race that never yet knew how to fly from a foe, or to show their backs to an enemy.

I WALKED THROUGH BALLINDERRY.

I walked through Ballinderry in the Spring-time,
When the bud was on the tree ;
And I said, in every fresh-ploughed field beholding
The sowers striding free,
Scattering broad-cast forth the corn in golden plenty
On the quick seed-clasping soil,
Even such, this day, among the fresh-stirred hearts of Erin,
Thomas Davis, is thy toil !

I sat by Ballyshannon in the Summer,
And saw the salmon leap ;
And I said, as I beheld the gallant creatures
Spring glittering from the deep.
Through the spray, and through the prone heaps striving
onward
To the calm clear streams above,
So seekest thou thy native founts of freedom, Thomas Davis,
In thy brightness of strength and love.

I stood on Derrybawn in the Autumn,
And I heard the eagle call
With a clangorous cry of wrath and lamentation
That filled the wide mountain hall,

O'er the bare deserted place of his plundered eyrie,
 And I said, as he screamed and soared :
 So callest thou, oh, wrathful-soaring Thomas Davis,
 For a nation's rights restored !

And, alas ! to think but now, and thou art lying,
 Dear Davis, dead at thy mother's knee ;
 And I, no mother near, on my own sick-bed,
 That face on earth shall never see ;
 I may lie and try to feel that I am not dreaming,
 I may lie and try to say, " Thy will be done " —
 But a hundred such as I will never comfort Erin
 For the loss of the noble son !

Young husbandman of Erin's fruitful seedtime,
 In the fresh track of danger's plough !
 Who will walk the heavy, toilsome, perilous furrow
 Girt with freedom's seed-sheets now ?
 Who will banish with the wholesome crop of knowledge
 The flaunting weed and the bitter thorn,
 Now that thou art thyself but a seed for hopeful planting
 Against the resurrection morn ?

Young salmon of the flood-tide of freedom
 That swells round Erin's shore !
 Thou will leap against their loud oppressive torrent
 Of bigotry and hate no more ;
 Drawn downward by their prone material instinct,
 Let them thunder on their rocks and foam—
 Thou hast leapt, aspiring soul, to founts beyond their raging,
 Where troubled waters never come !

But I grieve not, eagle of the empty eyrie,
 That thy wrathful cry is still ;
 And that the songs alone of peaceful mourners
 Are heard to-day on Erin's hill ;

Better far, if brothers' war be destined for us,
 (God avert that horrid day, I pray !)
 That ere our hands be stained with slaughter fratricidal,
 Thy warm hand should be cold in clay.

But my trust is strong in God, who made us brothers,
 That He will not suffer those right hands
 Which thou hast joined in holier rites than wedlock,
 To draw opposing brands.
 Oh, many a tuneful tongue that thou mad'st vocal
 Would lie cold and silent then :
 And songless long once more, should often-widowed Erin
 Mourn the loss of her young men.

Oh, brave young men, my love, my pride and promise,
 'Tis on you my hopes are set,
 In manliness, in kindness, in justice
 To make Erin a nation yet.
 Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,
 In union or in severance, free and strong—
 And if God grant this, then, under God to Thomas Davis,
 Let the greater praise belong.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

SEANNUINE AS TEASASC A MIC.

Af marom tuit a mhealaonm Óig
 Is ari oteagairc ari an Trianóir
 Ionannail go cáró, gao go slán,
 San fáil ro' láimh vo leabhar.

Féadé gacé tine go glinn glie,
Dém meabhrusach go minic:
Seirft beas is meabhairi ghearr glan,
A leanaith, féadé gacé pocat.

Beirft ag féadair cairc ná cleacht,
Tábhairi airge doo' sen-deacht;
Táirgeadh í ó cùl do éinn,
Bi téi dá ériúar é an comhlann.

Dá dhéime í ná géill ri,
Nuig rítaid éoráidé go gcuairi
Gacé pocair caomh le céile
Comhphocat dá amhráide.

Ari tuairi móirí an leiginn láim
Bi ro' longreoirí marbh, a macam,
Má'r aill leat ro' fáid eagna
I nodaill éata comhphreasra.

Do'n eagna lán is dá phior
An tan geobhar tu do'irneis
Beirft gacé phlaist pho éior ro' ceaprt
Beiro i ngsacé leitit aod' labhairt.

Ibhid gacé lá láin-deoč ve
Tobair na heagna uairle;
Má buidh reasibh ro' bheoil a blar
Buidh fealibh ól agus aoiúneas.

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